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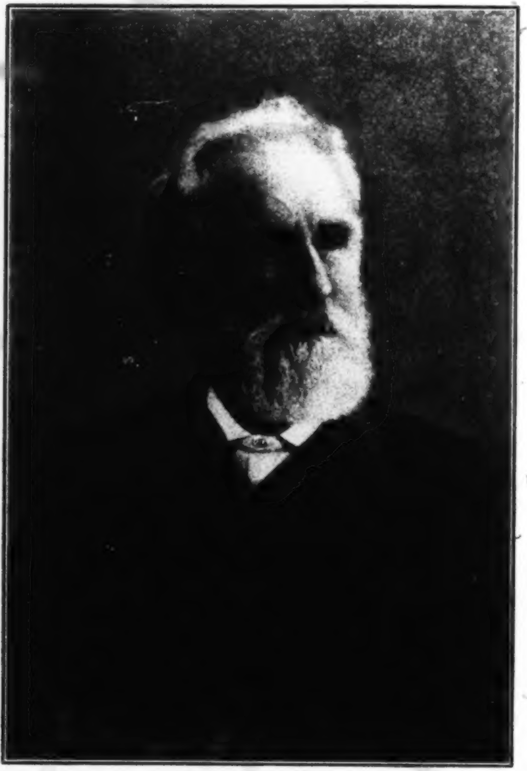

W. A. GOULDER.

REMINISCENCES

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A PIONEER IN OREGON AND IDAHO

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BY

W. A. GOULDER

BOISE, IDAHO
TIMOTHY REGAN
1909

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BY JOSEPH PERRAULT.

To one who has been my sincere and constant friend, tried and true, through all the changes that have come to us both, through light and shadow, through storm and sunshine and through the Junes and the Decembers of nearly forty years of pioneer life in the great West—to General Joseph Perrault of Boise, Idaho, this little volume is affectionately dedicated.

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

The writer of this little volume has endeavored from time to time, as opportunity and leisure were afforded, to jot down some of the recollections and experiences of a long life, which, with brief and rare intervals of lighter tasks, has been devoted to hard manual labor.

This writing has all been done after the writer had attained his eightieth year. Now that the snows of nearly eighty-seven winters are on his head, he feels entitled to the privilege of saying that the incentives for the work of writing were not primarily or chiefly either financial or commercial, but the desire to preserve from oblivion the memory of events, the narration of which might interest those who have known him for so many years. The hope on beginning the task was to be able to follow a somewhat long trail through the wilderness from the outstart of life to its close, and this hope and this purpose still cheers and guides the writer, though the present work covers but a very little space in the period of time that has passed.

The work, thus far prosecuted, has been one of memory solely, written without data of any kind, since it covers a period of which little reliable data exists or is obtainable. Nothing more could be here attempted than the writing of events and scenes and experiences as they could be called to

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mind from the depths and somewhat faded mazes of memory.

An ensuing volume, the writing of which will be commenced at once, will come into being under more favoring auspices, will cover a period more interesting to the present generation of readers, and will advance an important part of a complete narrative, which will be finished in due time.

Whatever may be thought of the present volume, in any quarter, there can be no fear entertained that the least friendly and most severe critic will find anything stolen, compiled or quoted, as, indeed, there was neither time nor opportunity for any such work.

Whatever fate impends, the writer will at least have the satisfaction of hoping that the work will be read with some degree of interest by those who were most in his mind while writing, and for the rest of its readers, if it finds any, it will be fondly hoped that they belong in the category of good souls who, when they find something that they really like, it is generally about the sort of thing that pleases them.

REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

At the earnest and persistent request of many kind and dear personal friends I come rather late in the day to the long-avoided task of trying to jot down some of the recollections of a life which, whatever it may have lacked in other essentials, has certainly been long enough to have furnished material for at least a brief sketch of personal reminiscences. Over this life the mists of many decades have fallen, like a curtain of ever-thickening fold, concealing from view all but the more prominent and salient features of the landscape.

I ought, perhaps, to write only what I can remember of Idaho, of her great men and of the many startling events that have happened within her borders since the advent of the conquering race, but as I have known Idaho for only a comparatively short period, having passed through the region embraced within her present boundaries in the autumn of 1845, my personal knowledge of what would be most interesting in her early history is necessarily rather limited. This is by no means intended as an attempt to perpetrate a joke, because it is only the solemn truth.

A few years ago I had the pleasure of being present at one of the annual reunions of the Pioneers of Oregon, that was held in the city of Portland. My friends here in Boise told me, when I started, that it would certainly be a red-letter day for me and prove my first rung in the ladder that would lead me to a high niche in the temple of fame; that I was certainly the oldest man in the world, now that Uncle Barret Williams had passed away; that I would be the Jumbo of the circus, and that I would acquire undying notoriety as the only surviving relic of a period far away in the past. My surprise and mortification can scarcely be imagined when the procession of pioneers was formed near the Hotel Portland, and I found that the contingent organized under the banner of 1845 was so far in the rear of the vanguard that it attracted no attention whatever. Stretching away toward the front, as far as I could see, the balmy breezes that bright June morning were kissing the banners of the survivors of the immigrations of 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843 and 1844.

I remember that under the banner of 1839 there marched only two representatives. One was the venerable Mr. Gray, of Astoria, and the other was his grand-daughter, a young lady of nineteen summers. Some of the crowd in the rear contested the right of the young lady to be in the procession, but her only notice of the affront was to cast an indignant glance over her shoulder and firmly keep her place in the ranks.

INTRODUCTION.

When we were assembled in the auditorium where the addresses were delivered, I chanced to be seated next this lovely representative of the immigration of 1839, and, relying upon the assumed deafness of her aged relative and companion, I ventured to ask her when she crossed the plains. Her reply was, "We came in 1839." "Yes," I said, "I see that you are wearing the badge of that year, but I see still another badge on your dress." "Yes," she said, "that is another that I am equally entitled to wear." A glance at the second badge showed that it was marked "Indian War Veterans." As this rather juvenile specimen of the old pioneers was the only one of the entire aggregation whose genuineness could be questioned, I quite easily forgave her, more especially as the occasion afforded the opportunity for a pleasant chat, which lasted while the learned and able addresses were being delivered, of which neither of us heard or remembered anything but the closing words of the last speaker, which was an earnest invitation to leave the auditorium and repair to the banquet-room.

The pioneer reunion over, I returned to my home in Boise, something sadder for my midsummer experience, but, happily, much wiser. The truth was now borne in upon me with abiding force that, whatever I may have been or seen or done, I was most assuredly not entitled to the appellation of "pioneer," because I was too far outranked and antedated by a long line of illustrious predecessors. I had come upon the scene too late to share in the glory of the pathfinders, or the fame of those who had commenced the work of subduing the wilderness and laying the foundations for future states. While, therefore, I must forego the pleasure that it would afford me to claim a place in the ranks of real pioneers—an honor to which I am in no degree entitled—I have, nevertheless, the satisfaction of knowing that I am not the only one that I have found sailing under false colors and claiming to be pioneers, when, in point of fact, they failed to put in an appearance west of the Rockies until the autumn of 1850. Still, I am debarred from pleading this as any justification of my over-tardiness in getting to the front before the brunt of the battle was over, and the field fairly won by those who had the courage and patriotism to come when their presence was needed in the great work of "saving Oregon," and preparing homes for the laggards who came later. One is always ready and willing enough to find excuses for his own shortcomings, but truth compels me to admit that there was really nothing to prevent me from coming with the earliest Methodist missionaries in 1834. I was at that time quite old enough, and big enough, to have come, as they did, in a ship around Cape Horn. Besides, I was already, considering my youth and inexperience and the strenuous times, a fairly good Methodist, though, unfortunately, one of the stay-at-home kind, lacking the courage and zeal of the devoted and enterprising missionary.

I remember being at Fort Vancouver one day when one of our big immigrations came pouring down the Columbia by water and by land, monopolizing all the trails and the bosom of the great river. Among the waiting and expectant spectators of the scene was the honorable and white-headed old Dr. John McLaughlin, whose generous heart and open hand were always ready to aid any new arrival of those peaceful invaders, who kept coming and coming every year with the autumn rains. "Well, well," said the good old doctor, "I believe firmly that a real American, when his eyes first open on this world, if he had the power of locomotion and the freedom of doing as he pleased, would start west, west, and keep on going west until stopped by the waves of the Pacific Ocean." It was this restless spirit, this irresistible, ever-westward moving tide of immigration that solved the "Oregon question." These pioneers were the real diplomats, whose presence in the disputed region, where they quietly established the right of actual possession, made further tedious negotiations about claims and counter-claims unnecessary and useless. Principally, of course, the good work had its initial movement in the expedition of Lewis and Clarke, who showed the pathway across the Rocky Mountains and demonstrated the feasibility of an overland route to the shores of the great Pacific.

This being an age of book-builders, swarms of writers have appeared upon the scene, who, finding an abundance of printed material at hand, have written, or rather re-written, all those themes to death, leaving little room and no excuse for any attempt at adding anything to the infliction.

All that is promised, and all that will be attempted in the following sketch, is a faithful account of what the writer remembers to have seen and experienced during the period of eighty years that have elapsed since he was old enough to notice and remember what was taking place around him. And all that is hoped for as the fruits of his labor is, that it may serve in some little measure to interest the kind friends at whose solicitation it has been written.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY LIFE IN OLD VIRGINIA.

THROUGH whatever varying scenes and vicissitudes one may pass during life, "that dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest," the place of his birth and the home of his infancy and youth, must always hold the first place in his affection and his memory, and will always furnish the themes upon which we most delight to dwell. "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, when fond recollection presents them to view"; and how very difficult it is to accept the thought that what so deeply and intensely interests us may be of slight import or interest to others. The writer is a native of the sunny southern side of Old Virginia, where he was born in the year of our Lord 1821, and where he passed the first twenty-two years of his life. More than sixty years have elapsed since he bid adieu to the scenes where he passed those earlier years. It has been the dream of his life, and the most ardent wish of his heart, that the day might come when he could be permitted to re-visit those dear old scenes and note the changes which those sixty years have wrought.

Among my earliest recollections of what took place in Old Virginia during my short stay in that region, is the course of reading which I made under the supervision and tuition of my mother, who was a devout Methodist and a most exemplary Christian.

Among the few books that constituted our library were, first, of course, the Bible, then Adam Clarke's "Commentaries on the Bible," with some other Methodist books, like "The Life, Travels, and Labors of the Rev. Thomas Coke, L.L. D.," Baxter's "Saint's Rest," Fletcher's "Appeal to the Unconverted," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," Somebody's "Introduction to Christianity," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." I can remember among our little collection only one work of fiction, and that was "The Children of the Abbey." I must not forget to mention Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," and Parson Weem's "Life of General Francis Marion." If the catalogue was something longer, the titles of the remaining volumes have escaped my memory. I soon acquired a taste for reading, and had often been told by my mother that I could read a chapter in the Bible when I was four years old. One day, while reading aloud to mother from "The Pilgrim's Progress," I came to the place where Christian and his wife and the young lady named "Mercy" were fleeting with all possible haste from the "City of Destruction" towards the bright little "wicker gate" that was open to a haven of safety. They were persuading many loiterers to join them, when, in passing a barn-yard, they came upon a very old man employed with a "muck rake," scraping into heaps the fertilizing matter that covered the space over which he was working. Christian and company all did their best to persuade the poor old centenarian to drop his muck-rake and join them in fleeing from the danger that threatened in the rear, but the old man seemed not to hear them, and with bent form and head near the ground, never once looked up or seemed to be aware of the presence of his excited visitors. The case was somewhat of a puzzle for me, as I could not understand the stupidity and indifference of the aged muck-gatherer to the great danger that so evidently threatened him. Mother explained that the entrance of this old man upon the scene was intended to represent a class of worldly-minded, avaricious people, who are so intent upon gathering together the riches of this world, that they become blind to the presence of all that is good, and deaf to the wise counsels and entreaties of their friends when warning and seeking to guide them in better pursuits. The picture of this poor old unfortunate and his wicked muck-rake so annoyed and disgusted me that I had no longer any patience with him or his class of beings, and was unwilling to read that passage in the book again. But my mother warned me that, while it would be well to profit by the lesson given and try to avoid being sordid and greedy, it was at the same time easy to go to the opposite extreme and become too careless, negligent, and indifferent to the matters that concern our temporal welfare. "For much of the time, while we are in this world," she said, "the muck-rake must be kept moving, else the fields will fail to yield the fruits that are essential for our sustenance and well-being. It is only the mistake of keeping our eyes and thoughts always on the ground, and never looking heavenward, that the author of this book would warn us against." Another little story that I read somewhere, I interpreted as teaching a similar lesson. A sailor, while in port, had his little son on board the ship with him, and, wishing to give him a lesson in climbing, sent him into the rigging. When the boy was a few feet above the deck, he looked down, and his head becoming dizzy, he began crying to his father, "Oh, father, I shall fall, I shall fall!" "Look aloft," said the sailor, "look aloft, and you will be all right. You can't fall upwards." After exhausting all the intellectual riches contained in our little library at home, including those of the "Children of the Abbey," I was, at the age of ten, entered as a junior in one of the many institutions of learning known in Old Virginia and some other parts of the South as "old field schools." As educational institutions, those "old field schools" were models in their way, and the temptation to write something about them is too strong to be successfully resisted.

In the absence of any system of free education, such as our public-school system offers to-day, they afforded the best and only means that could be provided for all that large class of people in the humble walks of life, whose financial resources were too limited to give them access to what were called "select schools" or "private schools," which were maintained at considerable cost by the wealthier people for the benefit of their children. As for the hope of acquiring any higher education than those humble "old field schools" could give, it was for people of moderate means entirely out of the question. The teacher was generally some fairly educated man, who had passed the period of his vigor and usefulness in other pursuits; who, as a means of making a living, would make the circuit of a small neighborhood soliciting pupils at a low rate of tuition. The schoolhouse would be any old, unoccupied building that could be secured for the purpose. The furniture of the schoolroom was of the rudest and most primitive construction, consisting of benches made with puncheons supported by pins thrust through auger-holes, while the writing-desk would be a large puncheon extending across the entire width of the room and lighted by an opening in the wall of equal length with the desk and a shutter of like material and dimension, which, hooked on leather hinges, could be fastened above and below by any device not beyond the ingenuity of the builder. Into this room, which was, perhaps, some fifteen feet square, would be assembled from two to three dozen boys and girls of all ages and sizes with the teacher seated at one end of the room on an old, rickety chair, and before an equally ancient table that had been generously loaned for the term by some of the kind patrons of the school.

There were no such things as text-books or classification of pupils. Each pupil came provided with his own books, and pursued his own distinct line of study. The reading exercises were from books as various in kind and as multitudinous in number as were the motley aggregation of pupils. One would come armed with an old volume of History, one with the Psalms of David that had been compiled into a single volume. Another with the Life of Washington; another with Fox's "Book of Martyrs," while another would bring Somebody's "Introduction to Christianity," and another "The Rise and Fall of the Papacy," and still another would have "Emma Woodhouse; or, The Heroic Achievements of an Old Maid," who contrived to get all her friends married, while, from pure choice, she herself remained single. While one would be reading aloud to the teacher, all the rest would be listening attentively. In this way a vast fund of multifarious knowledge was acquired by all; a result that could never have been obtained from a life-time use of any of our modern series of "Readers."

The only work on mathematics used in the school was the teacher's "Ciphering Book," a manuscript production executed in the highest and most ornate style of penmanship. Those "old field school" teachers were generally accomplished experts in wielding the pen. In constructing the "Ciphering Book," the name of each division of the subject would be given at the top of a page, followed by the "rule" for working examples under the rule. Then some examples would be given and fully worked out, with some explanations and observations, which would occupy, perhaps, as much as two or three pages of foolscap. Then would come the names of another division on the top of another page, and so on. The instruction given in the "Ciphering Book," and the examples therein contained, would be amply supplemented by oral instruction by the teacher, who, in addition, would give out tasks to be studied at home.

The dream of the ambitious pupil was, to learn to write as good a hand as that of the teacher, and to be able to construct as good a "Ciphering Book" as the one it was his privilege to copy from. This ambition involved the spoiling of a good deal of white paper, which, of course, added materially to the cost of the liberal education placed within reach of each student who knew how to appreciate the opportunities afforded him by his kind Alma Mater. The key to the course of mathematics outlined in the "Ciphering Book" was the mastering of the mysteries of the multiplication table. This once thoroughly learned, the rest was comparatively easy sailing. I well remember my struggle with this great key to the kingdom of the greatest of the exact sciences. The teacher had given to each of the more advanced students a copy of the "multiplication table," carefully constructed in squares filled with perfectly-formed figures, showing all the products from "twice one is two" to "twelve times twelve is one hundred and forty-four." The task of learning this had been frequently given me, with a limited time in which to master it. Often I had repeated failures, and often I had about completely worn out my tables by constant handling.

The teacher, one Friday evening, presented me with a new "table," accompanied by his ultimatum that the lesson must be correctly recited on the Monday morning following. Well, Friday evening and the day of Saturday at home brought with them home tasks and duties that could not be avoided, and on Sunday I had to go to church (or rather to the meeting-house, as we called it), so that Monday morning came, leaving me still much to learn of my allotted task. The distance to the schoolhouse was about four miles. I got away from home as early as I could, and making as slow time as would be permitted, I managed along the way to finish learning my great task before reaching the schoolhouse, where I found the teacher just on the point of calling "books." Handing my table to the teacher, I proceeded to rattle it off without missing a single word, much to the gratification of the teacher, and, as it seemed to me, to the surprise and envy of the assembled pupils. This achievement ended all my difficulties in the study of mathematics. After that, everything, however obscure, complex and difficult it might be for others, was for me as easy and simple as holding up one finger.

Even the mysteries and perplexities that occur in many examples under the heading of "Position," which department of the science has been judged too difficult to be allowed a place in our modern school text-books, failed to give me the slightest trouble.

You will remember, if you went to school when I did, some problems so full of unknown quantities and apparently impossible conditions, that the task of finding a satisfactory "answer," to say nothing about the one required, seemed utterly hopeless. What I did in such cases was, first, to suppose an answer which I knew to be much greater than the true one, and then work according to the given conditions in the problem. Then I would suppose another answer, which I knew to be much smaller than the true one, and work that out in like manner. Then a statement in simple proportion would read: "As the sum of the errors in the first supposition is to the sum of errors in the second supposition, so is the difference of the obtained result to the answer required." The rationale of this process I never revealed to any one. There are some deep philosophical, as well as mathematical, principles involved in the consideration of this class of problems that the average student in mathematics would never be able to fathom.

Of the department of penmanship, little needs to be said. The teacher furnished the old-fashioned goose-quill pen, in the manufacture of which he was quite an expert. These he kept in good repair by a skilful use of his penknife. He also set the copies in our copy-books, written in a fair round hand. The copies were all very brief sentences containing excellent advice, which never failed to produce the desired effect. I shall never forget my first essay at writing in that schoolroom, at the long puncheon desk that was used in common by all the pupils. I had been provided with a new copy-book, all bright and clean as could be, and about a half pint of very black ink in a big medicine vial, which I placed carefully on the slanting desk before me. The teacher had set for me a carefully written "copy," which read: "Be wise, and beware, and of blotting take care." I was quite nervous and excited, and in my anxiety to be neat and careful, while getting my first penful of ink out of the tall vial, I drew pen and vial both toward me, and a black inundation swept over desk and copy-book. I was very much frightened and confused, but the kind old teacher reassured and congratulated me on my skill in map-making. He said that I had produced the most faithful and accurate representation of the Black Sea that he had ever known.

To some it might seem that a course of studies at one of these old-time institutions was the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, with little hope of much proficiency or distinction being attained by any of the graduates, but I have known many of them who turned out to be excellent bookkeepers and accountants, and very successful business men.

I was fortunate enough to graduate at thirteen years of age, when I was quite a well-grown lad and able to take command of a "trowel hoe" plow and a mule, and make myself useful in the cornfield.

In Virginia, as elsewhere, by far the larger percentage of the white population had to work at some occupation or other. Although, at the time of which I write, slavery existed and the "Divine institution" had not yet suffered any serious disturbance from outside intermeddling, it afforded but slight exemption for any class from work of some kind. Indeed, it could be said with truth, that the wealthiest people of the country were the busiest and most constantly occupied.

Slavery in Virginia had, of course, the dark and repulsive features inseparable from its very nature, but it was very far, indeed, from being what I have seen it pictured by its opponents. Virginia slaveholders, as a class, were kind and indulgent, at least as much so as the necessary discipline would permit them to be; while the slaves were, for the most part, docile, obedient, and devoted to their masters, giving far less trouble than the hordes of independent white laborers are giving their employers to-day.

It is certainly a matter of congratulation and rejoicing that African slavery is a thing of the now distant past in every section of our fair land, and that it can never more find anywhere among the American people apologists or defenders.

But a simple sense of justice, and a regard for the truth, compels me to say that in slavery, as I saw and knew it in Virginia, very many of the worst features that I have heard laid to its charge were, in large measure, lacking.

In the Virginia slave-owner's treatment of this unfortunate class of beings there was far more of kindness and indulgence, almost parental, than there was of cruelty and oppression. Improvidence and reckless extravagance would sometimes reduce a slaveholder to the necessity of having all his property sold to meet his obligations. Then the slaves belonging to his estate would have to go. They would be placed upon the market, and sold to the highest bidder, who would too often prove to be a heartless and conscientless trafficker in slaves, whose home market would be New Orleans, or some other point in the extreme southern section of the Union.

Then would come the breaking-up of families, and all the attendant sorrows of the most painful parting scenes, sorrows that would be felt and shared by both blacks and whites. Though marriage between slaves was neither recognized nor provided for by law, the relation was nevertheless, as far as possible under the conditions and circumstances existing, duly respected by all the better portion of the white population. This violent sundering of the marriage tie, and the consequent separation and scattering of husbands and wives and children and relatives, though one of the dark and cruel features of slavery, and the cause of much sorrow and suffering, did not begin to compare, in its moral and social effects, with our modern system of easy divorcing, of which we knew nothing in Old Virginia.

One episode in the history of our section of the Old Dominion, the duty of a faithful chronicler of past events compels me to mention.

Returning home from school one summer evening, in the year 1833, I found my father marching back and forth in the yard with an old flint-lock musket on his shoulder, and acting like a sentinel on guard in a time of great danger. "What is the matter?" I asked. "Go into the house at once," was all the reply I got. Going into the house, I found my mother, with all the younger children grouped around, and all frightened and weeping. Mother told me that the negroes in Southampton County had murdered all the white people in that part of the country, and were said to be on their way for our section, gathering into their ranks all the negroes as they came along, with the intention of killing all the white people in the country. This was the exaggerated first report that had reached us from the scene of massacre. No pen can depict the terror of that night, while we were all shut up in the house, and one lone guardian keeping silent watch over us. It was the first time in our lives that real danger or sorrow had visited our happy home. But the night passed and the next day, and the day following other reports reached us, greatly modifying the terrors of the first rumors. The truth left the situation bad enough in itself and in its possible effects, but was far from being what the first harbingers of bad news had painted it.

Southampton County, the scene of the uprising, is situated in the southeastern corner of the State, some hundred and fifty miles distant from the section in which we lived. The negroes in that county had been treated with the greatest kindness and indulgence by their masters, and were the recipients of many privileges; one, among others, that of being allowed to hold their own religious meetings and to have preachers and exhorters of their own race, with little attention or supervision by the white people. This practice soon developed a class of negro preachers, whose extravagance of speech and devotion knew no reasonable bounds.

Among the prominent leaders in these religious assemblages was a slave known by the name of Nat Turner.

CHAPTER III.

NAT TURNER'S NEGRO INSURRECTION.

THE negro insurrection in Southampton County, led by Nat Turner, deserves here more than a mere hasty reference. Its cause, primarily, was in allowing the negro slaves too large a liberty in the matters of holding religious meetings when and where they pleased. That section of the country had always been a hotbed of religious enthusiasm, which affected people of all classes, colors, and conditions. Under these circumstances, nothing was more natural than that negroes should be regarded as human beings endowed with immortal souls, and entitled to the largest possible liberty in choosing their own methods in seeking salvation, no just account being taken of their very excitable nature and their proneness toward extremes in everything. Added to this was the fact that their negro meetings were attended by considerable numbers of slaves who had deserted from their tasks in the fields, and who were then enjoying in the woods and swamps the most unbounded freedom from restraint of every kind. These "runaway niggers," as they were called, kept the larder of the camp well supplied with meats and provisions of every kind, from beef to young ducks, and from plain corn "ash cakes," made from Indian corn-meal, to the finest "English bread," as bread made from wheat flour was then called. During the intermissions between religious exercises, royal feasts would be served and enjoyed, where, as at the "Wedding of Ballypgreen," whole mountains of beef were cut down. Nat Turner was the main reliance for grotesque negro eloquence, which could have had no finer illustration than that afforded by his sermons. The head of the great preacher soon became filled, and his heart fired, by the wildest ambitions, as he was being constantly told by his hearers and followers that he was too smart a man to be the slave of any master. At last a plan was matured which, they thought, promised universal freedom to the entire negro race. The plan was simple enough. All that was required was the removal of the cause of their servile conditions. They had simply to rise, and kill all the white people they could reach, when the contagion would spread everywhere, securing the aid and co-operation of all the negroes in the country, who so greatly outnumbered the whites that the task would not be a long or difficult one, nor the result doubtful. Their fanaticism was thus roused to the highest pitch. To plan and resolve, was at once followed by action. Starting about midnight one night, armed with whatever rude weapons they could secure, within thirty-six hours they ruthlessly and brutally murdered in their homes between seventy-five and one hundred families, sparing no white people of any age, sex, or condition.

The sequel might have been easily foreseen. The negroes were met by bodies of armed white men, and the insurrection came to a sudden end. The greater number of the insurrectionists were summarily and unceremoniously executed, only a few escaping to their old hiding-places in the woods and swamps. Among these was Nat Turner, who stowed himself away inside a pile of fence rails, where he was found a day or two later. "Is that you, Nat?" asked his discoverer. "Yes, Marse Ben, dis is me," said Nat. "Then come out there. I want to have a talk with you." It would be cruel to dwell longer on this sad episode in the history of Virginia. Quite a large number of negroes suffered deaths of various kinds, but none were burned at the stake, as that mode of punishing negroes had to be reserved for an era of twentieth century enlightenment. It is due here to say, that nothing connected with this sad affair can be justly laid to the account of religion. Had the religious element among the negroes been left to itself, however excitable and extravagant in their devotions the negroes might have been, nothing of the kind would have happened. It was the runaway negro element that did the work of inciting and inaugurating the insurrection, just as it happens in the United States Army, the most worthless specimens, and often the most dangerous class among enlisted men, are the deserters. The primary cause can be found in too much indulgence on the part of masters, and too great a lack of the necessary vigilance and discipline. The affair caused the wildest excitement throughout the country and struck terror to the hearts of all, both white and black. Of the two races, the negroes were by far the most frightened. As soon as the excitement had calmed down a little, the white people organized and inaugurated a system which provided for more vigilance and stricter discipline. Thenceforward, there were no more free religious assemblages of the negroes, and no more negro preachers. A written pass from his master was needed to enable a slave to leave the plantation of his master, while runaway negroes were persistently hunted down, regardless of trouble or expense.

I must now be permitted to say something about religious conditions in our section of Virginia at the time of which I write. In this matter we were specially favored, in that we had comparatively few denominations. There were Methodists, Old-School Presbyterians, Hardshell Baptists, some Campbellites, and a few Universalists, the Methodists greatly predominating in numbers, social prestige, and influence. Of Roman Catholics there were none, and only a very few Episcopalians, as the two last-named denominations had not yet, nor have they even to this day, been able to secure recognition as belonging to what we term the Evangelical Churches. We were a people that took religion quite seriously and endeavored always to accord to it its deserved and honored place among the duties and responsibilities of life. My parents and all my relatives were Methodists, while I did all that lay within my feeble power to be a bright and shining light in the household of faith. Whatever changes have or may come over me, I shall always have a warm spot in my heart for the Methodists. All that I ask is the privilege of discriminating between Methodists and Methodism. In this world, the individual is everything, while the ism, or system of thought with which he may be identified is—whatever it may be. I was strongly inclined at one time to cast in my lot with the Presbyterians of the old school, being particularly attracted by the "five points" in Calvinism, especially the doctrine of the "final perseverance of the saints." "The righteous," says the good book, "shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." And then the firm and intimate conviction that each individual of the faithful had, that he was one of the elect, however it might fare with the rest, made it seem so desirable to be in that same spiritual condition. I sometimes attended the meetings of the Hard-Shell Baptists, and was particularly charmed by their methods of sermonizing. I had always believed, and do yet, that everything that is to be vocalized in conversation, recitation, or otherwise, should be sung in regular musical cadence, keeping time with the swaying of the body and the movement of the hands and eyes. Those old-time Virginia Hard-Shell Baptist preachers had a way of singing their sermons always to the same tune that was very pleasing and edifying.

From the moment that the sermon was intoned to the dying away of the closing cadence, the audience would be held in rapt attention. Our Universalist preachers, though few in point of numbers, met a long-felt want, as they reached a class of sinners (and they were sinners) whom the preachers of no other denominations could reach. In this essential and much-needed work, they filled the place now occupied by ministers of the Unitarian persuasion. Though standing apart from the rest, and often severely criticized, our Universalist preachers were sometimes very successful in their ministrations. They were past-masters in the art of logical demonstration, and knew how to make themselves feared, if not loved, by their clerical rivals. A single instance will suffice to illustrate this. A Methodist and a Presbyterian preacher thought they would make a joint effort to convert one of those exponents of Universalism. So they met somewhere and had a little discussion. After considerable sparring and jockeying, two against one, the Universalist said to the Presbyterian, "Did I not understand you, my brother, to say that all for whom Christ died, would be saved?" "Most assuredly," said the Presbyterian. "And you, my dear brother," turning to the Methodist, "did you not agree with me that Christ died for all?" "Truly He did," said the Methodist. "Then, my brothers," said the Universalist, "I think I am entitled, from the premises with which you have so kindly furnished me, to the conclusion that all will be saved." From this conclusion there was no escape, and the discussion was adjourned to a more convenient season.

I would like to write something about the political and agricultural conditions in Old Virginia as they were manifested to me between the years 1821 and 1844, but an exploration of these fields would take me too far away from the task I have in hand.

CHAPTER IV.

LEAVES FOR THE FAR WEST.

THE people of Virginia had a very large share in the western movement of the population toward the more recently settled states of Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee and Missouri. This movement began before the commencement of the war for American independence, and continued in a steady stream during all the years from that period down to a quite recent date, and indeed, has not yet altogether ceased.

I quite distinctly remember the scenes of departure of many families from our immediate neighborhood while I was quite young. The objective points of many, if not most, of these westward bound families were Kentucky and Tennessee, while some went southward to Alabama and Mississippi. Then, journeys of many hundreds of miles had to be made with wagons, much of the way over rough mountain roads, when traveling was extremely slow and difficult.

The equipments of some for these long and painful journeys were so cheap and inadequate as hardly to justify the risk of starting upon the adventurous undertaking. Often a single horse, hitched to a small four-wheeled vehicle, called a carry-all, would constitute the only mode of transporting what barely sufficed to meet the wants of the trip. All who could walk would be on foot, while those of the rougher sex who were strong enough, would be seen with huge bundles upon their backs. The sight gave the spectator the impression that these poor pilgrims had been ejected from their homes and driven out into the wilderness. But these people, poor as they evidently were, were not fleeing from any impossible or insufferable conditions. They might have remained comfortably in their humble homes, and have gotten along fairly well, but everywhere on this earth there are classes and classes.

They were simply obeying the imperious instinct that had been spurring them all their lives, namely, to "go west" whenever it should become physically possible. Upward from these depressing and discouraging methods of migration, there were all the grades of better preparation and more adequate equipment for the journey. Some of the "outfits" for a single family would consist of three large, strong wagons, drawn by six horses to each wagon, and the large old-fashioned carriage, besides, some of the framework and paneling of which dated back to the Colonial days. The carriage would be drawn by four fine horses, and in its capacious interior would be snuggled all the feminine members and the white children of the party. Accompanying this train of vehicles would be the father of the family, with his older son and some other male relatives, all on horseback, followed by a goodly number of darkies on foot, making the woods ring with the old plantation songs that had cheered them through many a long summer-day's labor on the old Virginia farm. In the wagons would be stored everything that would be needed or used on the journey, with furniture and household effects of every kind, not counting the old-fashioned spinning-wheels and some musical instruments. As night approached, a suitable place for a camp would be selected, tents pitched, fires built, and preparations made for supper. Thus the days and weeks, and sometimes months, would pass while the transit of many hundreds of miles would be made through forest and over the mountains that intervened between the old home which had been left behind and the new home yet to be found in the distant and boundless West.

From my earliest recollections I had suffered from this fever for westward travel that pervaded all classes and conditions. I had always simply longed for the time to come when I could start west. That the long-wished-for event was postponed until I was in my twenty-third year was caused by no want of inclination on my part. I had listened to the accounts given by returned travelers, had thought, and read, and dreamed about the west, until my imagination had made of every section of those regions a fairyland, adorned by all that was beautiful and desirable, and peopled by beings to whom all things were possible. A glamour of romance colored and illumined the entire field, and the desire to verify, realize, and enjoy had grown in intensity, until it could be no longer repressed or resisted.

At last the day I had appointed for beginning the journey, the 25th of March, 1841, arrived. There were assembled in our little home that morning my aged grandmother, my father and mother, with my brothers and sisters and some of the neighbors. They were all in tears, but my heart was too full of thoughts of the journey and with the bright promises of the future, to leave much room for other feelings than those of joyful anticipation. Often, indeed, all through the after-years, did I reproach myself for my little show of feeling at that affectionate and sorrowful leave-taking, though, to be just to myself, proper feeling was not altogether lacking on my part. But I must confess that other thoughts and other sentiments were too much in the ascendant to permit me to bear myself rightly in that farewell scene. In bidding farewell to my mother, I tried to cheer her up, telling her that I would be a good boy for her sake and for mine, and that I felt confident that I would get along all right and would try and make friends wherever my lot might be cast. Her last words to me at parting, and, as it happened, the last sound of her voice that ever fell upon my ears, were: "My son, make God your friend." However little influence this pious advice may have had upon my after-life, these few words have always remained in my memory, distinct and bright as gold newly-minted, and as vivid as if the lightning had written them on the sable brow of night.

I was fairly well equipped for the indefinite journey that lay before me, being in excellent health and in buoyant spirits, and having in my purse fifteen dollars, principally in bank-notes on the Farmers' Bank of Virginia.

I might have taken the stage at our door, which would have brought me the first three hundred miles on my way, until I reached steamboat navigation on the Kanawha River, a tributary of the Ohio, but I had never been far from home, and as I had only to travel a short distance before I would enter a region I had never seen before, when everything would be new and strange and interesting, I chose rather to travel on foot, as I could thus enjoy all the beauties of the changing landscape, and not miss any opportunity of adding to my stock of knowledge and experience. Traveling by stage would have been, for some people, more comfortable, not to say luxurious, but I could not bear the idea of being whisked over the road so rapidly that the only thing to be seen would be the flying forest trees and Old Virginia fences.

For the first few miles I walked as fiercely as if I had been a runaway negro or a deserter from a military post. I soon began to slacken my gait, as I knew that I could not hope to reach the navigable waters of the Ohio that day, nor for many days following, and that I might as well take it a little more easily.

After walking about ten miles, I stopped for a rest under the spreading branches of a big oak tree that had taken up its position just in the middle of the wide road and leaving ample space for wheel vehicles and other modes of travel on either side. The spot afforded me a good chance to rest and to think. The first thing I did was to overhaul my heavy grip and take an inventory of the contents. Among a large and valuable collection of other things I found a good-sized bundle of manuscript, but this makes it necessary to go back a little way in my hitherto uncheckered career. Whether gentle and indulgent, or otherwise, the patient reader (he must be patient) will have to excuse the digression, as well as the retrogression.

At an early period in my life, in fact, very soon after my graduation from the "old field school," I developed a remarkable talent for a certain class of composition, such as the writing of valentines, acrostics, and love-letters. As soon as the fact became known that I was thus gifted, I was deluged with requests from my young friends for specimens of this kind of writing. There was something about my style of writing that was very pleasing and effective. As the boys and girls all said, it went straight to the spot. As for valentines and love-letters, I could dash them off by the dozen, with scarcely any effort, all different one from the other, and all strictly original. Everything in Old Virginia in those days had to be original. We had not yet learned the great art of plagiarizing. But when it came to the task of writing acrostics, then the real trouble began. To take all the letters comprising a girl's name, making each letter begin a line of verse, maintaining the measure, rhyme and rhythm, and preserving the unities, and thus constructing a poem that would read so smoothly, and so sweetly, that no one would suspect the manner of its construction, was conceded by my young clients to be something bordering upon the marvelous. Copies of some of these productions I had preserved, and these with some specimens of other literary gems, I found in my satchel. I had thought that I would keep them as long as I lived, and take them with me wherever I might go. But, sitting there under the shade of that brave old oak, that had, perhaps, sheltered the sage and venerable father of the lovely Pocahontas, I indulged in a train of reflections that brought with it the thought that, maybe, by some accident, these priceless treasures might fall into the hands and come under the eyes of some heartless and unappreciative critics, who, knowing nothing of me and my tender and sacred memories, nor of old Virginia and her customs and traditions, might pass upon them a judgment that would be far from what I knew they deserved. So, folding them up carefully and tying them securely, I passed them gently and tenderly into the hollow of the old oak tree, promising myself that I would stop and get them on my way home after my western rambles.

As the shades of the evening of my first day's travel were falling, I reached Burkesville, a flourishing town, consisting of a store of general merchandise, a tavern, and a smoke-house. This was the point where General Grant stopped to rest while waiting to welcome and assist General Robert E. Lee, who was then on his way from Richmond to join President Davis in Mississippi. But Lee, you will remember, was detained at Appomattox by a business interview with General Sheridan, which made it necessary for Grant to proceed to that place, where he was needed to assist in closing important negotiations. As it was already late when I reached Burkesville, it furnished a sufficient reason why I should halt there for the night. I was also pleased to be able to sleep in a town that had been so highly honored, and around which clustered so many interesting historical memories and associations.

CHAPTER V.

INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY.

LEAVING the historic town of Burkesville at an early hour next morning, a few miles took me out of hearing of the din and clatter of this interior mart of commerce. Now, I am not going to loiter by the way, nor pay much attention to places of less importance.

I was really in a hurry to catch a glimpse of the mountains of Virginia, of which I had heard so much. All my life I had longed and longed to see mountains, and to gaze on the beauties hidden away in their mysterious recesses. In our section of the State there were no mountains or anything approaching thereto; only hills and slight elevations. I had been told by those who had traveled that the mind takes on a second growth when once an acquaintance has been formed with those towering and dominating landmarks. I felt very sensibly the need of this "second growth," for, though in my twenty-third year, I was yet, in many respects, little more than an overgrown boy. With all the aid that an after-acquaintance with a great variety of mountains gave me, it required many years for me to outgrow this infantile mental condition, if indeed, some remains and reminders of it do not still cling, where they so long grew and flourished.

It seems so natural and proper that an old man should be grave and dignified, solemn, cynical, and censorious, that it is difficult to pardon the utter lack of those qualities, so essential and so becoming to the aged. But I am now approaching the mountains and am about to realize my long-cherished dreams and aspirations.

At last, after a cloudy day, when the thick mists shrouded the tree-tops, quite shutting out the view of all but the nearest objects, the morning sun shone out bright and beautiful. Away in the distance, stretching from left to right, diagonally across the broad bosom of the noble old "Mother of Presidents," like an azure zone, and extending from the borders of the gallant old mother State and her lovely daughter Tennessee, to the point where the Potomac proudly breaks through the great barrier, there loomed into view the long-desired and looked-for "Blue Ridge," with the snow-covered "Peaks of Otter" glistening in the sunlight. Sixty-four years have now elapsed since that enchanting scene presented itself to my view, a period of time long enough to have effaced the recollection of that and all the multitude of similar scenes from the memory, but that particular picture was so distinctly and indelibly photographed upon my brain that no salient feature or trace of it has been lost.

Entering the mountains through a gap some fifteen miles south of the Peaks of Otter, I soon began to have some idea of what had so long been held in store for my special delectation. The roads through the mountains were fairly good, being the result of seventy years of mountain travel and road-making, which had passed through all the stages of attempted improvement, from the primeval Indian trail to what had assumed the dignity of a turnpike. Over this route, since the advent of the white people into the Virginia wilderness, had passed all the travel between the tidewater towns and the tributaries of the Ohio. The mountain region traversed by this road had furnished the scenes and settings for many wild, adventurous, and thrilling romances. Over this road, in the balmy days of summer, had been annually passing and repassing the family carriages of the wealthy people of the lower country to and from the many mineral health resorts in the mountains. There were the "Red Sulphur," the "Blue Sulphur," and the chief and most renowned and most visited locality, the "White Sulphur Springs," with a fame that attracted visitors from every section of the Union, and even from Europe. In its day and time, the White Sulphur Springs was more than a rival for Saratoga.

Here, in the visiting season, would be gathered the beauty and the chivalry from every quarter. There would be routs and balls, horseback riding and pedestrian climbing of the neighboring heights, and the romances and match-making that were enacted quite eclipsed anything that had ever been seen, heard of, or written about. But the "Springs" was not a market-place for the selling of wealthy brides to impecunious, title-bearing nonentities from across the big waters, to be followed by wrecked happiness, separations, bankruptcies, and suicides. This is an innovation that has come to us with other modern improvements. When, in the course of my peregrinations, I reached the beautiful village of "White Sulphur Springs," cosily nestled among the picturesque Green Brier Mountains, the charming locality looked like a "banquet-hall deserted." The visiting season had not yet come and would not be here for many weeks. The sound of last year's reveling had long been stilled, and the troops of fair women and brave men had long since been scattered to their widely-separated homes. They were gone, all gone from these much-loved scenes, and the echoing notes of the hunter's horn had all passed away like a summer's morn. The village seemed to have but few inhabitants. One of these was an old negro gardener. I managed to interview him through a hole in the fence. He gave me a detailed and graphic account of "how de white folks carried on las' year. Dey say dey cum here for der helf, but I couldn't see what de helf had to do wid it. Dey dance all night, and den gallivant ober de hills and climb mountains all day, and den dem gals, you just ought to see 'em, you jes ought to hear 'em laff and sing, dey jes jus make de woods ring."

"Were there no great men among the gentlemen who were here?" I ventured to ask. "Lots of 'em," said the old darkey. "Dere was one big man, Mr. Reebs of Albemarle County. I talk offen wid dat Mr. Reebs, and I couldn't see dat he amount to much, but dem fool white folks wush him up like he was a young god." The Mr. "Reebs" spoken of was Wm. C. Rives of Albemarle County, Virginia, a member of the United States Senate from Virginia, who had been Minister to France, and who had filled many important offices under both the State and National Government. I had seen and heard Mr. Rives quite often, the last time at Nottoway Court House, in the autumn of 1840, where he made an out-door speech of three hours' length to a very select and appreciative audience of about twelve hundred, composed of persons of all ages, sexes, conditions, and colors. He was quite an accomplished orator and a very interesting speaker, but I remember we were all tired and hungry when he closed, and glad enough to get to the grove of oak and locust trees, where a hundred tables were groaning under their burdens of barbecued beef and other varieties of meats, including pigs, poultry, and 'possum. It was during the Presidential campaign between Van Buren and Harrison. Mr. Rives was a Whig and this was a Whig gathering. The burden of his song on this occasion was the wasteful expenditures of the Van Buren administration and the wicked and absurd financial policy of the administration, and the frightful mistake that had been made in substituting Van Buren's crazy sub-treasury scheme for the United States Bank system, which had been ruthlessly despoiled and shorn of all its splendor by the arbitrary and despotic course of President Jackson.

This was all very eloquent and instructive, not to say pathetic, but the limit of human endurance was reached at the end of the third hour.

I would so much like to give here a history of the political events and changes of the administrations of Jackson, Van Buren, and Harrison as

I learned them in Old Virginia and saw them reflected from Virginia surroundings and associations, but the work has been so much better done than I could do it in history long since written but seldom read, that it would be a waste of time for me to attempt it.

My trip across the mountains had been one of daily interest and pleasurable excitement, notwithstanding the fatigue incident to the task of walking from twenty-five to thirty miles a day. Many novel sights and scenes were encountered, and so much of grand mountain scenery to which I had always been a stranger in my home near the head of the tidewater. The "Peaks of Otter" already mentioned seemed to tower away up toward the sky with Olympic grandeur, though they were of really very modest proportions and height compared with other elevations. Then there was the first experience in the limestone formation of this mountain region, where the water is found of different taste and different effect on the system from that to which I had been accustomed. One day I came upon the locality known as the Hawk's Nest, where the Kanawha River had cut its way under the point of a ridge forming an overhanging precipice, from the brink of which it seemed an easy task to throw a stone across the stream. Repeated trials, however, proved the feat to be impossible, as the stone always seemed to return with a downward curve, and always fell short of the edge of the water at the bottom of the precipice.

Approaching the little town of Charleston, I came to the Salines, or salt works, where the salt water had been found by boring several hundred feet below the bed of the river and brought up by steam pumps and poured into huge vats placed under furnaces where fires were fed with coal brought in horse-cars from the tunneled sides of the adjacent mountains. I found here quite a population employed in the several kinds of work connected with the production of salt. There were several large cooper shops where the barrels were made for preparing the salt for shipment. Connected with this branch of the enterprise, was the business of gathering the poles from which hoops for the salt barrels were made. I found this all very interesting, so much so that my bump of inquisitiveness, unduly developed, caused me to ask many questions. I was told among other things that the woods were full of men and women gathering hoop poles, and that among the number were a great many cross-eyed men and women who made better wages than those not thus favored by nature, because while using one eye in cutting a pole they could utilize the other eye in scanning the woods and selecting another. I had no means of verifying this statement, but I found nothing unreasonable or improbable in it, as I had seen a girl down in Lunenburg County, who could smile upon two beaux at the same time, though they might be seated in opposite sides of the room. I think I spent the greater part of one day at these salt works, everything was so new and strange and unexpected. I had always thought that salt was manufactured in Liverpool, England, and brought in ships across the Atlantic Ocean and up James

River to Richmond. Travel now, however, had greatly broadened the horizon of my mental vision and had added greatly to my original scanty stock of knowledge. But the time had come when I must bid adieu to the "sacred soil" of the "Old Dominion" and to all the tender memories and associations that had been the charm and solace of my young life. I did not then think that sixty years were to elapse before I should be permitted to revisit those scenes, even in the task of trying to write something about them. I indulged the hope that a few years at most would find me at home again from my western rambles, in the midst of relatives and friends and among the scenes of my boyhood. Even with this hope the parting was sad enough, for I had acquired the knowledge paid for with experience that indeed, "there is no place like home."

Lying at the bank of the river near Charleston, was a small steamer called the "Lark" taking on a cargo of salt for Cincinnati, Ohio. By a fortunate arrangement with the captain for one dollar cash in hand paid to him, I secured passage on the steamer to Cincinnati, with the privilege of "wooding," that is, helping the crew to take in wood at the several wood-yards on the way, wood being the fuel used by all the river steamboats of that day. The Kanawha River, after a long and painful battling with the rocks and declivities of the mountains had considerably cooled down and had concluded to take it easy for the remainder of its course. Between Charleston and the mouth of the stream the water was comparatively tranquil, though still moving with sufficiently strong current. On the way down we met another little steamer coming up for its share in the freightage of salt. We consumed the afternoon in passing down this even stretch of the Kanawha River and entered the Ohio about dusk of the same day. The "Beautiful River" seemed alive with fine steamboats passing up and down the stream. The era of steamboating was then at its height on the great rivers of the west, as at that time, this class of vessels afforded the principal and most rapid mode of travel and transportation. I cannot hope to make very much out of my trip down the Ohio. Its history and the records of the many thrilling scenes that have been enacted on its bosom, with accounts of the many changes in the mode of navigating its waters, from the war canoe of the savage to the time of the stately steamer and thence down to the time when the railroads gave the deathblow to all the romance that had so long attached to the history of the stream and of the once interesting region through which it passed. All this has furnished themes that have been belabored by the ablest pens, until there is nothing new left that can be said.

All that is left for me is the satisfaction of attempting to write down what happened to me and the impressions made by the scenes through which I passed.

In my dear old home, I had heard some traditions about a certain island on the Ohio river that had been inhabited by the Blennerhassets,—not a tribe of Indians of that name, but by an Irishman and his wife who had made their home there and who had fallen victims to the wiles of Aaron Burr, who had inveigled them into a participation in his traitorous schemes, having for his object the giving to the United States a rival empire in the extreme southern section of the Union. Burr failed in the main objects of his scheme, was arrested, and tried for treason. The trial took place in Richmond, Virginia, the chief prosecuting counsel being Wm. Wirt, a distinguished lawyer of that period. Burr was not hanged as he should have been, but the Blennerhassets, who had foolishly aided him financially, were ruined. I remember that old John Booker, the teacher in the old field academy where I was educated, gave me a speech one day that was made by Wirt at the trial of Burr, as a task to be learned by me and delivered on the last day of school. In one part of his speech Wirt asked the question, "Who is Blennerhasset?", and immediately answering it himself said, "A native of Ireland, a man of letters." I never learned exactly who Blennerhasset was, not in all the particulars concerning his personality, but I thought surely the island would keep its place in the middle of the river until I could get a glimpse of it, so I asked the captain one day to point it out to me. I said, "Who is Blennerhasset, and where is his island?" He told me in a confidential whisper that Blennerhasset had been drowned in a recent freshet, and that the island had floated off up a creek, where it was now claimed by a squatter on the public lands.

A run of twenty-four hours brought us to Cincinnati, then a rambling town of a few thousand inhabitants, buildings scattered around over the hills. The town was then about fifty years old, but the era of building was only just setting in.

Before starting from home I had been provided with letters to some Virginians living in the northern part of Indiana, but to go to that section would have necessitated another long walk through a strange country. It was very much easier and cheaper to keep to the rivers and travel on steamboats. I had no fixed point of destination; the great west was "all before me and Providence my guide."

CHAPTER VI.

SHIPWRECK ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

I WAS much pleased and interested with the little that I saw of Cincinnati and its people. Though that city was, as yet, only in the incipient stage of its growth and quite limited in size, it was a much larger town that I had yet seen, its population being of a type new to me and more cosmopolitan. The most interesting sight for me was the levee with its mile of steamboats of all sizes closely packed together. The boats were arriving and departing every moment, the berths, as fast as they were vacated, being immediately taken by new arrivals. The world seemed to be all steamboats. They thronged the bosom of the river, whose bepaddled waters had never a moment's rest. And then the rich array of beautiful names!

All the novels that had been written by Scott, Cooper, and the rest of the popular novelists, seemed to have been laid under contribution to furnish the interminable list of names required. I can remember now, "Rob Roy," "Die Vernon," "The Fair Maid of Perth," "Red Rover," "Wing and Wing," "Allegheney," "North Bend," "Compromise," and many others. All this wealth of steamboat navigation had for me so strange a fascination that the impressions made have never been effaced, and I still seem to see the moving hundreds of floating palaces flitting up and down the beautiful river. Every boat of any pretensions had its band of music, and every human voice that could hum a tune was singing steamboat and river songs. One of the favorite airs of the time was the "Grey Eagle." This air had been adapted to a little song some of which went like this:—

> "Oh, the North Bend is coming and she beats the Compromise,
> But she can't throw the waters in the Allegheney's eyes."

The music of this song would start everybody to singing, even the birds in the groves along the river would join in the chorus, and the paddle-wheels of the steamer would splash a rhythmic accompaniment to this favorite song that filled all ears and all hearts with its melody.

As the steamer Narragansett bore us down the river I found time and room for new impressions. It had been my good fortune to meet, down in old Virginia, several pretty fair specimens of the "genus homo," men who knew how to dress, how to talk, and how to act. Among the rest, I had met and conversed with the able and accomplished Thomas Ritchie, editor of the Richmond "Enquirer," when he was on a visit to some of our wealthy Virginia planters, but I had never before been thrown into contact with a genuine river god —I had never known the acme of human greatness until I saw the captain of the Narragansett. Editor Ritchie was quite justly styled "The Napoleon of the Press and the Chesterfield of the Dinner Table"; but here in the person of our captain we had Washington, Napoleon, Chesterfield, and Beau Brummel all in one. And yet in saying this I have only the most kindly recollections of this man, with every reason for thus remembering him. He was affable, approachable, and attentive to all his duties and to the wants and wishes of all his passengers. As a deck passenger with the responsibility of seeing that the boat was well supplied with the necessary fuel at each wood yard where the boat stopped, there was no necessity for my speaking to the captain or coming into close quarters with him on any occasion. His "sphere of influence" was separated from mine by an intervening floor or deck of the steamer, while etiquette and discipline would naturally have kept us separate, each in his proper place. But, becoming tired of drinking river water straight, I one day stepped up into the corridor of the cabin where I found on a table some water that had been nicely filtered and iced. While indulging in this change of beverage, the negro porter came up and told me in the usual pompous style of these dignitaries, that I had made a mistake. "De deck passengers," said his sable majesty, "doan come up here. Dey stays down b'low whar dey b'long. Ef de captain see you he mout hut yer feelin's." Just then the captain came along and asked what was the matter. I explained the situation to him in a few well-chosen remarks. He then asked me who I was and where I hailed from. I told him that I was the eldest son of a prominent and well-known citizen of Amelia County, Virginia, and that I was then on my first trip west. Then he "mister-ed" me and asked me if I would like to take a look at that part of the boat. This invitation I very kindly accepted and we strolled along down the hall looking at the splendid state rooms on each side until we came to a partition where a closed door seemed to bar our further progress. The captain tapped on this door to warn those who might be on the other side that we were coming, but as there was no response he opened the door and told me to walk in. Stepping inside I heard the door close behind me and I found myself in the midst of some three dozen well-dressed ladies who all cast their lovely and inquiring eyes upon me. I was just beginning to enjoy the novelty of the situation when the captain came in and placed his hand upon my shoulder. He then took me around the room introducing me to his acquaintances and made a charming little speech in my behalf. Then the ladies all began to talk at once, expressing the wildest delight and overwhelming me with questions. It was the portion of the boat known as the ladies' cabin. There were representatives from many sections of the country, some from Virginia and from other portions of the dear old south-land. When some of them learned that I was from Amelia County, Virginia, their joy knew no bounds. They had cousins in Amelia County whose names they gave, many of whom I knew, and then and there was formed a bond of union between us that only time and distance could sever. All the southern ladies in this bewitching bevy of beautifuls had cousins in some part of Virginia, of which fact there could be no doubt, as the population of Virginia is composed mainly of cousins. Indeed, it may be justly called the land of cousins. After this little episode everything went smoothly with me. I was accorded the freedom of the boat in all its departments, including the hurricane deck and the cook's galley. The porter's watchful eyes had no further terrors for me, and even the deep bass voice of the mate was wasted on the thin air when he sang out, "Wood pile, everybody." I was young and susceptible at that time, and many strong and sincere attachments were formed which remained in full force and effect until the boat reached St. Louis. I wonder now how all this could have been, but boys will be boys.

Our steamer was loaded down until the guard rail dragged in the water with farming-utensils, household goods, and farming supplies of every kind, and with a passenger list that would have afforded a sublime study for the philosopher and the ethnologist. People in search of places in which to build new homes in the wilds of the middle west, where they could lay the foundation of a new landed aristocracy. At all the little towns that were rapidly springing into being along the river the boat would stop for a few minutes to allow the deck passengers a chance to buy hoosier bread, limburger cheese, and smoked herring. This hoosier, or ginger-bread as we would have called it down in old Virginia, had been baked and was sold in sections, half sections, and quarter sections, the price for an entire section being twelve and a half cents. A quarter section of the bread measured six inches square, was two inches thick, and afforded a sufficient and very delicious lunch for a two-year-old Dutch baby, while the limburger cheese and the smoked herring created a thirst among the grown-up people that called imperatively for copious draughts of beer at the next stopping place. At Louisville, Kentucky, our boat was compelled to leave the river and pass through a canal in order to avoid the danger of the passage down through the rapids. Our brave captain had faced perils innumerable by sea and land and river, but he shrank from the responsibility of attempting to shoot the rapids with that precious cargo. The canal was about of sufficient width to allow the passage of the larger sized steamers and was somewhat tortuous in its course, so that the transit to the river below was slow and tedious. Most of the able-bodied passengers walked along the bank and thus had ample time to take in all the sights. About midway the distance, we came to a grand emporium where refreshments of every kind, both liquid and solid, could be obtained. The proprietor and presiding genius of this establishment was no less a personage than the far-famed Kentucky Giant, James Porter. When we entered the portals of the palace, the first object that struck our vision was the celebrity of whom we had heard so much. He was seated on a high counter with his feet resting solidly on the floor. Accepting an invitation to join the crowd in a nibble, Mr. Porter arose from the counter. In that majestic presence we all felt like pigmies. The greatest among us for once in their lives were truly looked down upon. Our faces were all turned upward toward that of the giant whose head nearly brushed the ceiling.

He talked very entertainingly to us in a pleasant musical voice that was almost feminine in its softness. His manner was quite unembarrassed, and he seemed as much at home as if he had met similar crowds before. We invited him to go on board the boat and be introduced to our captain. He thanked us, but said that he had often seen the captain of the Narragansett, but that he had never had the hardihood to seek an introduction, as he always feared the consequence of such a conjunction.

Below Louisville, the Ohio begins to broaden, and after a while, linger as she may, the identity of the "Beautiful River" is lost, and at last, coyly and reluctantly she yields to the rude and eager embraces of the "Father of Waters." What a change it was from the placid waters of the westward flowing stream, with all its wealth and witchery of perennial beauty and deathless romance, to the seething, surging, boiling flood of the turbid, angry-looking Mississippi! This change to another river brought also a change in the appearance and character of the river craft. The steamers that plied between New Orleans and St. Louis were of a vastly superior class every way to those that plied on the Ohio. They were much larger, more perfect in all their appointments, every way more imposing. Soon after entering the great river, the boat was signaled from the Illinois shore by a group of strange-looking beings, who, when the yawl brought them on board, turned out to be Indians. These were the first Indians that many of us had seen and were objects of much curiosity and attention.

They were also very hungry, of course, and were soon squatted down on the forward deck and eating as if they were just closing a forty days' fast.

A short distance below St. Louis, our boat was passed by one of those magnificent specimens of steamboat architecture known as a first-class New Orleans packet. Her upper decks were crowded with hundreds of well-dressed passengers. The band was playing, the negro crew was singing, and gay flags were flying from many points of the splendid vessel. She passed us as easily as if our boat had been a stationary object in the river, but stopped suddenly when a few hundred yards ahead of us. The beautiful steamer had brought her last voyage to a close in mid-river. She was impaled on a sawyer. What is a sawyer? Well, it was once a giant of the upper forests that had been torn up by the roots during a fierce storm and brought down the river by one of the frequent big freshets that inundate that region. The roots and the larger portions of the trunk being heavy, sink into the sand while the rest of the tree floats in the water, the upper branches playing up and down as they are swayed by the action of the flood. This motion of the branches has been compared to one of those old-time saw-mills that you may have heard your ancestors tell about. Hence, these floating and oscillating snags were called "sawyers." If the bottom of a steamer just grazes the point of one of these treacherous snags it is pierced. The snag passes upward through the boat, which is thus transfixed, while the water rushes in, and wreck and ruin and death are the results. Hundreds of lives and many millions in property have been lost in this way. The most careful and experienced pilot could never be certain of the whereabouts of these snags, because the sand on the bottom of the river is always moving and taking with it whatever it holds imbedded. A snag that was well out of the way when the boat was on its downward trip might be lurking in mid-channel when it returned up-stream. In after years an era of river improvements was inaugurated, which greatly lessened the dangers of steamboat navigation from this source.

But now in the river before us a frightful scene is being enacted. The magnificent steamer is rapidly sinking. The surface of the river is covered with wreckage and drowning people. The scene would be indescribable by the ablest pen and I am unable even to attempt it. It happened a long time ago, but it formed a picture that can never fade from my memory. The only feature I like to remember about it was the conduct of our captain. He had been the first to see the accident, and as soon as seen, he ordered the steamer headed toward the spot and then to be kept moving under a slow bell, just sufficient to balance the current. The yawl and small boats from both steamers were soon manned and everything possible was being done to save life and property. No one was idle or indifferent. Every one seemed to be on his best mettle for all that he could do. But our captain was truly the hero of the hour. With coat and vest and hat off, he seemed to be everywhere at once and giving aid wherever needed. His voice rang out like a silver trumpet, giving orders, which he was always the first to assist in executing. He was cool and self-possessed the whole time, never losing his head for a moment. Many of the drowning owed their lives to his prompt and timely action. When all had been done that could be done and the Narragansett resumed her usual speed up the river, we missed the captain from his accustomed position on the boiler deck and there was anxiety and many men asking, "Where is the captain?" At last, some one reported him as pacing the floor of his state-room, adding softly, "The captain is weeping." A few minutes later the Narragansett found a berth between two huge steamers at the St. Louis levee, and the long, exciting, and vexatious trip of the gallant steamer from Pittsburg to St. Louis had come to an end.

Then came for us all the task of saying "goodbye," as we would here change boats for our several destinations. But before any one left the boat I elbowed my way to the ladies' cabin to bid adieu to my fair cousins, having found many who were willing to share that good old Virginia relationship with me after we had traced our noble lineage back to Pocahontas. My feelings will not even now permit me to dwell upon the parting scene, but it was "fu' tender" like Bobby Burns bidding farewell to several Highland Marys.

CHAPTER VII.

VISIT TO ST. LOUIS IN 1844.

How did St. Louis look in the spring of 1844? Well, that is sixty-four years ago now, and I have not been within a thousand miles of the place since. I shall make no effort to revive long-forgotten memories. I will merely tell what can never be forgotten, a task that can be easily and quickly performed. The levee, as the space was called that lay between the front of the first row of buildings and the water's edge, presented a very animated scene with its long array of big steamboats discharging and receiving cargoes, while the bosom of the river was thronged with arriving and departing steamers. Among the boats that I noticed particularly there was the "Nimrod," belonging to one of the fur companies. She was lying at the levee taking on a queer-looking cargo of goods for the trade among the Indians and trappers on the upper Missouri. In her approaching voyage, she was bound for Fort Benton near the Great Falls of that stream, and some two thousand miles distant by the course of the river. The appearance of the boat and its crew, and of all the people moving about it, presented a novel sight to me. Everything and everybody was of a distinct class and type from anything I had yet seen. Several months would be required in making this long voyage against the rapid current of the river on the upward trip and in the care that had to be taken in descending in order to avoid snags and other dangers of river navigation. I greatly enjoyed the sight of seeing the boat depart with her heavy cargo, and her motley crew and queer-looking passengers for her far-off destination among the wild Indians. Another interesting incident that I witnessed was the arrival of a fleet of long bateaux from the upper waters of the Missouri. These boats were all loaded down with huge packages of buffalo robes and other peltry. Among the people who came down on these boats there were traders, trappers, Indians, and some representatives of other classes, but all clad in their mountaineer costumes, and all looking a good deal alike as a result of their long stay in the regions that lay under the evening shadows of the Rocky Mountains. On the levee were piles of merchandise of every description awaiting shipment, stacks of piglead and masses of baled hemp among the number. The densely built portion of the town did not extend more than about four blocks back from the levee and the buildings, I thought, seemed to be of great age and somewhat dingy in appearance. I did not learn what the population of the town was at that time, but think now that it may have been in the neighborhood of thirty thousand. Since that time, I have watched as well as I could, from decade to decade, the wonderful growth of St. Louis, and the rapid strides she has been making in every branch and province of improvement. Of course, I cannot realize what she has accomplished in that long time, as my point of observation has been too remote and my opportunities for knowing have been too limited, but I have always felt a deep interest and pride in the growth and prosperity of this great western city. The region of country west of the Mississippi which claims St. Louis for its metropolis was called in early days "Upper Louisiana," being a part of the great Louisiana Purchase. When that purchase was made, President Jefferson was severely criticised in certain quarters for what was called an unwise and lavish waste of the people's money. Fifteen million dollars was thought to be a large sum at that time, but in view of what it really purchased, it was but a paltry sum, indeed. This is no time for elaborating on the importance and value of the Louisiana Purchase from whatever point of view it may be considered. I just happen to be thinking now of the sum which the city of St. Louis would have brought had it been sold under the hammer of the auctioneer when I saw it in the spring of 1844. How many millions would the sale have brought even at that time? What would a like transaction realize now? In the St. Louis of to-day, there is a single establishment, a railroad station, called the Union Depot. It could not be bought to-day, ground and buildings, for twice the sum that was paid by the United States Government for the immense region embraced within the limits of the Louisiana Purchase. So little did the people of that generation know about the possibilities of growth in importance, in population, and in values in that region that was destined to form the throbbing heart of the great empire of the west! When at St. Louis in 1844, I had never heard of

Chicago. A little later I was told that Chicago was a little aggregation of shacks on Lake Michigan situated at the mouth of a small stream and near a swamp on the edge of a big prairie, and that the only exciting and enlivening feature of the locality was the music furnished by the frogs in the adjoining swamp. Since then, I have kept a mental eye upon the growth of Chicago, until now she threatens to cover all the prairie surface in the great state of Illinois. Truly, and indeed, in very many respects, Chicago is a great city, but in comparing the two cities, I have always awarded the palm of real greatness to St. Louis. St. Louis is great in her venerable age, in her instructive history, in her interesting and romantic traditions, in her splendid achievements under difficulties, in her commanding geographical position, and in the magnificent future that most surely awaits her. What has added very much, if not most, to the prestige of St. Louis is that she possesses a tributary empire beyond the Rocky Mountains. And how easily might she have been shorn of this golden appanage! had the immortal Jefferson been a sleepy-headed, apathetic, old fossil, like some who have occupied similarly high positions, satisfied with what was immediately attainable and interested only in realizing and enjoying what the present placed within easy reach, the entire region west of the Rocky Mountains with all its golden Pacific coast splendors would have passed irretrievably into the hands of Great Britain. Only the marvelous political foresight and prompt and vigorous action of the great President prevented this calamity. Even as it was, he was not a day too early in his prompt and patriotic action. Rival exploring parties were already in the field looking for the gateway through the mountains that would lead them to the sources of the great river of the west. Had success attended these rival enterprises, the whole current of history would have been changed. Upon so slender a thread as this did hang "everlasting things."

With the region drained by the Missouri river and its tributaries, shut in by the British possessions on the north and on the west, the prestige and importance of St. Louis would have been fatally impaired. It was only by a wild stretch of a political imagination that the Louisiana Purchase was ever made to extend to the crest of the Rocky Mountain range.

While at St. Louis, I worked on the levee, helping to load and unload steamboats. It was not easy work, as the loads I had to carry were all quite heavy. Among other objects of some weight were the bars of pig lead, each weighing one hundred pounds. For this work I was paid like the rest, two bits an hour. The plethoric roll of bank-notes with which I had started from home, amounting in the aggregate to fifteen dollars, had been daily growing "smaller by degrees and beautifully less." Much as I dislike to say it, my exchequer needed some repairs. It is humiliating to be considered penurious and close-fisted, but truth and candor compel me to confess that I had, during this short period since I left home, frequently caught myself making a mental calculation of the comparative cost of the different styles of traveling and living.

I did not like to stop in St. Louis. I had become tired of the rush and roar of commerce. A young man, who had graduated from the old field school in Virginia at the same time I did, was living in the little town of Glasgow, Missouri, where he was clerking in a store. I thought that if I could see him, he might be able to tell me something about the country and maybe "put me on to something." What added considerable value to our life-long acquaintance and friendship was the fact that his name was Jones. It had always been claimed in old Virginia from Colonial times, that just the name Jones alone and all by itself was worth at least one thousand pounds sterling per year. My friend Jones was a son of old Uncle Davy Jones, a local Methodist preacher of our section. Uncle Davy Jones was an uncle of John Winston Jones, who had been speaker of the National House of Representatives. If you will take the trouble of asking Gales and Seaton of Washington, D. C., who the speakers of the House were during the third decade, you will find that I am right. So you see that my young friend at Glasgow was of patrician stock, besides having a strain of rich Pocahontas blood in his veins, which enabled him and his to claim that sweet old Virginian relationship that made all fine-haired people cousins.

My occupation while at St. Louis made me familiar with working about steamboats, so that when the captain of the "John Go Long," being short of hands, asked me if I would like to work my passage up the river as far as I wished to go, I readily agreed. So leaving St. Louis one bright morning, our boat was soon battling with the rapid current of the Big Muddy. Though our boat was rated as one of the best engaged in the Missouri trade, our progress up-stream was quite slow. It seemed to me that all the slowest old tubs on the continent had been selected and put on the Missouri River trade. I found my work on the boat the roughest and most disagreeable imaginable. I had here the roughest deal that I had ever met before or have encountered since. Our captain and our mate were the hardest kind of bosses, who seemed never to take time to sleep or to eat. I could not begin to tell how much I regretted the absence of my noble captain of the Narragansett, and the fair occupants of the ladies' cabin. The contrast was too painful to be dwelt upon. Still there would come intervals when the deck-hands could indulge in spinning yarns and in relating their Missouri River experiences. One old fellow gave us an account of a steamboat race on the river, that was thrilling in the extreme. He said that he was on the "Tobacco Plant" one dark, rainy night when the boat stopped at a wood-yard and took on all the wood they could find room for. This operation being completed, the boat backed out into the stream and resumed her upward struggle. Some two hours later the supply of wood getting rather low, the boat was headed to the shore and another big supply of wood was taken on board. Again the boat left the shore and, as the captain thought, began to steam rapidly up the river. It was not very long before it became necessary to look out for another wood-yard. Approaching the shore, the captain sang out "Hello, got any wood?" "Plenty," replied a strong Missouri voice. "What's the price?" asked the captain. "Well, now, Cap," said the orator of the cottonwood forest, "seein' as this is the third time you have 'wooded' with me to night, you can take all you want at your own price." "All right, good enough," said the captain. Once more to the breach and the engines jumped to their task as if determined to break things. This time, the boat did begin to make a little headway, and after a fierce struggle, a better piece of river was gained. Pretty soon the captain heard what he thought was the puffing of a steamer ahead of him. "Boys," he said, "there's the 'Ione' ahead of us; we must overtake and pass her." The firemen and engineers responded with all their might and every timber in the good old "Tobacco Plant" quivered like an aspen leaf. But the puffing of the steamer ahead did not grow any louder or more distinct. The distance that separated the two boats seemed to remain the same. "I think Captain," said the mate, "that it is the 'Admiral' instead of the 'Ione' that we hear." "Nothing of the kind," said the captain; "if it was the 'Admiral' we would have passed her long ago. She is the laziest and slowest old snail on the river. Besides I know that boneyard cough of the 'Ione' as well as I know my own voice." And then to the firemen, "Paint her red, boys, and drive her into the night; you'll soon see that I am right." And then the fierce battle went on till daylight, when an innocent-looking little old sawmill was seen a little back from the bank of the river, where it had been whacking away all night for dear life, entirely unconscious of the fact that one of those swift-moving floating palaces of the Missouri River fleet had been trying to overtake and pass her.

These and other stories of equal interest and veracity served to beguile our own laborious and tedious voyage up the river.

CHAPTER VIII.

UP THE MISSOURI TO GLASGOW.

To say that I soon became very tired of the Missouri River and of everything that I saw afloat on its waters or stationary on its banks, would be putting it very mildly. The river looked to me like a grimy and grizzly old monster, constantly devouring its own offspring on one side while casting up and presenting to view the most unsightly and revolting objects on the other. The current, I was told, had a velocity of about ten miles an hour, making it all that the best boats engaged in the trade could do, under the most favorable circumstances, to place to their account more than one hundred miles in twenty-four hours running upstream. The people that I chanced to see at the little towns and various stopping places along the banks failed to impress me very favorably. True, they were, originally, of old Virginia stock, but the blood seemed to me to have been strangely diluted and deteriorated in its passage through the intervening states. These first impressions of the river and of the people who lived along its banks I learned afterwards to know were crude, unjust, and unreasonable. The noble old river had afforded the only possible pathway for the Lewis and Clarke expedition and for all the westward bound enterprises that have followed in its wake. For more than fifty years, preceding my first glimpse of its turbid waters, it had been the only artery for the valuable trade furnished by the great mountainous region drained by the river and its tributaries. Without the Missouri River we should never have possessed an Oregon. Among the multitude of agencies that conspired to "save Oregon" the Missouri River was the first in the field. The people of Missouri, as I afterwards learned to know them, possessed all the sterling qualities that are found among the best builders of young commonwealths. To an old Virginia thoroughbred, they seemed, of course, at first, somewhat plain and plebeian in their peculiar way of presenting and representing themselves, but taking them as they were and at their real value, they were all that could have been reasonably expected or desired.

By this time I had quite enough of life on board the "John Go Long," and under the rule of a captain and mate who "knew not Joseph" and who had no appreciation of the honor that was being done them. During the time that had elapsed since we left St. Louis, I had swallowed so much Missouri River water that a sand-bar had been formed in my stomach that required weeks of dredging and drenching to get it floated off. To get that water from the river, for drinking or for other purposes, I had to take a bucket with a long rope attached, throw the bucket into the river top downward and when filled with water, draw it up by main strength. This all looked simple enough and hardly worth telling about, but it required courage to do this without serious accident. If I allowed the rapid current to begin to get in its work on the bucket, the rope might be pulled out of my hands and bucket and rope would both be lost; while if I held on a second too long, I would be drawn overboard, and man, bucket, and rope would all be lost. But now I am sure that, for many reasons, the reader will rejoice with me, for the little town of Glasgow is in sight, and the levee is black with people to witness my arrival. How they knew that I was coming I never learned. My "cousin," who was not among the crowd, told me, when I did see him, that no event of his life had ever afforded him a more sincere—surprise. As soon as the boat was landed and made fast to a post, I waited upon the captain and told him that I had come to bid him a respectful and affectionate farewell. "What!" said he, "not going to quit?" "Yes, Captain, I'm a royal quitter." "What do you expect to do here?" "Going back into the country a little piece to hunt for a spring." "All right, good-bye."

I found the young scion of the Jones dynasty quite busy at the store, but as soon as he had a little leisure, we had a good long chat. He told me that he had been in Glasgow about a year. He told me what his salary was, but that I have forgotten. I remember he told me that it cost him one hundred and four dollars per year for board and lodging, the lodging being the smaller item, as he slept on the counter in the store. But the most interesting thing that he told me was that he knew some German boys who would give me work. He knew enough of my antecedents to be satisfied that I was, or ought to be, an accomplished mechanic in-several lines. He had known my father, who was a stonemason, brickmaker, bricklayer and plasterer, besides being able at spare times to make the shoes for the family, and also to do a pretty fair job of carpentering, and also knew how to lead the class in class-meetings at the Methodist meeting-house, where he was class leader for most of the years of his life With my father I had learned all the mysteries of these several arts and professions, except that of making shoes, which occupation I found entirely too sedentary for one of my active temperament. It was Monday forenoon when I arrived at Glasgow; and when Tuesday morning came, I was ready to go to work with my newly-found German employers. They treated me very kindly and we were soon mounted on a platform or scaffold, as we called it, putting the first coat of plastering on the ceiling of a room. Then I found out something. The rate at which the boys worked was more rapid than anything that I had ever before witnessed, and the first thing I knew, they had plastered all around and plastered me out. Then came the work on the sides of the room when I had time to practice mending my lick. The boys saw that I was doing my lovely best and had all the requisite patience with me, only they laughed as only such good fellows know how to laugh. When we got to the ceiling of the next room, I had begun to get a better move on me, and did much better. I was pleased to find that the discipline I had received on the levee at St. Louis and on the boat coming up had proved of great benefit to me, as during that experience I often had to jump around quite lively. The boys did not offer me an apron, which I very much needed, so that when night came, my clothes were nearly as well plastered as the rooms we had gone over. I would have bought the apron, but my credit at the store was not yet sufficiently established. When Saturday night came, I was not offered any money. The boys had furnished me excellent board and a good room and bed, and had tried to make me feel perfectly at home with them. Sunday morning came and with it my first real trouble. I was too well plastered to allow a ramble about town to be agreeable. There was a horse ferry-boat plying across the river between the town and the Saline bottom. I strolled down to the landing and got busy introducing myself to the ferryman and telling him a string of stories. He was too much interested to notice that I had not paid my fare, and as it happened, I was able to render some needed service on the way over. Then I told the ferryman how it was with me and he said it was all right, that I could stay on the boat all day if I wished, or could cross back when I got ready. I was soon buried in the depths of the cottonwood forest with the chattering paroquets for my only companions. After rambling around in the woods until I was tired, I took a seat on an old log to rest. I began to think and then! And then and then!! A horrible fit of home-sickness came over me, the worst I am quite sure that any poor mortal ever experienced! It is no use now in writing of this scene of long ago, to go into the pathetics, which was always entirely out of my line, but sitting there on that log, I critically and impartially reviewed my whole past life, the prominent and salient features of which review were my own faults and mistakes. I could then see, oh! so plainly, where and how I had missed what might easily have been realized, and which would have been for me and for all concerned, so much better. I thought about my home in what was then for me the far-distant east, and about all that that dear old home had been to me. I thought about my dear parents and the good, sound, practical advice and pious admonitions they had so often given me, and which I had for the most part, allowed to go into one ear and out at the other. All these and a thousand other thoughts and memories came thronging in upon me. With all this, I could not bring myself willingly to the thought that I had been innately and wilfully very bad. The main trouble with me was that I never could take a properly serious view of life. Life had always seemed a huge farce to me. In the midst of the most solemn scenes at sermons, revivals, and funerals, I was sure to be struck by some ludicrous aspects of the scene that was being enacted before me. Little did I then dream that I would ever become the solemn and melancholy being that I am to-day. It seemed that at that early period of my life, I was possessed; that I had a laughing demon within me that would not down.

During my early days, the section of old Virginia in which we lived was not much infested with ghosts, though it had been in the earlier days of its history. There had been a time, after the first Colonial mansions and dwellings had begun to decay and become somewhat dilapidated, that visitants from the other world were very numerous and troublesome, but, as I had often been told by some old people whom I met, there were, fortunately, down in the tidewater counties some very pious and learned ministers, who had been educated at Oxford and Cambridge, England, who, among other gifts and faculties, had the power to "lay spirits," that is, the power of exorcising those unwelcome nightly guests that had made many houses, even in our section, entirely uninhabitable. These ministers, it was said, visited all the settlements and succeeded in quieting every restless ghost that showed its head. "Rest, perturbed spirit, rest!" Well would it have been for me if some one of those ministering angels could have come along my way and rid me of my besetting evil spirit. But mine was a case that required age for its cure. Old age, that brings so many precious gifts, as well as some evils and infirmities in its train, comes to us all at last, if we live long enough, and causes us to learn the serious import of life. I spent that entire Sunday in company with the brave old cottonwood trees and with the birds that sang among their boughs, and it was only with the falling shades of evening that I began to think of recrossing the river and getting back to the town. Another week of severe labor, another coat of lime, mortar, on my habiliments and another Sunday passed in the cottonwood grove. Then came the third week, which proved the hardest, as the boys were obliged to complete their contract on the Saturday following. I had been pretty severely worked, but I had been treated like a brother, had been made to feel perfectly at home, and at the end was paid much more liberally than I had any reason to expect. The boys told me that if I chose to wait a week or ten days, they would give me more work, as it would require that much time for the carpenters to get out of the way on the building that was next to be plastered, and that in the meantime I was perfectly welcome to make my home with them. This was indeed a real kindness on their part and I felt duly grateful, but I had heard of a new town called St. Joseph situated on the river some two hundred miles above Glasgow, in a newly-settled section of the State, called the Platte Purchase, and had made up my mind to try my fortunes in that new seat of empire.

CHAPTER IX.

REACHES ST. JOE EN ROUTE WEST.

I WAS really sorry to leave Glasgow. I was now in a condition that would have afforded me at least a short season for rest and recuperation, and when I could have given the good, but plain and simple people of the town an opportunity of becoming acquainted with me and of enjoying the honor and the pleasure of a more intimate association with one whose exact counterpart had been seldom seen in that region. Besides, Glasgow was not only an historic spot, but also a very interesting one, as being near the old homes of the Boones and the Calloways, who had been among the very first of the earliest settlers in that section of Missouri. But the star of my destiny, like that of empires, was still beckoning me ever westward. I had by this time recruited and renovated my wardrobe and had money enough left to take me to St. Joseph and beyond that point if I wished to go further. So one morning when the steamer "Missouri Mail" came along, upward bound, I boarded her, this time as a full-grown and able-bodied cabin passenger of the first class in age, size, and personal consequence. The "Missouri Mail" was one of the finest and fastest boats on the river, though that is saying extremely little for that comparatively handsome and well intentioned churner of the "Big Muddy."

When I looked around at the many smiling faces that greeted me, I was delighted to find that I was not the only distinguished passenger on that memorable voyage. I am sure that I can never forget the most important portion of that passenger list.

Among those present were U. S. Senator Thomas, H. Benton of St. Louis, Hon. John C. Edwards, Governor of Missouri, Mr. Jule Robidoux, son of the venerable Joseph Robideau, proprietor of the St. Joseph town site, and Major Beatty, proprietor of the Hotel Jefferson in the City of St. Joseph. Robidoux and Beatty had been east on a business tour and were now returning home. The other gentlemen were traveling for reasons which they failed to make known to me. When dinner-time came and we were all seated at the table, I could but reflect on the truth of the old saying that the minds and thoughts and purposes of great men often flow in the same channel. Here we were, a goodly number of good men, all in the same boat, traveling in the same channel of the Missouri River and all of us with the same objective point—the baby City of St. Joseph.

At that time, Thomas H. Benton had the reputation of being a crazy enthusiast on the subject of the settlement of the Great Northwest. He had even gone so far as to build at his own expense the first transcontinental railway connecting St. Louis with some deep water port on the Pacific, where he stood with open arms and hands outstretched, welcoming the inrushing flood of Oriental Commerce.

He made a speech in St. Louis about that time that seemed so wild and extravagant in its predictions that it subjected him to a great deal of ridicule, and yet every prediction made in that speech has already been more than literally fulfilled.

It was a grand utterance, indeed, which entitles Benton to a place among the greater prophets. Benton, like Jefferson, could see into a block of granite as far as can the man who drills it.

United States Senators Benton and Linn of Missouri. What a debt of gratitude do the people of Oregon and of the entire West owe to these two men! But of this more will be said later. Our boat is now just emerging from the dense forest of cottonwood that has been shutting in both banks of the river for some time. We are just now passing Swanhead Point, and the beautiful valley of the Black Snake Hills with the little town of St. Joseph clinging to the upper side of the valley in sight. During the run up from Glasgow I had become well acquainted with Major Beatty, the gentlemanly and enterprising proprietor of the Hotel Jefferson, who had kindly told me all about St. Joseph, of its past history, its present flourishing condition, and of the magnificent future that awaited it.

Of course, when the boat landed, I could do nothing less than accompany the Major to his hotel; and, besides, I felt that it was an attention and compliment due to my fellow-passengers who might be anxious to hear me tell something more of my Old Virginia experiences. My first night at the hotel passed without unusual incident, except that when we were at supper a frightful combination of voices and musical instruments tore the atmosphere into shreds with the loudest and most horribly discordant sounds that mortal ever heard. I jumped from my seat and was looking around for my grip with a well-digested plan for escaping by the back door and taking to the hills, when a young man came into the room with the pleasing intelligence that Philip had just been married. I was truly surprised and delighted to learn that Philip had at last been happily and safely married, but I could not help feeling a little piqued and mortified that matters had been allowed to progress so far without my being advised or consulted.

Some years previous to my advent into the State of Missouri, the boundaries of the State had been changed and its area increased by the addition of a section of country in its northwest corner, this added area being called the "Platte Purchase," so called, I believe, because it had been purchased from some tribe of Indians and because a portion of the region was traversed by a small stream called the Platte River. This was not the great Platte River of the plains that enters the Missouri many miles above St. Joseph. This area that had been added to the States embraced several large counties, Andrew, Holt, Buchanan, and Clinton being among the number. It must be borne in mind that I am writing things down now just as they were known to me at the time of my long-ago visit and sojourn in that section. I cannot deem it fair or just to the innocent and confiding reader that I should now write of these matters as I have since learned them, after long decades of careful reading, deep study, and patient research. Anybody can go into a well-selected and well-filled library, and with plenty of time, tallow dips, coal oil, and electricity, can write most learnedly, eloquently, and accurately of events of the past, of which they have no personal knowledge. This, of course, is a labor of love and well deserves its reward. But my task is made more simple. I have only to tell what happened to me, to follow my old trail through the wilderness and tell of persons and things and happenings "all of which I saw, and part of which I was." It is true that I could tell all of this that the average reader would, perhaps, give a cent to know, within the limits of two or three short chapters, but this is not the way in which books are made nowadays.

I sojourned in St. Joseph and in the region round about from June, 1844, until the first of May of the following year. It was here that I passed some of the most pleasant and I may say, happiest days of my life. It would be cruel now, not to allow me to linger a little while amid scenes and incidents which afforded so much pleasure, and the memories of which are even yet so dear to me. In another short year I shall have to hit that old emigrant trail across the plains, which had already been so beaten and tramped and talked about, and written over, that nearly every vestige of interest and romance had been worn out of it by the successive annual emigration. I really dread to enter upon that old trail again, and if it were not for the sake of the printer and publisher, I would board one of the Union Pacific flyers at Omaha, go to bed in a Pullman and sleep during the whole dreary transit. In the meantime I will try to tell something of my experiences and observations at St. Joseph and in the Platte Purchase.

CHAPTER X.

EARLY HISTORY OF ST JOE.

In what I may have to write about St. Joseph, and the region immediately tributary to it, it seems in order to first tell something of the town itself and its founder, Joseph Robidoux. Robidoux's ancestors were French-Canadian people, who settled in St. Louis at a very early date and where Joseph was born in 1783, while all that region west of the Mississippi River and east of the Rocky Mountains, afterwards known as the Louisiana Purchase, was yet under Spanish rule. The earlier years of Mr. Robidoux's life were passed amid the rough scenes of that wild region, where he was engaged in the occupation of hunting, trapping, and trading among the Indians inhabiting the upper waters of the Missouri River. This period of his life was, no doubt, filled with all the wild adventures and wonderful happenings incident to the time and region, and to that mode of existence. The reader of these lines is to be most sincerely commiserated that I have not a sufficient amount of accurate and reliable data at hand from which to construct a thrilling and dramatic account of all these romantic adventures and achievements. The great dearth of this kind of writing is something to be most deeply deplored.

The site of the city of St. Joseph was first occupied as a trading-post by Mr. Robidoux in December, 1826, with a stock of Indian goods belonging to the American Fur Company, the successor of John Jacob Astor in the fur trade. Mr. Robidoux continued in charge of the store till 1837, when the Indians were removed, and then became what was called a squatter upon the land, and in 1843, after the survey of the public lands in that region, he laid out the town upon his pre-emption claim of 160 acres. The town is situated on the east bank of the Missouri river, the longest and muddiest river in the world, five hundred miles, by the course of the river, from St. Louis, though less than three hundred miles distant on a direct line, the difference in these numbers being taken up by the meanderings of the great river.

After it had been determined by Mr. Robidoux to lay out a city, it happened one evening, while a large number of old residents were congregated in and around the old log store-house, that had been the Indian trading station and was then used as a store and dwelling by Mr. Robidoux, at his request the subject of the name to be given to the city that was to be, was discussed. Various names were proposed; and at last, an old gentleman by the name of Charles Steward, familiarly known in those days as "Old Zip Coon," who wore a coon-skin cap, in a voice peculiarly his own, said, "Well, boys, we have a St. Louis, a St. Genevieve, a St. Charles, and why not a St. Joseph?" This last name acted like a magnet, and met the entire approbation of the crowd, and no one was more elated than the founder of the city; and with two or three strokes of a hatchet that he held in his hand, the head of a barrel of whiskey standing in front of the cabin gave way, and the tin cups and gourds, which came into immediate use, attested due appreciation on the part of the assembled crowd. Mr. Robidoux was now in a quandary as to the names to be given the streets. He had determined on the names of the streets running parallel with the river, and when he intimated that he was undecided as to the streets running back from the river, the same old gentleman suggested that it was an easy matter, and said, "Why not name them after your children. You have about seventy, and that number is quite sufficient for the present." This suggestion was also unanimously approved, and many of the streets were so named. One of Mr. Robidoux's families resided in St. Louis, and were of pure Gallic blood. The others—but never mind. The streets in question were named after the St. Louis branch of the Robidoux family, and were as follows: Jule, Francois, Felix, Edmond, Charles, Sylvanie, Faraon, Antoine, Nessanie, etc. All these streets, bearing the names first given them, are to-day fine business thoroughfares lined with blocks of skyscrapers. Mr. Robidoux died at the residence of his son Jule Robidoux, on Edmond Street, May 27th, 1868, at the age of 85 years. He had lived to see the city which he founded grow from that old log cabin on the hill to be a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, and were he alive to-day, he would see that his city had grown until it covers an area of ten square miles, with a population of more than 100,000. St. Joseph can boast of some of the first poets and writers of the country, and of more pioneer legends than would fill a library. St. Joseph originated the celebrated "Pony Express," which carried President Buchanan's message in December, 1860, from St. Joe to Sacramento, 1982 miles in seven days and seventeen hours, and made trips over the same route in ten days' schedule time, until the telegraph line, in the fall of 1861. Neither mountain, snow, nor prairie blizzards could retard the riders. Like Hank Monk, they had orders, and they "got there." In 1850 over 50,000 emigrants left here for the land of gold. The "Pony Express" was succeeded by the overland stage, in which Horace Greeley took his famous ride. "K-e-e-p y-o-u-r s-e-a-t, Horace, I'll get you there on time."

In 1843, following the laying out of the town, Major Beatty bought the old Robidou trading establishment, which with the needed repairs and additions, he converted into the Hotel Jefferson. The building stood at the upper end of Main Street and just in the middle of that thoroughfare. When it was determined to grade the streets, the plan involved the cutting down of the elevation on which this building stood and the consequent removal of the old landmark. When Major Beatty was consulted about the contemplated improvement, he said, "Go ahead, boys, with your grading; nothing must be allowed to stand in the way of the improvement and advancement of St. Joseph. The old Jefferson will know how to get out of the road." So the grading went on till it nearly reached one side of the hotel and there it stopped. No one had the heart to go further in that direction at that time. Major Beatty died in the autumn of that year, but when I ~~left St. Joseph~~ in the spring of 1845, the Hotel Jefferson was still doing business at the old stand. How much longer it was allowed to stand there, this deponent saith not. I mention this in order to emphasize the spirit that pervaded all minds and filled all hearts in St. Joseph. Everybody was proud of everything connected with the history and the upbuilding of the town. It was a pride unconquerable and the faith that moves mountains that built St. Joseph. When I first saw the town in the summer of 1844, it was sheltered under about three hundred roofs of all kinds, and had about the same number of inhabitants. In a little ramble that I took on the morning following my arrival I met a kid, who, looking up at me, said, "Ain't St. Joe some for a yearlin,' stranger?"

The locality was originally known to voyagers and travelers as the "Black Snake Hills," so named from a range of hills that encircled the little valley, touching the river at the upper end of the valley by a ridge called the "Hog's Back" and closing the view at the lower end by an elevation, called "King's Hill." The landscape formed a lovely picture never to be forgotten, nor remembered with indifference. With regard to the origin of the name "Black Snake Hills," there was a tradition among the Indians that about "one thousand moons ago," a terrific and bloody battle was fought on the plain between two hostile tribes, one of the tribes being called the "Black Snakes," the battle ending after three days of carnage, with a frightful massacre on the summit of "King's Hill," where the "Black Snakes" were completely exterminated. I had planned to write a most blood-curdling and hair-raising account of this battle, but I would be exposed to the danger of falling into that nervous, jerky, jolting style of writing, that straining after literary artistic and dramatic effects, so dangerous to the nerves of delicate and sensitive readers. Besides, I know that the readers of these memoirs are more interested in knowing what happened to me personally during my sojourn in St. Jose[illegible] and in the Platte Purchase, than they could possibly be in any account that could be given of the fate of those long ago extinct tribes of aborigines.

CHAPTER XI.

GOES TO WORK AS A PLASTERER.

AFTER a few days' rest and after taking a good look at St. Joseph and its environs, I went to work for a contractor named Smith, who was then engaged in plastering some rooms in the additions that had been made to the building that we were all proud to call the "Hotel Jefferson." Mr. Smith (I can never forget that name) was not a resident of St. Joseph. His home was in Andrew County, near a little interior town called Savannah, the seat of justice for that county. I can just manage to remember now the names of a few of the prominent citizens of St. Joseph, business men and others, with whom I became acquainted during my first month's stay in the place. Among the merchants were, Livermore & Co., Perry & Co., and Corbus & Co. I will not try to give a list of the others, but all the professions and nearly every branch of industry was well represented. St. Joseph at that time, though a frontier town in all that the term implies and what would be called in modern parlance, a "wide open" town, was not, in any degree, a disagreeable or dangerous town in which to live. The inhabitants were wild and noisy and full of fun, but they were peaceful and law-abiding. I cannot remember now a single murder trial or divorce case being tried in any of the courts in the

Platte Purchase during my year's sojourn in that region. I do not say that there were not some cases of the kind, but I never heard of one. The climate was healthful. Physicians had but little to do outside of prescribing a little quinine for chills and fevers. Many of the diseases now so prevalent everywhere were entirely unknown then. Appendicitis and other internal maladies, which to-day cause the surgeon's knife to leap so cheerfully from its scabbard, had not yet been invented. The cruel and often deadly surgical operation, so frequent and so common nowadays, would then have been prosecuted to the full extent of the law, as cases of the most criminal malpractice. As for microbes and all that numerous tribe of small invincible monsters that now fill the air and devour the tissues of all organized living beings, vegetable and animal, they were yet to be discovered. I don't think that at the time of which I write there was a solitary microbe in the whole State of Missouri. Certain I am that I never saw one.

Some three miles east of St. Joseph, in a beautiful prairie, where the landscape was filled with softly rolling, grass-covered hills, there dwelt an old farmer who had recently migrated from one of the New England States. His name was Chase, and he had an interesting family consisting of his wife, two sons, and a daughter. Mr. Chase had recently built a new dwelling, which lacked only the skilful manipulations of the plasterer to make it ready for use. Smith & Co. took a contract to do this work, and that is how I happened to know Mr. Chase. He was the first Yankee farmer that I had ever seen at work, and I found many things new and interesting in his method of procedure. He was engaged in cutting the wild prairie grass for hay and in hauling and stacking it when cured. The hauling was done with a wagon and one yoke of oxen. What I noticed particularly was his manner of driving the oxen. Instead of a whip he used a stout stick with a pegging awl stuck in one end of it. He had a frank and easy way of conversing with his oxen that I found amusing. When he wanted to go "gee," he would touch the oxen on the near side and say, "Gee, Buck, gee." That sounded natural enough, but when he wanted a "haw" movement, he would reach over and touch the off ox, saying gently and softly, "Hush, Ben, Hush." I noticed that the old Yankee farmer used a good deal of salt in stacking his hay. First a layer of hay on the stack and then a good sprinkling of salt. He told me that the process helped in preserving the hay, made it more palatable for stock, and besides this it saved the trouble of salting the stock during the winter. The Chases were lovely people, just as neat and as tidy in everything and very industrious. Mrs. Chase was scrupulously, I might say excruciatingly, neat and particular in everything connected with her housekeeping. But one morning a very beautiful little quadruped, that had its home somewhere in the adjacent hills, made a mistake in its way home and found itself in the Chase cellar, where the dairy products were kept. The innocent, but not entirely harmless, little varmint was discovered by a boy and a dog. A fierce battle ensued, in which the little animal lost its life. It did not die unrevenged though, for the milk and cream and butter had to be sold in open market for what it would bring, while the services of a new boy and a new dog had to be secured until the old ones could be restored to their former condition. I feel constrained to mention these circumstances now for the sake of the wise and practical lessons that they teach. One of these lessons is, to be always sure to salt your hay in stacking, and the other, never to attack a visitor and guest in your own home without first being absolutely certain what his resources and methods of defense are. For a few days after this incident, I did not care to stay any more than I could help about the old homestead. I preferred, when I had a little leisure, to ramble among the hills and through the copses of hazel brush in the neighborhood. One evening after we had quit work for the day, as I was strolling leisurely and thoughtfully through a dense patch of this hazel brush, I came to a sharp bend in the trail, and just as I had rounded the angle in the path, I was confronted by a large-sized catamount that stood directly in the way. I trust that I shall not be misunderstood as boasting of my courage, but I can truthfully say that no brave hunter in the Rocky Mountains ever met a ferocious wild beast more promptly than I met that catamount. When we first saw each other only a few feet separated us. I had read about the effect which the kingly eye of the monarch of creation has upon beings of an inferior order, and when our eyes met, the strange and dangerous-looking beast gave me one despairing and appealing look, then vaulted over the high brush and was gone from view. I did not pursue him, as I considered the victory complete enough for that day. I continued my ramble. I do not say very leisurely and tranquilly, and was not very long in getting back to the ranch, where I was content to stay for the remainder of the evening. "Better to bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of." All these experiences were new to me. I had never before seen a Yankee farmer, a skunk, or a catamount. The skunk, it is true, I did not see, but he had shown that he knew how to make himself smelt, and I was not disposed to doubt the truth of what had been told me. After our work on the Chase building was finished, I went with Mr. Smith to his home in Andrew County, where I formed some new acquaintances and had another series of experiences.

Some work awaited us in Savannah, the first part of which was to go into the oak timber and get out the required amount of laths. I had had considerable practice in getting out laths from the fine pine timber in old Virginia. This pine timber was comparatively very easily worked, as it split easily and evenly. It was not a difficult matter to make rapid progress in the manufacture of laths, so that when Mr. Smith asked me if I could do this kind of work, I assured him that I desired no better picnic than to be in the woods getting out laths. But when it came to the scratch, I found out that the Missouri oak timber did not work up like our nice old Virginia pine. The finest "bolt" of this Missouri oak would "run" and "eat" and you had to "humor" it with the "fro," turning the "bolt" first one way and then the other, so that for the first day I made little or no progress. I know that all this is quite technical, but the initiated will understand it, and for the rest it does not matter what you tell them. The laths being made, the next case on the docket was to get them to town. To do this, a good strong wagon and a team of four horses were required.

The roads were in the worst possible condition. During the spring and early summer of 1844, it had rained almost incessantly. The emigration that crossed the plains to Oregon that year had to start in the rain and traveled in the rain till they reached Fort Laramie. All the rivers in the country were booming and the freshet in the Missouri River was something terrible. A large portion of the towns, including the city of St. Louis, was inundated. But to get back to our lath hauling. In many sections of Missouri, where the soil is black and fertile and deep, numerous shafts have been sunk to unknown depths without ever reaching the bottom of the black rich alluvial. When this soil becomes saturated by months of continuous rains, the roads, if much used, become simply bottomless. I was told by a man, whose veracity I had no reason to suspect, that he had often found wagon covers spread out on the road, which, when he attempted to appropriate, he would be accosted by a man's head that could be just seen sticking out of the mud: "Don't you touch that wagon sheet. It belongs to me. I've a splendid new red wagon under me and eight as fine horses as ever trod this road." When we would reach a spot in the road like this with our load of laths, of course we were soon mired down. Then came the task of unloading, getting on to firmer ground and reloading the huge, heavy bundles of laths. This process would have to be repeated several times before we reached town and by that time, the bundles of laths and the men would all look alike,—all would be thickly covered with that black Missouri mud. Then, after unloading and caring for the team, came the difficulty of getting into the only hotel in the place, as it would often be late in the night and our condition would be known from former experiences. But the work went bravely on, and a spell of fine summer weather came at last, which made us forget all the sorrows and troubles of the past.

CHAPTER XII.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1844.

While working on a building in Savannah, somebody came into the room and said that a political meeting was about to open up down in Hatche's Grove, and that the crowd would be addressed by several distinguished speakers, "Old Horse Allen" being among the number. That was enough. No more work that day. It was a Presidential campaign year, with an election for State officers, a member of Congress and members of the State Legislature to come off in the fall. It was a time of great excitement throughout the country. Many important questions, many vital issues were involved in that election. I do not now remember what those issues were, but I know that we all felt at the time that the fate of an empire was hanging upon the verdict of the people to be given at that coming election. I had already passed through two very exciting Presidential campaigns, one in 1836, when Martin Van Buren, the successor of "Old Hickory," was elected, and the other "the log-cabin and hard cider" campaign of 1840, when victory perched upon the banner of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." I had cheerfully borne an active part in both these great campaigns, and now I found myself in the midst of a third battle for the right.

I should perhaps by this time have forgotten all about this campaign of 1844, its candidates, and its issues but for a little song that I used to help sing, and which has gone on singing through my brain, down through all the decades to the present time. And that little song? There were several stanzas of it. I have not time to sing it all for you now, but since you insist, I will sing the two stanzas that always struck me as very beautiful, appropriate, and expressive:—

"The Old Dominion she is coming, coming, and the North State too;
And Tennessee wheels into line, for old Kentuck and Jersey blue,
For Clay and Frelinghuysen too, for with them we will beat any man,
Any man of a Poke Stalk Clan."

The ladies they are on us smiling, all smiling in their sweet way,
One word from them will be enough for Polk or Clay to clear the way,
And we know they'll give that word for Clay, for with him will
We'll beat any man." etc.

But the assemblage of patriots down in that beautiful oak grove is to be a Democratic meeting, and it behooves us to approach it with a proper sense of its gravity and importance. Here we met a large crowd composed of as fine specimens of manhood as I ever saw anywhere. They were intelligent, earnest-looking men, for whom life had a purpose. They were dressed—but never mind the toilets. And to think that nearly all these men were Missourians and many of them natives of Pike County!

The first orator to climb the stump (and it was a stump) was "Horse Allen." Mr. Allen was what was then known as a "soft-shell Democrat." The

Democratic party in Missouri was at that time divided into two factions; the "hard" and the "soft-shell Democrats." You ought to have heard the cheers that made the grove tremble and which split some of the oak-trees, when "Old Horse" was introduced to the crowd by Hon. David R. Achison. Mr. Allen was a typical frontiersman and a typical backwoods orator, combining in his style of oratory the characteristic qualities of a Davy Crockett and a Lorenzo Dow. To say that his speech elicited the wildest applause would but feebly convey an idea of the effect produced.

He was followed by Hon. John C. Edwards, the opponent of Mr. Allen for the office of Governor. The appearance, manner, and style of Mr. Edwards were the antipodes of those presented by Mr. Allen. Mr. Edwards was quite youthful in appearance, of fine presence and address, smooth, cultured, and plausible in his manner, and at times really eloquent. He made many good points in his speech, and at its close showed that he had a goodly share of the crowd with him. At the election which followed, Mr. Edwards won the prize and served as Governor of the State of Missouri several consecutive terms. In after years he removed to California, where his widow and several of his children are now living. His youngest child, a daughter, who was only last year Miss Emma Edwards, was recently married to Mr. J. R. Green, one of Idaho's most enterprising and successful miners. When the meeting was nearing its close and while Mr. Allen was making his last fervent appeals to the audience, I had retired a little from the crowd and, with some of the more prominent citizens of Savannah, was seated on a log, where we were discussing the merits of the several speeches to which we had been listening. Pretty soon we saw Mr. Achison approaching and we kindly made room for him where he took a seat on the log in the middle of the best of us. He seemed quite diffident and considerably embarrassed, but a little tact and a few pleasant words on our part soon reassured him, and we all tried to make him feel that he was at home and among friends. As soon as he felt somewhat at ease in his new and somewhat trying position, he commenced telling us a few stories about his Washington City experiences. Mr. Achison had been, perhaps he was yet, a United States Senator, and President *pro tem.* of the Senate. He had been present, I think it was that very spring of 1844, on board an American war vessel that was lying at anchor in the Potomac River near Washington City. There were also on board the vessel on that occasion, the President of the United States, several members of the Cabinet and also several members of both Houses of Congress. The object of the visit to the ship at that time was to witness the testing of the qualities of a monster gun that had been recently placed in position. When the moment came for firing the gun, the deck was crowded with distinguished visitors. With the firing of the gun came a terrific explosion which tore the gun into fragments and spread dismay and death among the bystanders. Among the slain was Abel P. Upsher, then Secretary of State, and many others equally distinguished. This is what I remember of the catastrophe as it was related to us by Senator Achison. If I chose to go to some musty old volumes, I could tell you all the particulars, but I have not time. I have too long a road ahead of me. Those who pride themselves on knowing all about history now, think perhaps that they can repeat the names of all the Presidents of the United States from Washington down to Theodore the Strenuous. Perhaps they can, but I am not so sure about that. Did you know that before I began to tell you, that David R. Achison was once President of the United States? No? Well, he was though. It happened when but for the presence of Mr. Achison on the scene there would have been a fatal interregnum in the office of President. I do not remember now at the close of what term it was. I don't have to remember everything. But anyhow, the third of March came on Saturday and closed the term of the outgoing incumbent. The next day being Sunday, no legal business of any kind could be transacted, so that the President-elect was not available for the purposes of inauguration till the Monday following. During all that long Sunday, March 4th, David R. Achison stood fearlessly at the helm of the ship of state. It has been cheerfully conceded by friends and foes alike that his administration of the National Government was less open to adverse criticism than any that preceded or followed it. Of Mr. Achison's career subsequent to the time that he had the pleasure and the honor of meeting me in Savannah, I know but little. In connection with this later period of his life, I remember him chiefly as the leading member of the firm of Achison, Topeka & Santa Fe. The time at last came when we had no more work in Savannah nor anywhere else in Andrew County. I was not sorry. The great freshets of that year had swept all the mills out of existence, so that we had to "grind our corn" as the negro women in "darkest Africa" ground theirs in the days of Mungo Park. The bread made from material thus obtained, while it was doubtless sufficiently wholesome, was far from being palatable. Savannah had a population of several thousand, but they were principally sheep that woke us up every morning with their bleatings on the public square and in the streets. While in Savannah, I made no effort to get into society, as there was no society journal published then that would have met the requirements of my debut. For a small consideration I could have got into jail, but the Missourians have always been a liberty-loving people and the Savannah jail, like all the other jails in the Platte Purchase, was empty. Had I availed myself of the proffered chance to get in I should have been all alone in my glory, and I never could endure solitude. Thus, as you have no doubt already surmised, there was nothing left for me to do but to return to St. Joseph.

Back to St. Joseph to find the political caldron boiling most furiously. In the fierce glow of that fiery furnace all other interest and all other luminaries paled their ineffectual fires. The Whigs, though confident of victory at the coming election, were nevertheless working like beavers. We knew that we would elect Henry Clay, President, and also carry the State of Missouri, but our pride was up to carry the vote of St. Joseph. With St. Joseph lost, the biggest half of our joy would be gone. It was not only a fight in behalf of our favorite candidate, but chiefly a battle for right principles and right measures. Then, as now, every right-thinking and patriotic citizen desired for the nation a sound financial system formed upon a firm and stable currency. With us this meant and could mean nothing else than a renewal of the Charter and the reestablishment of the United States Bank, an institution whose beneficent operations should never have been suspended or interrupted. Then, as now, we felt that every citizen worthy of the title would stand unflinchingly for a system that would give protection to our infant industries, and we knew that Henry Clay was the exponent and champion of all this and more. The election of the great Commoner to the office of Chief Magistrate of the Republic we knew to be assured beyond peradventure. All our solicitude was for the honor of our town, the little yearling city of St. Joseph. So, with all the intensity and enthusiasm that could be infused into it, the campaign was on in dead earnest. For my own part in the matter, while I was earnest, loyal, and active as a member of the great Whig party, and a most devoted admirer of Henry Clay in every period and phase of his long and splendid career, I was now chiefly moved by my recollections of Henry as "The mill boy of the Slashes." We both hailed from a county where they didn't mind "sending a boy to mill" astraddle of a long, heavy sack of corn, thrown across the back of a mule. It was also a country where mules never die, and it could easily have been true, as I have often been told by the old folks at home, that Henry and I had, at different times, ridden the same old mule to the same old mill down in the "Slashes." What greatly surprised all of us Whigs in this St. Joe campaign was the, to us, unaccountable apathy and indifference of the Democrats. They didn't seem to care a nickel whether school kept or not. But we did not allow this circumstance to relax our vigilance and activity. Almost nightly, we had speech-making, torchlight processions with transparencies and banners, and the most delicious music, both vocal and instrumental. It would have charmed the heart of the proverbial wheelbarrow to have heard us sing our "Hurrah Song." You would like to hear a bit of it? All right, here is a stanza:

"For Henry Clay, our Candidate,
  Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
To place him in the Chair of State,
  Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Our President, if he's alive,
He's bound to be in forty-five,
  Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah."

From the Democrats we heard nothing, save occasionally some deep groaning from a dark corner while the procession of patriots would be passing. The gallant leader of the St. Joe Whigs was a bright, strong, young fellow named McDonald, who in after years went to California and, I believe, died there. The Democratic leader was a talented young limb of the law, whom I will not here name, as I fear he may be yet living. He was a very staid, sober, and thoughtful young gentleman, from whom nothing but the most exemplary conduct could be feared by any one who knew him. He was married, I think, while residing in St. Joseph, to a Miss Martin. He afterwards went to California and settled in the city of San Jose, where I met him in the summer of 1853 at Price's Hotel in that place. I again met him in the same city in the spring of 1893, during my last visit to California. For more than forty years he had been a practising attorney in San Jose, was quite prominent in his profession and very popular. I am sure that I shall always remember with great pleasure my acquaintance with Mr. A. I use this initial because it is the first letter in the English alphabet, and because it was the first lesson that I learned when I was quite young. It was, I may say, the first rung in my educational ladder. The choosing of this letter here has no other significance. Hoping that this digression will be pardoned, I hasten to remark that, as the day of election approached, the St. Joe Whigs became more and more jubilant, enthusiastic and hopeful, but when the fatal day did at length arrive a very few hours sufficed to make it evident that the vote of St. Joe would place the young city in the Democratic column. We had to wait long for the returns to come in from all the precincts in the State, and still longer before we knew the final result of the vote of the nation. There was no telegraph in those days and not a single mile of railroad west of the Alleghenys. When, at last, all was known, all was lost. Clay and Freylinghuysen, Clay and Home Protection, Clay and the United States Bank, had all gone glimmer-ing. Then pandemonium broke loose among th Democrats.

> "We told how 'twas sure to be.
> 'Tis James K. Polk of Tennessee."

Then came the r-r-ratitatification meeting, whic was held in the big hall of a building called th St. Joseph House, down on a little stream calle Black-Snake Creek, that comes in from the North east with a nearly parallel but counter current t that of the Missouri River. By this time th Whigs had closed their season or mourning an had quite regained their usual buoyancy an elasticity of spirits. Many of us were present at thi Democratic ratification meeting and participated i the festivities. There was much speechifying an song-singing. Mr. A., who had already made severa short but eloquent speeches, in which he gave us th past, present, and future glorious achievements o the Democratic party, was again called upon, thi time to tell us something of his antecedents. H very cheerfully complied by saying:

"South Carolina was my birthplace, but Virgini was the scene of my education (cheers). The University of Virginia (great cheering) was my alma mater (groans). At Monticello, the home of the immortal Jefferson (tremendous cheering), I was a frequent visitor (groans). Never can I forget tha Virginia was once my adopted home. (Groans and cries of 'poor old Virginia.') The State of Mississippi was once my adopted home (groans), but owing to the unhealthfulness of the climate, I was compelled to leave it. (Cheers and cries of 'Good for Mississippi.') The beautiful city of St. Joseph (prolonged and vociferous cheering), yes, our lovely and beloved St. Joseph (great cheering), is now my adopted home (groans), and here (cheers and cries of 'Hear, hear'), and here, in the romantic valley of the Black Snake Hills, my bones shall rest forever." (Terrific cheering and cries of "God bless his old bones; let 'em rest.")

The campaign of 1844, with all its attendant excitement, being over, St. Joseph sank into that serene and self-satisfied condition, which only Democrats know how to inaugurate. There was nothing left for me to do in St. Joseph but to prepare for continuing my predestined course westward. I must get ready to cross the plains. For a very little bit of a song, which I would be willing to sing myself, I'd jump all that long, dreary old worn-out business and commence the remainder of my story at Oregon City in the Willamette Valley, where that beautiful stream, anciently called by the Indians "Multnomah," the gem of the far-off sunset land, pours its crystal flood over—over, well now, I'm dead sure that it does pour over, for with palpitating heart and enraptured vision, I have gazed upon the grandeur and wondrous beauty of that sublime manifestation of nature more than a thousand times.

CHAPTER XIII.

EN ROUTE TO THE FAR WEST.

DURING the winter of 1844–45 St. Joseph had a new sensation. It was an epidemic which was quite prevalent throughout Missouri and the adjoining States. It had been raging for several years in varying degrees of virulence, but by this time it had become more than usually contagious, until it affected all classes and conditions. This very contagious epidemic was known as the Oregon fever. All through the winter months in nearly all the settlements, Oregon meetings were the order of the day. In this line of procedure, St. Joseph was particularly active. Every Saturday afternoon, the people from the country would come thronging into town, where they would be joined by the citizens of the town, a place for the meeting would be secured, and a most interesting time would be had. The leader at these meetings was Uncle Fred Waymire, who was one of the first to be ready in the following spring to start on the long journey across the plains. He was also among the first to reach his point of destination in the Willamette Valley, where he settled in Polk County, near Salem, the capital of what is now the State of Oregon. "Uncle Fred" soon became well known throughout the Oregon settlements and became prominent and active in all the matters affecting the welfare of the incipient commonwealth. To these Oregon meetings in St. Joe, Mr. Waymire would come with his overcoat pockets crammed with letters and papers bearing upon the subject that we all had most at heart. The meeting organized and the proper moment arrived, he would unburden his pockets and begin to talk and read. There would be letters from prominent citizens already in Oregon and from tourists, who had recently been traveling in that region. The principal attraction for the crowd was packages of letters written by Peter H. Burnett, who had gone to Oregon in 1843, where he filled the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of the young settlement, under the Provisional Government. What was afterwards known as the Territory of Oregon was not yet organized under the laws of the United States, Uncle Sam not having as yet taken official recognition of the existence of the young settlements in Oregon. The people had thus been left to their own resources and devices, one of these devices being the formation of what they called the "Provisional Government," under which they were getting along as well as could be expected. Our meetings that winter were very inspiring and encouraging, so that when spring came we were all anxious for the moment to come when we could bid good-bye to the few laggards who persisted in staying behind, and pull out on the road that led across the plains and over the Rockies. The emigration of 1845 had several points of departure. Our portion of the migratory horde crossed the Missouri River at a point some fifteen miles above St. Joseph, near the mouth of a stream called the Nodaway. Some crossed at

St. Joe, but we all rendezvoused at a point about twenty miles west of the Missouri River on the banks of a little stream called Wolf Creek. Here we organized by electing a captain and other officers and adoptiing the needed regulations for the government of the company. We crossed the Missouri River on the first of May, 1845, and left the rendezvous about the fifth of the same month. It looked like bidding a long and perhaps a final farewell to civilization. All that vast region, since covered by the great states of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, etc., was then a vast wilderness without white inhabitants except a few fur traders, Indian agents and missionaries; stations and trading-posts being separated from each other by intervals of several hundred miles. Our company, when collected and organized, consisted of sixty-six wagons drawn by oxen and accompanied by about two hundred men, women, and children, with all they possessed on earth stowed away in those wagons, except our loose horses and cattle, which were driven behind the wagons by the men who acted in the double capacity of drivers and rear-guard. Our train of wagons, with accompanying herds, when stretched out in marching order, covered more than a mile of the road and could sometimes be seen on the crests of two hills at once. The spring of 1844 had been a season remarkable for heavy rains and great freshets. When the emigrants of that year got started in the month of May, they found the ground on the prairie completely saturated, so that two loaded wagons could not keep the same track. They were obliged to scatter out, each wagon making a road of its own. The emigration of this year (1845) was more fortunate. When we reached the high prairie the ground was firm enough, but there was a difficulty in keeping the proper route. This made it necessary to engage a guide to enable us to keep the proper direction. All went smoothly enough till we reached the main Platte River, where we found the river bottom and adjacent hills so completely covered by immense herds of buffalo that it was often dangerous to attempt to move. The herds were then passing from south to north in an almost continuous moving mass. We were often obliged to call a halt until a gap would occur between the moving herds large enough to warrant us in moving forward. We daily met groups of traveling Indians, who gave us no serious trouble and generally behaved toward us in a friendly manner. We had apprehended trouble and had taken the precaution to travel compactly during the day and to form a corral with our wagons at night. The enclosure would be circular in form and large enough to enclose our tents and leave space for picketing our more valuable horses. The cattle were left outside to graze during the night under the care of a strong mounted guard. Sometimes, from unknown causes, stampedes would occur, which made lively night scenes, causing some alarm and confusion, but they were never attended by any serious damage. Our route lay through the country claimed and roamed over by the various families of the Sioux tribe of Indians, who have always been known as a warlike race with the usual percentage of treachery and cruelty in their composition. In view of possible trouble to the emigrants, the Government that year sent out a detachment of troops from Fort Leavenworth, numbering some three hundred dragoons, under command of Colonel, afterwards General, Stephen Kearney. The troops overtook and passed our company on the North Platte and went on to Fort Laramie, where a halt was made until we came up and camped at that point.

The next day, June 15th, 1845, found several thousand Sioux Indians collected at and around Fort Laramie, where the troops had a talk with the Indians, and when presents were distributed among them. It was a novel sight for many of us to see so many Indians and soldiers congregated. A fierce snow-storm was raging during the day. This furnished another novel feature to the scene, as none of us had ever before witnessed a snow-storm in summer.

The Indians seemed well-pleased with what they saw and received and expressed themselves as duly impressed with the favors of the white man. They professed undying friendship for their white brethern and made all the required promises of peace and non-interference with our movements. From Fort Laramie, the troops went on to a camping place called Pacific Springs, at the summit of the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains, and then turned southward toward the waters of the Arkansas River. This left our company, which was the foremost part of the emigration, without further military escort and protection. Approaching the plateau of the South Pass, which here forms the summit of the Rocky Mountain range, our route lay up the Sweet Water River, a tributary of the North Platte. On the 28th of June, we were at Independence Rock on the Sweet Water, where we camped early in the afternoon and passed a portion of the time adding our names to the list of those of other distinguished tourists and visitors who had preceded us. As we chiseled our names deeply into the hard granite of that big rock and coated the letters with tar, we thought we had achieved a share in the immortality already secured by our predecessors. During the evening, the young people enjoyed a dance by moonlight on the well-beaten area fronting the rock. After crossing the Big Sandy, and on the plateau between that stream and Green River, we had our first "Indian scare." We saw in the distance a heavy cloud of dust and a body of horsemen rapidly approaching us. Our guide thought it was a war party of the Sioux. We closed up our wagons in two parallel lines and made what preparations we could to meet the formidable looking "enemy." Two men were sent forward to reconnoiter, but we saw them meet the "Indians" and a general handshaking taking place. It turned out to be a party of white men on their way back to the "States" from the Willamette Valley, where they had passed the preceding winter. They were a portion of the emigration of 1844, who had seen the land flowing with milk and honey and were now returning to their old homes for the purpose of bringing out their families and friends the following year. The meeting was a joyful one, as they could tell us all about Oregon, and we, on our part, could answer many of their questions and give them much interesting information. About the first question they asked us was, "Who is President of the United States?" We gave the privilege of answering this question to our leading Democrat, who proudly replied, "James K. Polk of Tennessee." "Is it Poke or Polk; who is he anyhow?" None of us knew enough about the man with the strangely-sounding name, but we were all agreed that the happy individual who bore it must be a very great man, since the Democrats had chosen him for President and he had beaten Henry Clay.

From the top of a hill near our road we could see the snowy crests of that portion of the Rocky Mountain Range called the "Wind River Mountains," with what somebody told us was "Fremont's Peak," towering like a white giant above them. We found Green River greatly swollen by the rapidly melting snows in the high mountains. Fording was out of the question. There was no ferry at that point and no material at hand for the construction of rafts. A party of men were sent up the river bottom who were fortunate enough to find a huge pile of drift-wood, from which they selected a good supply of logs, and the next day, late in the afternoon, we had the pleasure of seeing several good-sized rafts descending the river. Those rafts were with some difficulty landed on our side of the stream and the next day was devoted to crossing the wagons with their contents and the women and children. Each trip across the river would cost us the sacrifice of a good raft, as it was impossible to get it back to the point from which it had started.

The crossing effected, we traveled up Black's fork of Green River to Fort Bridger, where we turned to the right in the direction of Bear River. We entered Bear River Valley a short distance above the mouth of Smith's Fork, where we came upon a large party of Snake Indians, who were just then having too much trouble of their own to bestow a great deal of attention upon us. They had had a fight with the Sioux the day before and had got the worst of the encounter, and were now retreating to safer ground.

August 15th brought us to Soda Springs, which memory now presents as a grove of dwarf cedars covering an area of some ten acres. Scattered around through the grove were the springs, which bubbled out from the tops of little mounds formed by deposits of mineral matter which the water of the springs held in solution. At Soda Springs we were overtaken by a large party of emigrants who had been traveling behind us all the way from the South Platte, where we had left them about the first of June. It would not be best to omit here the fact that during all this time, while traveling over all this distance, our own party, far in advance of all the rest of the emigration, was composed of only seven wagons and ten men. We had left the big company with which we started on account of some difference of opinion between our old man and the captain of the company, and had rolled out ahead for the sake of greater freedom of action and the chance of traveling more rapidly. These were great advantages so far as traveling was concerned, but the risk incurred was greater. On the 20th of

August we reached Fort Hall on Snake River and camped that evening on the banks of the Port-Neuf River near the junction of that stream with the Snake. From Fort Hall westward our route was along the south bank of Snake River to a point below Salmon Falls, known as the "Three Islands," where we had a rough transit to the north side by fording with much difficulty and danger, making some narrow escapes.

CHAPTER XIV.

FIRST VISIT TO THE BOISE VALLEY.

At this point we left Snake River and journeyed across the Sage Plains to the Boise River, reaching the stream at a point opposite the site of the present city of Boise. Here we camped for the night on the edge of the bluff where, not seeing any way by which we could get our wagons down to the river bottom easily and safely, we were obliged to unhitch and drive the work-oxen and loose stock down to the river where they could get water. To get water to the camp for domestic purposes, the young men of the party shouldered the responsibility, together with some kegs and buckets, and carried the water up the steep sides of the bluff to the suffering women and children who had endured a long hot day of fatigue and hunger and thirst.

Looking backward now, through the long vista of the intervening years, what does memory record of the impressions made upon the emigrant when he first looked upon the Boise Valley and its natural features and surroundings in the early days of September, 1845?

Of the surface of the valley proper, there was nothing to distinguish it from the general arid and sterile characteristics of the adjacent sage plains to the south, over which we had just passed, except the narrow fringe of cottonwood trees which bordered the stream. The course of the stream being northwestward from our point of view, its serpentlike meandering and its border of green trees caused the view down the valley to present the appearance of a dense forest. Hence the name bestowed upon the stream by the Canadian voyagers who first saw it of "La riviere Boisé," "the Wooded River." To the north and east the view was closely shut in by hills and mountains. Far to the southward loomed up the Owyhee range of mountains, whose crests and sides were yet packed with snow-fields, guarded by the hoary-headed "War Eagle," the monarch of the range. From the time of crossing the Rocky Mountain Range at South Pass, we had been within the region then marked upon the maps as "Oregon Territory," a region which now holds within its ample folds the State of Idaho. All this time we had been traveling through Idaho without knowing that the future held in store for us that sparkling jewel which we have since learned to love and to call the "Gem of the Mountains." All the vast region then known only as "Oregon," extending westward from the Rockies to the Pacific Ocean, and from the 42d parallel northward indefinitely, was not yet "American territory," in the sense that it soon afterward became, as the treaty which fixed the boundary between the United States and the British possessions on the north did not go into effect till the following year (1846). From 1818 to 1846, the region, then known as Oregon, was held by the two governments as joint occupants.

Thus far, in our journey, we had seen a good bit of country called Oregon, but as yet we had seen nothing, not even the smallest district of country, that we thought would ever be inhabited by white people. One impression that the region we were traversing made upon us was, that, though apparently sterile and utterly lacking in every feature or element that would ever make it a field for American settlement or enterprise, it nevertheless afforded a practicable and comparatively easy pathway to whatever might be better farther west. At the time of which this is written, nothing whatever was known to us of the blooming and fruitful miracles since wrought by the magic touch of water, backed by the treasures of gold and silver that lay hidden within the folds and recesses of the neighboring mountains. We had thus far encountered no serious obstacles to 'our progress in the shape of high mountains or impassable streams. Another pleasant feature of the journey was that we had suffered no serious injury, nor interruption from the Indians; nothing in comparison with what was suffered by those who followed us over the same route in subsequent years. Scattered along by the roadside, at considerable intervals, we had left some little mounds of earth, where loving and weeping mothers had hidden away from view all that remained on earth of their hearts' brightest and dearest treasures, without even the sad hope and consolation of ever being able to revisit their lonely graves.

We found the Boise Valley pretty well stocked with Indians, whose presence and companionship were far from being desirable; but as they did nothing worse than to beg or steal, we managed to get along with them without serious difficulty. When we left the borders of the State of Missouri, we were, and we called ourselves, emigrants, but now that we were well within the bosom of Oregon, we claimed the appellation of immigrants. So we now continue our story by saying that the leading company of immigrants of 1845 found the marks left by the wagon wheels of their predecessors of the year before so dim and indistinct, that we had the task of finding the way and making a new road down the Boise Valley. We made three camps in the valley before reaching the mouth of the Boise River, and a short distance below the confluence of the Boise and Snake rivers we came to the Hudson Bay trading-post, known afterward as Old Fort Boise.

Of old Fort Boise, and its environs, I will here simply transcribe what I wrote about the place in a letter to the "Idaho Statesman" in the month of August, 1883:

"We had not visited the spot since the time when we crossed here with the Oregon immigration of 1845, thirty-eight years ago. The Hudson Bay Company had then maintained for many years (since 1835) a trading post here, which is now remembered as old Fort Boise. The fort was a large quadrangular structure, built of adobe, inclosing quite an area, and within the thick walls were some rude dwellings and shops, which sheltered traders and artisans, who passed the long, weary years here in the heart of the remote wilderness, engaged in hunting and trapping and in trading with the Indians. At the time of our long-ago, first visit, there were no such things as ferries known between the Missouri and the Willamette. The immigration of 1845 forded the Snake River here for the second time, a thing which now seems incredible, and which cannot, indeed, be repeated now, owing to the changed condition of the river. The wagon beds were blocked up, the women and children stored within, and thus piloted by the brave mountaineers and friendly Indians, the transit was safely made with some little dampening of goods and chattels.

Since that time, what marvelous transformations have taken place. Then, the yellow California nuggets were sleeping harmlessly in their undiscovered hiding-places. San Francisco was a tiny Spanish maiden, known and loved as Yerba Buena. Portland, on the Willamette, now a city of 40,000 inhabitants, was then an almost untouched forest, with the tall fir-trees casting their shadows on the unvexed river, and the whole vast interior little more than an unbroken wilderness. Looking at the spot after a lapse of so many years, many local changes are observed. Snake River has swallowed up several thousand acres, including a portion of the site of the old fort, and bringing to light some strange-looking relics of barbarism, in the shape of tomahawks, scalping-knives, and ancient flint-locks."

Since the above passage was written, more than another twenty years have added their increment to the many additional transformations that have been taking place. The city of Portland has about trebled her population of 1883, while the growth of every section of the Northwest has kept even pace in the matter of progress and improvement.

CHAPTER XV.

ON TRAIL FROM OLD FORT BOISE TO THE DALLES.

On reaching old Fort Boise, late in the afternoon of a bright day in September, 1845, our company went into camp on the right bank of the Snake River, just below the fort. The Hudson Bay Company's agent at that place was Mr. Payette, after whom the Payette River had been named. Besides the agent and his people, there were several hundred Indians in the bottom near the place where we were encamped for the night. Stephen Meek, a brother of the somewhat renowned Joseph L. Meek, had overtaken us as we were journeying down the Boise Valley. Meek was accompanied by his young wife, whom he had married somewhere on the road, and also by a young man, Nathan Olney, who afterwards became prominent in the history of Oregon. From Fort Boise westward, the route heretofore taken by the immigrants was the old Hudson Bay route by the way of Burnt River and the Grande Rounde Valley, and across the Blue Mountains, to the waters of the Umatilla River. It had been made known to us that the Walla Walla and Cayuse Indians, who then inhabited the country west of the Blue Mountains, the region through which the above-named route lay, were somewhat disposed to be unfriendly to the whites, and that they had threatened to make themselves troublesome to immigrants passing through their country. At Fort Boise, Meek told us that we could avoid all trouble and danger by taking a route over which he could guide us from Fort Boise to The Dalles of the Columbia. With the assistance of Olney, Meek made a rude map of the country, showing a route up the Malheur River and across low intervening ridges to the Des Chutes, and thence to the Dalles. This route, he said, would give the Cayuse and Walla Walla country a wide berth and enable us to avoid all contact with the supposedly hostile Indians. Accordingly, a bargain was made with Meek to guide us over this route. The immigrants were to pay him $50 and furnish him with provisions for himself and wife and traveling companion. He claimed to be familiar with the route, having, as he said, passed over it several times. Leaving Fort Boise, we crossed Snake River by fording it in the manner described above, and camped one night on the west bank of the stream. The next day we passed over the intervening sage plain and reached the Malheur River at a point near where the charming little town of Vale, Oregon, now stands. From this point, we traveled up the Malheur several days, and then, crossing over some very steep hills, entered a region of arid sage plains, marshes, and small lakes. The ground becoming soft and spongy, with no prospect of improvement, so far as we could see, in front, we were obliged to counter-march upon our trail in order to regain the higher ground we had left. This changed the direction in which we had been traveling, and entirely destroyed what little confidence we had left in the competence of our guide. It had been becoming more and more evident to us that Meek had no more knowledge of the country through which we were passing than we had ourselves, and that, like us, he was seeing it for the first time.

We had entered upon this new and untrodden route at a time when our oxen were already worn down and foot-sore by the long trip, thus far, across the plains, and when we were all tired and several of the company sick from exposure, privation, and fatigue. The new route was a trackless waste, covered, for the most part, by immense fields of sage-brush that grew tall, strong, and dense. Through these sage-fields we were obliged to force the oxen, the teams taking turns, day about, in breaking their way through the sage. It often consumed a good deal of time in the morning in compelling the oxen to begin their daily task of breaking road. Added to this, was the scarcity of water in many parts of the route, which caused much suffering, especially to the women and children. This was followed by daily increasing cases of sickness. The suffering ones, who could no longer walk or ride on horseback, had to find places in the wagons, thus adding painfully to all the other discomforts of the journey, and taxing greatly the already overtasked strength of the poor oxen. It will here be kept in mind that this painful journey was made in 1845, now sixty-three years ago. Since then, I have not seen a square rod of the country through which we were then passing. I know, however· something of what has happened since. To-day, the sterile, hopeless-looking desert through which we then passed is dotted all over with happy homes, where all the comforts of civilization are possessed and enjoyed. The arid sage-plains have given place to fertile and productive farms and blooming gardens, the results of irrigation. The people who have their homes in that region now have been able to trace our devious and painful track, and wonder why we kept so far away from water, and why we chose a pathway so beset with difficulties of every kind. It was simply because we were bewildered and lost, and acted as people always do under similar circumstances. With men ahead on horseback, looking out for a possible camping-place, the train of wagons would be kept moving all the long day, and often into the darkness of night. The men ahead would build huge beacon fires of sage-brush. Whenever one of those lighted up away off in the front, everybody with the train would indulge the hope that the long looked-for camping-ground, with water, had been found. The process would be kept up until away into the night, with the necessity, almost sure to come, that we would at last be obliged to stop from mere exhaustion and make our camp without grass or water. Where all suffered so much, and where the greatest, or at least the most intense, suffering fell upon the women and children of the party, it hardly seems right for me to speak of my own share in the common burdens. But I cannot refrain from here mentioning one little instance. In one of our dry camps, I had gone to bed in a tent after a day of most exhausting labor and unendurable thirst. In spite of this raging thirst, I soon fell asleep. I had a succession of broken dreams, and at last thought that I was awake. I thought I heard a noise of rippling water, and while I listened, the welcome sound grew more and more distinct. I could no longer doubt. There was certainly a stream of water running past the rear of the tent. I jumped from my couch, and ran out and around to the place where I had heard the rippling water. There I stopped, and stood quite still for a moment. I was really awake now, and the illusion was gone. I returned to my couch, carrying with me the same old thirst, now increased to tenfold intensity. I did not sleep any more that night, and so escaped the enjoyment of any further illusions. When morning came, the camp was early afoot. With the coming of daylight the usual party of men were out on horseback, scouring the plain in search of water. For the first time in my life I could not eat my breakfast. Then the thought came to me that I could find water not far from the camp. I did not say a word about my dream, but my manner was so confident and earnest that two or three of my fellow sufferers said they would join me in the search. So, armed with some vessels for carrying water, we started up a dry gulch. The bed of the gulch, we found, was filled with dry sand, but we went along up the gulch until we noticed that the sand showed some signs of dampness. Climbing over some rocks that obstructed our path, we found the rocks ahead of us showing still stronger signs of the presence of water. A little farther on, we could see and hear a tiny stream trickling from a cleft in the rocks. A little farther up the ravine, a little waterfall was pouring over the rocks. Here we made our attack, quenched our thirst, filled our vessels, and returned to camp. Then followed a scene of joyousness and activity. Very soon the way up the gulch was thronged with men, women, and some of the larger children, forming a bucket brigade, with every vessel that would hold water pressed into service. But there was not water enough for the stock, which by this time were scattered all over the sage-plains, engaged in a fruitless search for water. Near the close of the day our horsemen came in with the glad tidings that they had found a creek several miles distant from our camp, and thus the water question was happily solved. The next day was spent in gathering up the stock, which by this time were nearly famished and crazy. Another day brought us to the creek, whose grassy and nicely-shaded bottom-land seemed to us like the Elysian Fields that we had left away back in old Missouri. Several days we journeyed leisurely down this creek, until from the summit of an adjacent hill some of our party caught a view of the Des Chutes River to the westward, and could also trace the line of the Columbia River as it approached the country about The Dalles. This discovery ended all uncertainty in regard to our position in the wilderness. One more day's travel brought us to the Des Chutes River, where we were detained two days in effecting a crossing.

CHAPTER XVI.

ARRIVES AT VANCOUVER.

THE point at which we struck the Des Chutes River presented the most unfavorable place for crossing the stream that could well be imagined. The river is, at that point, about four rods wide, flowing between perpendicular walls of basalt, the water very deep and the current very rapid. No one, except the Indians, had ever thought of crossing the stream at that point. The point of crossing was several miles below, near the place where the Des Chutes enters the Columbia. The Des Chutes River drains quite an extensive section of the eastern flank of the Cascade range of mountains, south of the Columbia, where it is fed by the fields of perpetual snow that cover the crests and fill the deep ravines of the highest mountains of the range, Mt. Hood being among the number. The task of crossing the stream at this point offered the most difficult problem that we had yet encountered. The white people who were living at the Dalles of the Columbit had heard of the "lost immigrants," and were soon informed of our emergence from the wilderness, and of our arrival at the point above named. They knew all the difficulties we would find in getting across, and very kindly mustered a force of whites and Indians, which they sent to our relief and assistance.

While waiting here for the solution of the crossing problem, we had time to think and talk over the many trying scenes of suffering and privation through which we had recently passed on the "Meek's Cut-off." It was somewhat amusing to think how diligently and persistently Meek had tried to play guide to the last, though a very few days from the start sufficed to prove that he was as badly lost as the rest. I heard it said in after-years that, after the immigrants reached Des Chutes River, Meek's life was in danger from the indignation and anger of the people upon whom he had imposed. Had this been true, I must certainly have heard something about it, but I think I can affirm confidently that there never was a word of truth in the statement. Had it been worth while to dispose of Meek by an act of violence, that little piece of work could have been done in the depths of the wilderness, where only coyotes would have been witnesses. Another story that was told about the happenings on the "Cut-off," was that some of the immigrants found a nest of big gold nuggets while they were out some distance from camp, hunting cattle; that they brought these nuggets into camp, where their extreme malleability was proved by beating them into thin sheets on the tires of the wagon wheels; that, still in total ignorance of the great value of these chunks of gold, the immigrants threw them into a box with some other geological specimens, when the entire collection was lost in crossing the Des Chutes River. Though all this could easily have happened without my knowing anything about it, I was always just a little bit sceptical, for the following reasons: Not a word was ever heard of the marvelous find until after the discovery of gold in California in 1848, and though many attempts have been made by prospecting parties to re-discover the place where the nuggets were found, no one has yet been able to find the hidden locality or discover any evidence of the presence of gold anywhere in that region. But all that detracts nothing from the interest of the story. Were all the myths sifted from history, the residue would form a dreary and uninteresting mass of commonplace rubbish. There was, however, a great deal of real gold found that year, not only on the "Cut-off," but also along every mile of that long, dreary transit across the wilderness, and it was gold of the truest and purest type, without any alloy or admixture of baser metal. It was the gold that was found in the courage and fortitude, the patience and cheerfulness of the brave and persevering immigrants. But in none did these qualities shine out in such resplendent lustre as among the women of the immigration. There was never a day that did not bring to them its peculiar trials and burdens, its difficulties, and its dangers; the dangers consisting of the frightful possibilities that might at any moment be easily realized. In a wilderness inhabited almost solely by savages, one can never feel secure at any time, more especially under the circumstances and conditions that attended our mode of traveling. No one could avoid a feeling of exposure and helplessness; and particularly did these experiences and this feeling press with all their force upon the women who were making this long, dreary and dangerous journey. In spite of all this, they were courageous, patient and cheerful, and ready at all times for every emergency. What is true of these women, who were marching under the banner of 1845, is also true of those who came earlier and later. It was my privilege to see them all in the beautiful Willamette Valley, and to watch for successive years their quiet and devoted processes of home-building. If anybody asks you who "saved Oregon," tell them that it was the women who crossed the plains to Oregon during the fourth decade. Tell them that I said so, and add that my testimony is that of a perfectly impartial and disinterested witness. The task of "saving Oregon" was not accomplished by diplomats nor politicians, nor by any school of missionaries of high or less degree, but it was the work of the women, who made it possible for the men to come and stay where the presence of both, women and men, was needed.

But now, our friends, white and red, are on the opposite bank of the river, having arrived from The Dalles, bringing axes and ropes, and other implements and material, to assist in the task of crossing. They are led by a brave old mountaineer, one of the noblest of his class, who was known to everybody as "Black Harris." They are soon at work improvising temporary floating structures and suspension bridges. Pretty soon an Indian is seen to plump into the river with the end of a long rope in his mouth, and swim over to our side. Now it is necessary for some of our party to be on the other side to look out for the running gear of the wagons that are fastened to the rope and thus dragged through the water. In order to test the strength of the rope and the safety of this method of transit, the rope was passed around my body, just under the arms, and I was dragged through the raging torrent to the other side. I could but feel that I was in the hands of my friends, nor could I be insensible to the fact that the water was of icy coldness, just being lately arrived from the snowy brow of Mt. Hood. It has been my good fortune to enjoy some very cool and refreshing baths, but nothing in my experience ever equaled this one. I shall not stop here to inquire how the rest got across, further than to remark that several of the young men followed my example, while the main body of the company waited for more elaborate contrivances.

We reached The Dalles on the 15th of October, 1845, where we had to decide whether we would take the "Barlow Trail" across the Cascade Mountains, or follow the course of the Columbia River from The Dalles to Fort Vancouver. The approach of winter, the condition of the families, and that of the worn-out stock, compelled a decision in favor of the last-named route. A party of men were soon at work, getting logs from the neighboring forest for the construction of rafts, which were soon ready. Upon these rafts, the wagons and all portable effects, together with the women and children, were placed and conveyed down the river to a point just above the Cascades of the Columbia. The oxen and all the loose stock were driven down the river bottom to the same point. Here we were obliged to do a good deal of work in improving and making pass-able a wagon road, five miles in length, in order to reach the boat-landing at the foot of the long series of rapids which are known as the Cascades. Along this route there were many old Indian "dead-houses," or mausoleums, many of which had already decayed and fallen to pieces, so that the skeletons of the occupants were scattered around on the ground among the rocks and trees. In making my bed one night, I had the task of removing many of those scattered bones before I could succeed in spreading my blankets upon the smooth surface. When this portage road was ready, the oxen were hitched to the wagons, families and effects placed therein, and the transit made to the foot of the rapids. Now the oxen were again unhitched from the wagons, and all were taken by the Hudson Bay Company's boats to a point called Lynnton, on the Willamette River, a short distance below the site of the present city of Portland, while the stock was driven down the Columbia to Sauvies Island and thence across to the point where the families and the wagons awaited their arrival.

The day of our arrival at Fort Vancouver was a red-letter day for the immigrants. Very few of us had ever been so near the ocean. The great Pacific was still one hundred miles to the westward, but we were on the banks of the broad Columbia, and could witness the effects of the ocean in the perceptible rising and falling of the tide. But few of us had ever before seen a vessel whose keel had ploughed salt-water. Just as we arrived at the fort, one of the Hudson Bay Company's ships, the "Vancouver," six months from London, England, came to anchor in the middle of the stream, and was welcomed by a salute of cannon from one of the bastions of the fort, which salute was promptly responded to by a broadside from the vessel.

At Sauvies the party of men driving the stock soon arrived, when the oxen were again hitched to the wagons, and the land journey resumed, until all of our party arrived at the "Tualatin Plains," where we encamped near the site of the present town of Hillsboro. Here there was a general breaking-up into smaller parties, some of the families going to different sections of the valley, while some of the young men went to Oregon City, or, as the point was better known at that time, the Falls of the Willamette.

CHAPTER XVII.

IMMIGRANT PARTY SEPARATE.

THOUGH the parting scene at Tualatin Plains had nothing of the morbidly sentimental about it, there was, nevertheless, a feeling of sadness, which found its expression in both looks and words. For many long, weary months we had traveled together, sharing all the burdens, discomforts and dangers of the toilsome journey. Now that the time had come for us to scatter out and begin the task of locating home-sites, and the work of home-building in this new country, where everything seemed so different from anything we had before seen, it was like the breaking-up of a large community composed of relatives, who had lived near each other for generations. Since leaving The Dalles, on our trip down the Columbia, we had been within the rain belt and exposed to the continual downpouring that has made all this region famous. This part of our journey was attended with many discomforts and some difficulties and dangers. But difficulties, dangers, and cold rain-baths could neither daunt the courage nor dull the enthusiasm of the hopeful immigrants. All felt that they were nearing the promised land, where a new vista of life was about to open to them, and where new opportunities and new possibilities awaited their coming.

Notwithstanding the fact that our hopes and expectations had been wrought up to the topmost notch, what we here found in the Tualatin Plains, was a splendid revelation for us. Broad, fertile prairies, divided by belts of the finest timber, and interspersed with beautiful groves of young fir-trees, with patches of ferns growing green and luxuriantly in the teeth of approaching winter, made it a veritable scene of enchantment, and an ideal spot for the farmer and the homeseeker. For our company of immigrants, there was a single drawback, but a most decisive one. The choice spots for farms and homes had long since been selected and appropriated by those who had preceded us. Many of the very earliest settlers in the Willamette Valley had made their homes in the Tualatin Plains. Here is where we missed it in not coming with the earlier immigrations—the real Oregon pioneers—who had beaten us in the race to this Eden of the West.

There was really little to regret, however, since by far the greater part of the Willamette Valley, as well as other valleys and sections west of the Cascade range of mountains, was yet but sparsely settled. There was yet ample room for new settlements, "scope and range enough" for all who came that year, and for all who might come in future immigration. For us, there was only the task of short journeys to sections where we would be sure to find choice home-spots.

The men of our company were not all heads of families, or members of any of the families with whom we had so long journeyed. Many of us were young men, without relatives that we knew of anywhere west of the Alleghanies. We had traveled with the families by virtue of an agreement to stay with the immigration, and to help in all the tasks that came to hand, and to share with the families with whom we traveled in all that fortune, good or bad, might have in store for all. This agreement, so far as I know, was faithfully lived up to by all the parties concerned. The man with whom I traveled was a typical old frontier Missourian named Nicholas Ownby. He had a large family of sons and daughters, large herds of horses and cattle, and traveled with four well-equipped and well-provisioned wagons. During the long and trying journey of seven months he had uniformly treated the young strangers traveling with him as if they had been his own sons. He was of rough demeanor, but a real gem, for all that, and a man always ready and full of resources for every emergency. On the morning that we broke camp in Tualatin Plains, he said to us: "Well, boys, I'm going away up into Polk County, wherever that may be, to see what I can find. It was agreed between us in St. Joe that you would stay with me till I found a place to settle down and help me to build cabins and get things started. You have been good boys, and I'm sorry to part with you, but we are all where we can take care of ourselves now, and I think it would be better for you to be hunting up your own claims, and building your own cabins. I'm not trying to get rid of you. If you want to go with me up country, well and good; but I wanted to tell you that you are free from any further obligation." We were nothing loath to take the old man at his word, and were glad to have a change from wagons, flocks and herds, cows, calves and crying babies. From Tualatin Plains to Oregon City, the then metropolis of Oregon· a distance of fifteen miles through a forest of tall fir-trees, across hills and hollows and flowing streams, the thick boughs of the firs dripping with the results of a heavy "Oregon mist" that had been keeping things damp for many weeks previous. With a first-class automobile and a reckless chauffeur, the distance would have seemed as nothing; but as a feat of pedestrianism, over muddy roads and fallen timber, the task consumed several hours of a short December day. The shades of evening, which falls early on a rainy winter's day in this latitude, found us crossing the foaming and surging waters of the Willamette at a point near the centre of the young settlement called "Oregon City," and just below the "Tum Water," or falls, which we now saw for the first time. These falls and the picturesque scenery surrounding them, had already long been the theme of poets and tourists; while, for us, they had long been a most engrossing subject of our thoughts and anticipations; but just now, our first view of these wonders and beauties had to take second place in the interest which the situation excited. We were both tired and hungry, and our first task was to find food and lodging. A short walk brought us to the "Main Street House," presided over by a somewhat noted and eccentric pioneer named Sidney Moss. We entered the front room and took seats near the fire without speaking to any one, or seeming to have attracted any attention. A man, whom I afterwards learned to know as Mr. Moss, was writing busily at a desk and appeared to be entirely ignorant of our arrival. While we two were whispering to each other, and trying to fix upon some plan to make our wants known, and also trying to decide as to which one of us should take the initiative, two other pilgrims came into the room. They were not strangers to us, as they had both traveled with us across the plains from Missouri. Their names were Prospect Robinson and Absalom Robinson, and claimed to hail from the State of "Westconsing." Without looking at any one else, the two men walked up in front of the man at the desk, when "Prospect" said, in a deep, sepulchral voice, "We are immigrants." At this, Moss dropped his pen, and taking a survey of the two, said, "You don't tell me! Do you think I have been here two years without learning to know an immigrant when I see one? I want you to understand that I can tell a this-year's immigrant as far as I can smell him." Nothing abashed, "Prospect" went on to further enlighten Mr. Moss by telling him that he and his brother Ab were a long ways from home, and that they would like to "put up" at the hotel for the night, but added, in a somewhat subdued tone, "We have no money." "Money," said Moss; "who ever saw a recent arrival from across the plains with money? I never did." The conference ended by Moss telling the two pilgrims to go into the dining-room, where the supper was about ready, and "fight it out with the rest," and that they were welcome to all they could get. As Mr. Moss was about to resume his writing, I ventured to ask him if what he had said to the Robinson brothers could be made to apply to the case of myself and traveling companion. He said, "Yes, if we were spry and cheeky enough to get in and find anything." The bill of fare was not very elaborate or overloaded with delicacies, but it was ample and satisfactory to keen appetites. Good bread, boiled salmon, and potatoes, coffee and tea, bread and Sandwich Island molasses for dessert, made, if not a feast for epicures, at least a very acceptable meal for hungry pilgrims. The Main Street House was, in all its appointments, as good as could have been reasonably expected, and seemed to be well patronized. The new immigrations came only once a year, so that non-paying patrons were not considered much of a burden, especially as it was one that was cheerfully borne by all classes of the old pioneers. The practice of an unostentatious and generous hospitality was universal, so far as shelter and food were concerned. Our friend Sidney Moss bore his full share of the burden in his own peculiar way, which all soon learned to understand and appreciate. During my stay of many years in Oregon, I met Mr. Moss on numerous occasions, but he never seemed to remember that he had ever seen me before, and always had some blunt response to all my questions, though in the end, he never failed to comply with any request I had to make. He was a man of many angles and peculiarities, and, from time to time, did some most unexpected things. Among other surprises for all who knew him, he had written a most charming and interesting little Western love-story, entitled "The Prairie Flower," which was much admired at the time and quite widely read. The little story was full of thrilling incidents of mountain adventures and love scenes, all written in the happiest vein, with due regard to all the proprieties and requirements of good taste and delicacy of sentiment and expression.

In the summer of 1899, I attended a reunion of Oregon pioneers at Portland. Among other old pioneer friends whom I had hoped to meet on that occasion, was Mr. Moss; but in this I was sadly disappointed. I was told that the aged pioneer was now past ninety, and that he did not feel equal to the task of being present. Before leaving Portland, I thought I would take a run up to Oregon City, and see the old man. I found him living with his daughter, a Mrs. Clark, at her residence on the bench above the lower part of the town. I told him who I was and where and when I had first met him, and that I had come to Oregon with the immigration of 1845, and a lot more stuff, to which he listened with an air of impatience. At last, he said: "Well, sir, I am entirely at a loss to understand how you could expect all this to interest me. I certainly had no complicity in your coming to Oregon in 1845, or at any other time. You might have come in 1845, or earlier or later, or not at all, for all that I should ever have known or cared about it. But, now, since you are here, we may as well make the best of what has happened." This was the introduction to a long and interesting chat about old times and the present condition of the country. I had not seen Mr. Moss since the summer of 1861, a period of nearly forty years; but time had rubbed off none of the angles, nor had it in any way changed his real goodness of heart. With the exception of the physical break-down, he was still the same old Moss. Mr. Moss died a few years later. I shall never see him again, till we meet in the final reunion of pioneers on the happy camping-ground above. On earth, we had not much in common, outside of the tie of gratitude that bound the later comers to men like him and like the venerable Dr. McLaughlin, whose houses and whose hands were always open to the strangers "just arrived from across the plains."

CHAPTER XVIII.

SALEM, OREGON.

FOR many years Oregon City was the most important town in the new settlements west of the Cascade Mountains. As early as 1829, Dr. McLaughlin had selected the locality as a suitable station for carrying on the business of the Hudson Bay Company in the valley of the Willamette and in all the region south of the Columbia River. The river here has a perpendicular fall, at low water of thirty feet, affording abundant water-power for mills and factories of every kind. It was the purpose of the old doctor at the beginning to utilize all the natural advantages here offered in the interest of the Hudson Bay Company, and for the benefit and convenience of the retired servants of the company, who had made their homes in the section afterwards known as the French Prairie, situated some twenty miles up the river. In after-years, when the place began to give promise of becoming an American town, Dr. McLaughlin also donned the robes of American citizenship, and located here a land claim under the provisions of the laws of the United States. Then the town grew in size and importance for a series of years, until its importance was lessened, and its growth checked, by the more rapid growth of its more highly-favored rival, the young city of Portland, situated on deep water, twelve miles below.

For the true lover of nature, in all her varied moods and phases, there is always something grand and pleasing in the spectacle offered by a broad and beautiful river flowing tranquilly, with gentle current, toward the ocean, and bearing on her placid bosom ships and boats of all sizes and descriptions; but for too many spectators comes the desire to see the magnificent river reach a point where it will begin to move faster and become broken into foaming and rushing rapids, tumbling its heaving waters among and around and over the rocks, and at last losing itself in the thick mist caused by its fierce leap over the rocky ledge that tries to bar its way, and into the boiling caldron of waters far out of sight below. To all those for whom falling waters have a peculiar charm, the falls of the Willamette, with its picturesque rocky environs and neighboring heights, crowned with feathery firs and members of all the other families of Oregon evergreens, offers a picture that leaves no charming feature wanting. The scene has not been built on the grand scale of Niagara, or of the Shoshone Falls on Snake River, nor on that of the many other great cataracts that could be named; but the effect is far from being the less pleasing on that account.

The writer of these pages makes no claim to being poet, philosopher, historian, or propagandist of any kind. He has merely undertaken to write down what he can remember of what he saw and what happened to him during the sixty-three years that he has been west of the Rockies. As he intends to be good and truthful all the way through, he will scrupulously refrain from any meddling with history, politics, or religion.

The week that I passed in Oregon City, though the days flitted by all too swiftly, brought a much-needed rest and the opportunity of forming many new acquaintances. The following week, which was bringing us well toward the middle of December, I was one of a party of a half-dozen men who ascended the river to the little hamlet which afterwards became the city of Salem. The locality was then more generally known as the Methodist Mission. Our trip was far from being a pleasant one, as it rained incessantly, and we had to propel our boat, a long bateau, with oars and poles. Several days were consumed in reaching our destination. Salem, at that time, consisted of some half-dozen houses, the principal one being the Methodist Mission House, or Oregon Institute, as it was then already called. This was quite a large, strong building, with school-room, store-room, and private apartments for the use of the missionaries and their families. On Mill Creek, not far from the "Institute," there were a grist-mill, a saw-mill, and a boarding-house. The greater part of the area upon which the city of Salem was afterwards built, was then a well-cultivated wheat-field, where I saw several successive crops of grain seeded and harvested.

The Methodist missionaries, whom I found at Salem, shared the general characteristics of the old Oregon pioneers. They were hospitable and kind to the newcomers and to all strangers who came within their gates. The first thing they did to me was to give me work in the lumber department, where I went to work the next day after my arrival, getting out saw-logs and hauling them to the mill. These missionaries had first come to this section of the Willamette Valley from the State of New York in 1834, coming by sea all the way round Cape Horn. Their purpose in coming was to civilize and Christianize the several tribes of Indians who then inhabited the Willamette and other valleys south of the Columbia River.

As individuals, these missionaries, men and women, were sincere, earnest, devoted, and conscientious in all that they undertook. They had faith in themselves and in the cause in which they were enlisted, and believed firmly that they could convert the Indians and bring them within the fold. But, from all that I could see, the effort had proved a dismal failure. At the time of my first visit to Salem, there were no Indians connected in any capacity with the mission work at that place. Ten short years had sufficed to close the work begun in 1834 with such high hopes and with so much laudable zeal and enthusiasm. The causes of failure were not far to seek, though no blame could be laid to the account of the missionaries as individual workers. They had done all that was within the limits of human power under the circumstances and conditions that prevailed. For one thing, these Indians of the Willamette and other valleys and sections of western Oregon were a poor, miserable, degraded, and moribund race of beings, from whom there was very little to hope in the beginning. They offered the very poorest of material with which to build any hope of success. But if they had been Indians of the finest type and character ever known upon the continent, the ultimate result would have been the same. These Oregon Indians inhabited a region already beginning to be occupied by white Americans who were destined ere long to appropriate and control every part of it. Very soon there would be no room left where the Indian could erect his wigwam and live in the enjoyment of his ancient rights and privileges. The time was sure soon to come when the place that knew him would know him no more. The thought that the Indian could be reconstructed, assimilated, and incorporated as an element into the social and political communities that were destined to arise in the wilderness, never had a strong and abiding place in the mind of an American, unless he happened to be a missionary enthusiast.

There are just two view-points from which an Indian may be considered. One is, that he is an obstacle in the path of civilization that should be removed as promptly as possible by whatever means may prove most speedy and practicable; and the other, that he is a human being, possessed of human faculties and human rights, entitled to own and live upon the soil where he and his progenitors were born, and free to accept or reject whatever may be brought and offered to him from the outside. Any attempt to mix these two theories will prove as fatal to the Indian ultimately as if the first mentioned one had been adopted and acted upon at the start.

While yet at home in Old Virginia, I had heard something about Oregon and the Oregon Indians as early as the summer of 1837. At one of our places of worship, called "Promised Land Meeting House," I heard, one Sunday, a very eloquent and impressive missionary sermon delivered by one of our most zealous and popular Methodist preachers, in which he told us many interesting things about that far-off missionary field beyond the Rocky Mountains, where the setting sun dips "good night" to the American continent, while he hides his big red face behind the waves of the mighty Pacific. To me the region mentioned seemed farther off than does any point on the earth's surface that I can think of now. I have yet a vivid recollection of some of the incidents related by the preacher. One was, that a company of missionaries, on a visit to a very aged Indian convert in his wigwam, found the old man hovering over a little fire that was about to go out. The old Indian received his visitors joyfully, and with much zeal and earnestness related the circumstances of his conversion. Among other things he said, "When the good white man first found me here, I was then already very old; I was very miserable and nearly dead. My poor life was like that little fire, nearly gone out. Another short day, and I should have been dead, but the good white man with the good words from the Great Spirit revived my heart, rekindled my little spark of life, and caused it to blaze up." Here the old Indian placed some dry twigs upon the fire, and blowing with all his might, soon started a blaze. "There," said he, "it was just like that. Now I am happy and have new life." I remember that I thought what a grand and heroic work it was, on the part of those good missionaries, to leave home and go in frail ships over thousands of miles of raging oceans to the ends of the earth, to save the poor Indians who had so long been trying to live in the valley and shadow of death. Though I had been somewhat prepared for what I found at Salem, still it was something of a disappointment to find so *few* traces remaining of the work that had been undertaken with so much evident courage and zeal. During my first winter in Oregon, I was delighted to find how cheerfully, even joyously, people could work out-doors in the rain. My little task of cutting down the big forest trees, cross-cutting them into proper lengths, and hauling the logs to the mill, afforded me a fine opportunity for learning what a good strong "Oregon mist" could do to make such work enjoyable. The month of February brought us two weeks of beautiful weather. The days were warm and sunny, the wild flowers began to peep from out their winter hiding-places, the buds began to put on their spring robes, and the fir-groves became resonant with the songs of birds and the hooting of the grouse, whose exact whereabouts were a mystery to the newly-arrived immigrant, who fondly imagined that the rainy season was over. The illusion was, however, soon dispelled as March approached, when the sun again went into hiding between the thick folds of the clouds, and another long series of rainy days and rainy nights set in that was only to be entirely broken up as spring advanced to meet summer. Whatever else may have happened, I have never yet heard of a severe and distressing drought in the Willamette Valley.

Nearly a year had now elapsed since I had received any tidings from my relatives and friends in the old home in Virginia and since they had heard from me. Our nearest post-office was St. Joseph, Missouri, some two thousand miles away. A letter to reach its destination had to be entrusted to private hands, to be mailed when the first post-office was reached. In the spring of 1846, one of a party of men who had decided to return across the plains to the "States," agreed for a consideration to take all the letters that might be entrusted to his care and mail them promptly as soon as he should arrive at St. Joseph. I was one of a large number of people, anxious to communicate with their friends, who availed themselves of this somewhat precarious chance for sending letters. Our letter-carrier made the transit safely and, so far as I was ever able to learn, complied in every instance faithfully with his contract. The letters were all duly mailed at St. Joe. By the advice of my Methodist missionary friends at Salem, I directed my relatives in Virginia to direct their letters "Via New York City, Care of the Methodist Book Concern and Board of Foreign Missions." After the lapse of just one year from the time my letter started eastward across the plains, a ship came into the Columbia River from New York all the way round Cape Horn, bringing the Mission mail, and in due time a letter was handed me from the dear ones so far away.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EARLY METHODIST MISSIONARIES.

THESE Methodist missionaries were Americans; all genuine born Americans, and being true and real Americans, they could not be less than loyal and earnest patriots, deeply imbued with all the ideas, aims, and purposes that everywhere influence and control the actions of Americans. They believed that their fellow-countrymen were the rightful occupants of the soil on which they had built and were building their new homes, and that both right and manifest destiny had decreed that Americans should possess the land and control its destinies. They believed it to be their duty to themselves, to their compatriots, and to the glorious old flag under whose protecting folds they had been born and reared to oppose with uncompromising and unyielding front every influence and every institution or organization that seemed to them to be in the way of the accomplishment of their determined objects. Being only human, they were exposed, of course, in the carrying out of their program to the commission of some errors of judgment and some injustices of conduct. True they had come to Oregon in the beginning at the request and under the auspices of a religious denomination with the avowed aim of converting the Indians to Christianity, but the aboriginal material with which they had first proposed to build a new Christian empire in the wilderness, having failed to meet the requirements, for the reasons and from the causes heretofore mentioned, there was nothing else left for them to do but to join forces with the incoming flood of American immigrants and labor jointly with them for the complete Americanization of Oregon. Thus we find them during those early days everywhere and at all times foremost, active, and leading in every movement that promised to further the plans and objects they had in view. In the progress of their work, they seemed sometimes to have purposely placed some pasteboard lions in their path for the simple pleasure of kicking them out of the way, but something must be forgiven to the fierceness of a zeal that is not always accompanied by the knowledge required to justify and dignify its workings.

The truly great work, the credit for which is due to all the permanent residents of Oregon at the time without distinction of nationality or affiliation of any kind, was the formation and adoption of a Provisional Government to insure the administration of law and order in the country pending the long and trying delay of the Federal Government in extending the laws of the United States over what was destined to become a most valuable and important part of Uncle Sam's domain. Strictly and technically speaking, it might have been claimed that this movement had no warrant in law, as, indeed, it was without precedent. The title to the country was yet in question between the United States and Great Britain, and no one knew what adjustment of conflicting claims the future had in store. But the work of providing for the necessities of the time and circumstances had its full justification and a truly legal status, being based upon the principle that civilized beings carry the law with them wherever they go and the inherent right to adopt and enforce it according to the needs of time and place. Under the operations of this "Provisional Government," everything moved along as peacefully and as harmoniously as if the settlement had been a thousand years old. In those good old days there were no preachers of the gospel of discontent, nor any brooders over the inevitable inequalities of human conditions. That was never an American disease but was an exotic or comparatively recent importation from the effete Governments of Europe. But the long, rainy winter had now passed and the "glorious springtime had come, gentle Annie," and with spring had come the time when I must sever my connection with the Methodist Mission at Salem and suspend for a time my co-operation with the missionaries in the great work in which we had jointly been engaged. I had earned a good bit of money during the winter, which was promptly and cheerfully paid me, as per agreement, not in coin of the realm, but in an order on Abernathy's Store in Oregon City. These orders on stores passed current and were called money. There were several kinds of money current in Oregon at that time. There was Abernathy Money, Ermatinger Money, and some other kinds. Wheat was money, being rated at one dollar per bushel. The Hudson Bay Company at Fort Vancouver had a few English sovereigns which the Company tried to get accepted as money, but its circulation in the Willamette Valley was rather torpid. This, it will be remembered, was long before the discovery of gold in California, which convulsed our system of finance and brought so many evils in its train. Being now in funds, the old instinct of travel again seized me. I was anxious to revisit the then metropolis of Oregon and acquaint the people with my changed circumstances. In company with two other young men, I started on foot, with the purpose of walking all the way. In passing through the French Prairie, we were detected in the act by a band of wild Spanish cattle who chased us about a mile, until we reached a grove and took refuge among the friendly branches of a white oak tree. While piloting the cattle over the prairie and through the mud, I shed one of my mocassins which, in the absent-mindedness of the moment, I forgot to stop and pick up. When the cattle came up and surrounded the tree, they looked up at us with disgust, but respecting our rights of pre-emption, they refrained from contesting our claim. We had to remain in the tree till the cattle forgot us and wandered off out of sight, when we came down and resumed our journey. Here, I threw away my remaining footgear and made the rest of the trip barefooted. At Butteville we *borrowed* a canoe from an old Frenchman, who was absent at the time at his ranch some five miles distant, and paddled our guileless way down the beautiful Willamette to Oregon City. Here, after hiding our canoe in one clump of brush and the paddles in another, we made our way directly to the hotel on Main Street, which we reached in time for supper. Immediately after breakfast next morning, I presented myself at the Abernathy emporium with a view of making some purchases. Mr. Abernathy at that time was Governor of Oregon, not one of Uncle Sam's later make of Governors, but Governor by the will of the people of Oregon, under the auspices of the Provisional Government. Governor Abernathy, after I had presented my credentials, assured me that my claim upon his establishment was in due form and all right every way, and that he would be delighted to honor it. His stock of goods, he said, had been somewhat depleted by the late rush of purchasers from up-country and from the failure of his ships to arrive from New York at the time they were expected, but that he would be glad to show me what he had. I was barefooted and my first thought was shoes and socks. These, he regretted to say, were "non est," the stock having been completely exhausted. Inquiries for other articles in the clothing line met with a similar response. At last he said that he had a very fine line of screw augers (the old-time barrel-auger had recently gone out of fashion) and some bolts of a kind of goods called "blue drilling," from which bed-ticks and other articles of clothing could be made. This closed my interview with the Governor, and I returned to the hotel somewhat crestfallen. The people at the hotel saw that there "was trouble on the old man's mind," and I had to tell them all about it. At this juncture, old Moss looked up from behind his desk and said, "Did I understand you to say that you couldn't find what you wanted at Abernathy's store?" "That's what I said; nothing but screw-augers and blue drilling." "There must be some mistake," said Moss. "Why, I can get anything I want at Abernathy's." "I'd like to know what you might happen to want," I said. Then Moss got real mad and thundered out, "Boards, boards, boards!!! Don't you see, I'm building some addition to this hotel to help shelter you and your kind, and want boards, lumber, do you understand?" Abernathy had an interest in a saw-mill at the falls and Moss could exchange my "Abernathy money" for orders on the mill for lumber. The result was that Moss took my "Abernathy money" and gave in even exchange for it "Ermatinger money." Ermatinger was the agent for the Hudson Bay Company at Oregon City and in charge of the Company's store at that place. This store was well supplied with English goods of every kind needed in the market, and here I had no trouble in finding what I wanted. I offered to pay Moss my board-bill out of my wad of "money," but he grunted and said, "I don't want you hanging round here if you could pay four board-bills. I owe Holmes out here on the bench the making of three thousand rails. He is after me for these rails, and I'm going to furnish you with an ax and some iron wedges and you can go out there and split those rails." At Holmes' I found a family of real nice, old-fashioned people, who treated me like a relative and made me feel like one of the family. One of the daughters, little Minnie Holmes, was a very lovely and interesting child, who already gave bright promises of the future loveliness and intelligence that awaited her. As she grew into womanhood her beauty and her charming manners won for her the title of the "Belle of Oregon City." She had a host of admirers, one of whom built a steamboat which he named for her, "The Minnie Holmes," which plied on the upper Willamette between Oregon City and Salem. My job of splitting three thousand rails held me about three weeks, at the end of which time I went back to the hotel, returned the ax and wedges to Mr. Moss, who by this time had quite forgotten that he had ever seen me.

Being now for the moment idle, and having some time for thinking, I began to have some qualms of conscience about the canoe our party had borrowed and kept so long. Besides, I wished to return to the neighborhood of Salem, where I had formed many pleasant acquaintances. So I hunted up one of the lads who had come down with me, and who also wished to revisit the scene of his winter's labors. We had the good luck to find this canoe and paddles where we had left them. We had found it a pleasant pastime descending the river in canoe, but to paddle the canoe up-stream was a more serious occupation. We succeeded, however, in returning the little bark safe to its mooring at Butteville. The owner of the canoe made no complaint within our hearing, for the same reason that he had kept silent when we commenced our voyage.

CHAPTER XX.

OREGON'S EARLY LAND SYSTEM.

BACK to Salem, whence, after a few days' rest, I took a stroll out to the Waldo Hills. The first home visited was that of Uncle Dan Waldo, in whom I was delighted to find an accomplished and hospitable Virginia gentleman of the old school. Mr. Waldo had come across the plains with one of the earliest immigrations, in 1842, I believe. He had selected his land claim of 640 acres in this, the most charming and highly-favored section of the Willamette Valley. He had chosen the spot for his house with admirable taste and judgment at a time when the beautiful valley, lovely and desirable in its every section and feature, was all before him whence to choose. Gently rolling hills, enclosing ample spaces of level meadow-land, all clothed in the richest virgin herbage and gemmed with delightful groves of fir and oak and maple, formed a picture upon whose many and varied beauties the eye never tired in gazing. To this splendid and beneficent work of nature, three years of unremitting and well-directed labor had contributed all that nature had left lacking to make a home where angels might have been delighted to wander and sing. The buildings on the farm quite sufficed for all pioneer purposes, and were all that the time and pioneer conditions had permitted to be constructed. The palatial residence was a double log-cabin of ample dimensions, the space between the cabins being enclosed with riven boards and the whole sheltered by a common roof. Into this home all who might come with any title of worthiness were cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained. Whatever might be lacking in room or luxurious accommodation was more than made up by the cheerful and friendly welcome and generous hospitality of the host and his amiable and interesting family. And this was only one of more than a thousand homes then already established in Oregon, where similar scenes met the eye, where a like spirit governed, and where the weary pilgrim was sure to find welcome food and shelter and rest at the very least for the space of a night, and a hearty "God speed you" on his journey next morning, with a kind and genuinely sincere invitation to call again when passing. All that was required or expected of a pilgrim in those days to insure a welcome was that he should be seen approaching the home with a bundle of blankets on his back. A bundle of blankets thus carried was the open sesame to all else that the most lordly or the humblest house contained. "Take up thy bed and walk"—or ride—was an injunction obeyed by all travelers.

Uncle Dan Waldo had two nephews, James and William Martin, who were near neighbors of their uncle and both the fortunate possessors of choice land claims. Jim, as we familiarly called him, was a quiet, industrious citizen, of a literary turn of mind and gifted with an intellectual cast of countenance, while Bill was of a fiercer and more warlike disposition. In after years—it was during the

Rogue River Indian war—Bill Martin was captain of a company of Oregon Volunteers in a regiment commanded by a Colonel Gilliam. One day, near the close of a long and arduous campaign, when the regiment had been a long time encamped on the same spot, and when the horses had eaten off all the grass within two miles of the camp, Bill visited the Colonel at his tent and asked him what could be done to procure provender for their horses. The Colonel happened to be a little cross that morning, and he answered Bill rather sharply and bluntly, "Go to grass," whereupon Bill, Captain Martin I mean, promptly returned to his company, signaled the trumpeter to sound "boots and spurs" and took up the line of march back to the big Willamette. He said he knew of a spot in the forks of the Sautiam that the boys called "Horse heaven," where the "grass" was all that could be desired, and that he would obey the Colonel's order by going there as quick as the starved and worn-out horses could carry him.

Of the two brothers, James Martin was my favorite for the reason, among others, that he furnished me the opportunity of becoming the happy possessor of a fine saddle horse, something that I had long coveted. As compensation for this favor, I had only the simple and easy task of splitting four thousand fir rails in a shady grove where the timber split like ribbons. The young man who could not split rails at a fairly rapid rate in those days was sadly out of luck, and had no standing whatever in any Oregon community. This branch of skilled industry was a sure resource when all else failed. While thus employed, I devoted the Sundays that are sure to come at the end of every week, to catching and breaking my young steed to the saddle. Salem was not far away, and I could have walked over to "meeting," where the good missionaries would have been happy to see me, but I was anxious to provide and equip myself with a less fatiguing mode of traveling. Mounted on a gentle horse, the task of driving the bands of wild horses into the corral and catching one of them with the lasso and snubbing him up to a post was all comparatively easy. Then came a little season of waiting, while the captive tested the strength of his bonds by throwing himself back on his haunches and pulling with all his might, until the hoarse wheezing grew fainter and fainter and life seemed nearly extinct, when he would spring suddenly forward and stand trembling while the rope slackened enough for him to get a little breathing spell. Then he would repeat the performance until his curiosity was fully satisfied with that part of the program. Then he stood quite still, as if waiting the next act in the play. After this came the long and tedious process of getting the saddle and bridle on and tightening the cinch. When all was ready he was given the full length of the rope and the freedom of the corral. Finding that he could not by any possible effort rid himself of the saddle, he again stood still and looked around inquiringly for his prospective victim. At this moment I came forward and, with some assistance, managed to mount and seat myself firmly in the saddle. The horse was a young one, and quite unsophisticated, but evidently, somewhere and somehow, he had been initiated into all the mysteries of interesting attitudes and scientific contortions. While I was waiting for him to move off gently in whatever direction suited him, he suddenly placed every foot that he had upon the same square-foot of the earth's surface, pressed his nose against his front feet and curved his spine upwards until it assumed the form of a Gothic window. Seated upon the pinnacle thus provided, I had just begun to take in the beauties of the landscape, when a sudden and indescribable movement took place, which had the effect of completely separating me for the time from my future traveling companion. The exercise was gone through with Sunday after Sunday until my young steed and I became well acquainted and mutually very useful to each other. My experience convinced me that the wildest horse can be made gentle and useful if you can have Sundays enough to do the work in.

In the meantime, I had a pleasant place of sojourn, agreeable friends, and congenial and lucrative employment. Those dear old Waldo Hills! It is now many decades since I last saw them, but they remain ever fresh and green and every way beautiful and charming, and vividly present to my memory. I remember them as I saw them and rambled over and among them in the spring and early summer of 1846, before the hand of greedy and all-devouring man had so greatly marred their primeval loveliness. I can but indulge the hope that I may yet again see them, and am tempted to wish that I had back my boyish buoyancy, and my big, bucking broncho, so that I could drink in one day as much of their varied beauties as our joint efforts would enable us to gather, digest, and assimilate.

Now I feel constrained to say a few words about the early land system of Oregon and of the conditions under which the first American occupants of the soil became possessed of their broad and lordly domains. I will try not to be too prolix and tiresome, but what I have to say may not be entirely uninteresting to some small classes of readers. I know that in this degenerate and utilitarian age, anything that happened as long ago as year before last is by many, perhaps by most people, considered to be of slight value and nearly devoid of interest or importance; but since the aged are known to live for the most part in the past, and since it is about the past that they most delight to talk, and since I am writing these pages mainly with the view and for the sake of pleasing myself, I can afford to be a little bit callous and indifferent to the popular impatience with, and lack of appreciation of, the sublime love of ancient history.

As early as the year 1844—I think I already hear you say with the Judge in Racine's "Plaideurs," "Passons au Déluge," "Come down to the Spring freshets of 1900." As early as 1844, it had already been settled in the minds of Senators Benton and Linn of Missouri, that the infant white settlements in Oregon were destined to prove the beginning of a splendid new American empire in the vast regions west of the Rocky Mountains, and that those early adventurous emigrants to that far-off land were justly entitled to the protection of the Federal Government and to all the help that the Government could give. They had already introduced bills in Congress, providing for liberal donations of the public land to be secured by the settlers as soon as the then-conflicting claims of the two contending governments could be definitely adjusted. It was provided in the proposed law that each head of a family should have 640 acres of land to be selected by the settler on any unoccupied spot that might suit him. With this initiatory proceeding in the matter, the settlers, as they came into the country, marked off their claims and began the work of home-building. There had, of course, been no surveys of any kind made on the land and as a consequence the lines forming the boundaries of the claims were run in any desired direction, and the tracts of land taken in any desired shape, the only restriction observed being that each claimant honestly tried to include within his lines all the land that the contemplated law promised to give.

When the settlers organized what they called a "Provisional Government," among the first acts passed by the Local Legislature was one confirming the settlers in their title to the land that they had taken, or might thereafter take, under the conditions then existing. For all this, there was as yet no warrant of real law, the country being yet in dispute between the two governments, and the Government of the United States not having yet taken any action whatever in the matter. But there was the firm, vivid, and undying faith of the American settler in the majesty and power and in the justice and generosity of Uncle Sam that admitted of no shadow of doubt or misgiving. In 1850, Congress passed what was known as the "Donation Act," which confirmed and perfected the title of the settler and brought him the full realization of all that he had so long labored and hoped for. But the trouble was not all yet quite over. When the Surveyor-General opened his office and the pioneer maps and plats were brought in and inspected, a strange-looking medley of tangled lines and queerly-shaped tracts of land presented themselves. Some of the lines had been run "east by east, down east three-quarters east," while other lines of good, honest, northerly intentions and dispositions, had they been continued indefinitely, would have missed the North Pole by the width of the largest school of icebergs. Some of the tracts of land, purporting to contain 640 acres, were shown in strips one-half mile wide and two miles long and crossed through the middle of other tracts of like dimensions. There were numerous cases of tracts overlapping tracts with lines jogging here and there to take in groves of timber or belts of prairie-land as the case might be. The whole presented a picture of badly-mixed and distorted features, and of labyrinthine intricacies. The law as passed by Congress required that the land should be taken in legal subdivisions, in compact form, and that all lines should conform and coincide with the lines run by the Government surveyor. There could be no crossing of section lines or dodging around here and there to pick up choice spots. This completely revolutionized old ideas and old plans and the radical change of conditions seemed to promise endless litigation and much trouble with a rich harvest for lawyers and surveyors. But it didn't. There was very little serious litigation or trouble of any kind. The people went peaceably and patiently to work, adjusted their own difficulties, with due regard to each other's wishes and rights, and soon had all the kinks straightened out to the general satisfaction. Some lost their buildings and some lost their fields already in a good state of cultivation, but no one seemed to mind these trifles much. They still had their broad acres and their growing herds in a country filled with all the elements of prosperity and rapid recuperation.

I may be prejudiced, perhaps I am, but I cannot help thinking that these early settlers in the wilds of Oregon were a pretty good lot, if they were mostly from Missouri and contiguous States in the Middle West.

That Oregon Donation Act, of which I have been trying to tell you something, as it was first passed and before it was amended, was a gun that killed both ways. It gave to each *married* man 640 acres of land. That clause taken by itself sounded all right, but the law went on to say that the man was the recognized owner of one-half of the land, while the other half was to be secured to the wife in her own right. In this way the man who was unfortunate enough to be married was shorn of one-half his prestige as a bloated landowner. To the man who was yet in the sweet bonds of the single—I mean the unmarried man—the law gave 320 acres, to which was to be added another 320 acres in the event that he got married within a specified time. This clause in the law was considered by some, and not without reason, as being provocative of matrimony.

Of course, when you come down to it, what a man has is his own, and what his wife has is his also. These provisions of the law had been understood as existing in pictures from the beginning, being features in the bills first offered in Congress by the Missouri Senators. The effect produced on the public mind by this state of things was that, with the very earliest emigrations, one of the most serious occupations of the young men of the country was that of wife-hunting. Unmarried men were comparatively numerous while marriageable women were scarce. This caused some fierce rivalries among the men and it was nip and tuck who would get there first, recover the prizes of beauty and land within the time specified by law. There was an old man in Howell Prairie, who had a charming daughter, but she was very young. One of her suitors was a great favorite of the father and equally acceptable to the daughter. But the young man had scruples about marrying one so young. The father took a different view and urged the hastening of the nuptials. Still the young man hesitated. "Uncle Jimmy," he pleaded, "Sally is too young." "I know," said the old man, "the girl is too young, but we must save the 'illche' (land), Joe, we must save the illche." So they were married, the land was saved, and Joe sent Sally to school for three years while he built cabins and fenced and ploughed the land that was to be their future home. I remember one Sunday in Salem, Sis Waldo came out of the meeting-house radiant with health and beauty and ready for a race through rain and mud for her home in the hills.

Several young men in succession begged the pleasure of seeing her home. "You may all go home with me," said Sis, "if you think that you can keep up. Soon she was mounted on her fleet steed and off like the wind. Her troop of admirers followed fast and followed faster, but to keep up with Sis was a feat that no one had ever yet achieved. Her horse was of the old Virginia Diomed stock, whose progenitors had won golden cups at New Market near Petersburg, and he had never yet allowed any Oregon cayuse to throw mud in his face. Sis allowed her pursuers to keep just near enough to get the full benefit of the flying mud. When the home was reached, they all looked as if they had been dragged through miry depths, and not one of them was in the least degree presentable. At the gate there stood a handsome and well-dressed young man who had been waiting several hours for her to come home. He helped her to dismount, when she smilingly and graciously dismissed her muddy escort and went demurely into the house with the one whose garments had accumulated no real estate. The incident reminded me of the young lady on board a yacht whose two suitors had allowed her no peace for several days. At last she told them that it was very difficult for her to choose between them, but that she had thought of a plan that might help her to decide if they could assist her in carrying it out. They were both ready and willing to do her bidding and to die for her if needed. "Well," she said, "the boat is now sailing freely before the wind and making good speed. The one who will go to the after rail and jump overboard, I will marry

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as soon as he returns safely on deck." One of them, without a moment's hesitation, sprang overboard into the sea, while the other kept his place on deck, not even giving the cry, "Man overboard." The sailors, however, witnessed the act. A boat was lowered and with much difficulty the drowning man was rescued and brought on board. The young lady was now in a quandary and, there being no policeman on board, she told her troubles to the captain. "And now, Captain, what shall I do? One of the men didn't jump into the sea at all, and I can't marry the other one—he is too wet." "Take the dry one," said the captain, "take the dry one." And she did. I think this is enough about land-systems and land-laws that have been obsolete and inoperative for more than forty years. I cannot find it in my heart to blame people very much for getting tired of hearing how these old long-since-dead Webfeet got their land. I, myself, experience a sense of lassitude when any one reads or recites in my presence one of those old dry-as-dust treatises about land and landlords. These are all old, worn-out themes that never did begin to compare with those of the "man with a mission," "the girl of the period," and "the woman of the future."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BOONE FAMILY.

I WAS a resident of the Willamette Valley from December, 1845, to July, 1861, with the exception of a year's absence when I visited the mines of Southern Oregon and Northern California and some of the mountain districts and valleys in middle California.

During this period of sixteen years I had many and varied experiences and was a close and interested observer of passing events, but I am perforce obliged to content myself with giving a brief outline of my observations, experiences, and achievements between the dates aforesaid.

I cannot, however, forego the satisfaction which it affords me to here utter this threat, that I will in a future volume of ample dimensions, return to this theme and give my version of "the story of Oregon" as I saw it and helped so materially to make it.

The year 1846 was memorable in the history of Oregon for the toils and hardships endured by the immigration of that year. Mr. Jesse Applegate of the Umqua Valley, who had come to Oregon with one of the earliest immigrations, and whom we all loved to call "The Sage of Youkalla," had devoted much of his time during two or three summers to explorations in the Cascade Mountains with a view to finding a better and easier pass through the range for immigrants seeking homes in Western Oregon.

In this work he had been to much trouble and expense, all of which was a gratuitous "labor of love" on his part. With the end of the summer of 1846, he thought he had found and marked out what would prove the better and easier route desired. The sequel, however, showed that as there is "no royal road to learning," so there was no easy way by which the pioneer immigrant could reach his destination. Though the "pass" was practicable and all that could have been reasonably expected, yet these immigrants suffered many delays and encountered many difficulties in the mountains in cutting out the timber and in overcoming other obstacles. While thus employed, the rainy season set in, and when the sparse settlements were reached the roads were in the worst possible condition. The worst came when passing through the Umqua Canyon, a narrow defile in a range of low mountains, through which ran a creek that was at this time bank-full, and which had to be crossed and recrossed every few rods of the way. This part of the route was very trying to all hands, especially to the women and children of the party, all of whom had to make the passage on horseback, thus exposing them to incredible hardships and many dangers. Among the immigrants thus making their way into the Willamette Valley was Alphonsus Boone, a grandson of Daniel Boone. He had with him his family, consisting of his wife and three grown-up sons, Jesse, Morris, and Alphonsus, and a daughter, Chloe Boone, who afterwards married George L. Curry, Territorial Governor of Oregon. I was intimately acquainted with the Boone boys and participated with them in several bear-hunts in the Willamette River bottom. Alphonsus Sr. had always been the terror of the whole Bruin tribe. It was during his reign of terror on the Willamette, Molally, and Pudding Rivers, that the race of Bruin in that region became extinct. I do not remember now that I killed any bears in single combat or otherwise, but I am certain that I was in soon after the killing of a monstrous cinnamon bear, in the river bottom just below the point where I was cutting cordwood for use of the Upper Willamette River steamboats.

Governor Curry was a near neighbor, whom I saw as often as official duties would permit him to pass a few days in his beautiful home. I had known him before he was Governor, when he published a little newspaper in Oregon City, called the "Oregon Free Press." Governor Curry came across the plains to Oregon in 1846, from St. Louis, Missouri, where he had been connected with a paper called "The St. Louis Reveille." He was a man of fine personal appearance and of good address, and of far more than the average culture among the newspaper men of the day. During his administration as Governor of Oregon, he rendered valued and important services in conducting the Indian wars that afflicted the young commonwealth at that time. In the discharge of these duties, he was somewhat handicapped by being compelled to co-operate with a superannuated relic of many wars and campaigns, the aged General John E. Wool, then in command of the federal troops in Oregon. Wool had been in the army since 1812, had fought at Lundy's Lane, and had served in all the wars that had happened from that time down. When he arrived in Portland, somebody asked him where he could be found when needed, he replied that his headquarters would be in the saddle; but it happened that he and his saddle seldom appeared together on any public occasion. The really brave and well-meaning old general was simply too old for any earthly use. He was one of the good, old has-beens, who ought to have been preserved in alcohol instead of being sent to Oregon.

Chloe Boone Curry, the Governor's wife, was one of the elite of her sex, and the peeress of any woman who ever found her way to Oregon. She took a deep interest in all matters social and political, and especially in the Presidential election that was pending in 1856. I saw her frequently as I was living with her brother, Jesse Boone, who owned the ferry on the river at that point, long known as Boone's Ferry. I was employed for some time as chief engineer on the ferryboat, whose motive power was a pair of strong ash-oars, and whose crew consisted of one man. The ferry was on the principal thoroughfare leading from Salem to Portland. My position as superintendent and director-general of the ferryboat brought me frequently in contact and sometimes into collision with the leading men and master-spirits of the Territory. In this way, I was always the first one in the neighborhood to learn the news of the day in all its fulness that they had a tradition of the white man and his "Book," which they thought would some time come to them. The same is true with regard to the Flatheads and other tribes, both east and west of the Rockies. The question is, where did the Indians get these ideas of the religious character of the Sunday and of the white men who had a "Book" that would show them how to please the Great Spirit? It is certain that they had these ideas and traditions long before the advent of missionaries into their distant mountain regions. Some Methodist missionary writers tell us of a party of Indians who traveled thousands of miles to St. Louis during these early ante-missionary days, for the purpose of finding and securing this precious book. A somewhat amusing account is given by Rev. H. K. Hines, a noted Methodist minister of the Northwest, in his "Missionary History of Oregon." The good brother Hines tells us of a party of Indians, whose homes were in the Rocky Mountains, near the sources of the Missouri River, who made a journey of many thousand miles all the way to St. Louis in quest of the wonderful "Book" of which they had heard so much. The Indians, Brother Hines tells us, searched the town over and over, but they "could find no Book." This is not to be wondered at, as they had stopped at a town on the west bank of the river before God had yet crossed the Mississippi. The Indians are made to say that somebody took them to a church where the people "worshipped God with candles," but that they could "see no Book!" Anybody who at any time has ever visited one of these churches where the people "worship God with candles," will be inclined to pity these poor Indians, who failed to see what is always quite conspicuously in view in such places. Anyhow, the Indians had their long, perilous journey for nothing, and those of them who survived the ordeal went back to their distant homes lamenting that they could find no Book. Other historians tell us of parties of these Indians from the far-off mountain regions, coming to St. Louis in search of "black gowns," whose presence in their country they desired as instructors and guides. Always the object of the journey and the search is a Book, or a teacher clothed in dark raiment. Mountain men of every class testify to the prevalence among the Indians of these ideas and traditions, the origin of which we find fully accounted for in the writings of Irving and others. No intelligent and unprejudiced reader or observer of the past doubts the sincerity, zeal, and earnestness of purpose of those early-day missionaries, nor the spirit of self-sacrifice which governed them in all their relations with the Indian tribes. That they all failed, in greater or less degree, to realize the ideal success for which they had hoped, was owing in every case to the operation of a general cause, over which they had no control or influence. The white man and the Indian had to meet as two hopelessly unreconcilable and uncongenial elements and forces on the same arena, and of course, the weaker had to give way and go to the wall. In the case of the Nez Perces, who, as all testify, were so peaceful and friendly in the beginning, they soon found themselves in the presence and grasp of a great nation, which, while pretending to treat with them for their lands, insisted upon naming all of the conditions of the treaty, with the power of enforcing compliance with the conditions named. Treaty after treaty was thus made, each one taking away larger and larger slices from the original domain of the Indian, until very soon he was shorn of the major part of his former possessions and restricted to a comparatively small tract, called a "reservation," the boundaries of which he had no voice in choosing or naming. Very soon the "reservation" was judged to be too large for the needs of the Indian, and he was again forced to agree that it should be "thrown open to settlement" by the whites. But it is the same old story, and the same old play, that has been a hundred times told, rehearsed, and acted over and over again. Why pursue the theme? Under such conditions, it was impossible to hope for more than the partial success of missionary enterprises among the Indians.

As I shall have to meet the Nez Perces often during my long sojourn in Idaho, I will leave them for the present. This tribe of once much praised red men is not yet quite extinct. Some families and individuals still linger around the scenes of their old homes and camping-grounds. But they are no longer the Nez Perces which Lewis and Clarke met on the plains of Weippe and along the Clearwater, nor the same that were met by Meek and Craig and Neville and other mountain men in their Rocky Mountain rambles. They are not the Nez Perces who met Spaulding on the Lapwai in 1836, and welcomed him as friend and teacher. A great and mighty change has come over the spirit of their

dream. They have been met by the hot breath of a fierce and all-demanding civilization, and under its influence they have been scorched and withered and shriveled until they are only the flitting shadows and wandering ghosts of their noble ancestors.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW IDAHO WAS NAMED.

THE "Old Oregon" was a good mother, and also a good grandmother. In 1853, before she had herself yet been given the robes of Statehood, she bestowed upon her first-born, her fair daughter Washington, one-half her original vast domain, and thus enabled the daughter to join the mother in the race for statehood, both being yet only territories, and both subject in all things to the laws of the United States.

The beautiful and peerless grand-daughter, Idaho, had not yet been dreamed about, but with the advent of the year 1863, Washington felt herself called upon to imitate the example of her noble parent, and in due time bestowed upon her own daughter, Idaho, a dower greater in discovered resources and capabilities, than was her own patrimony when it it was given her, ten years before. Thus was the great area originally embraced within the limits of the "Old Oregon" divided and redivided for the purpose of adding to the flag the three stars which we know by the names of "Oregon," "Washington," and "Idaho." Between the years of 1861 and 1863 the Legislature of Washington Territory created and organized four new counties, which in 1863 passed to the possession and under the jurisdiction of the new Territory of Idaho, when Congress passed the act organizing the new territory. The names of these four counties are Shoshone, Nez Perce, Idaho, and Boise. Of these four counties, the three first mentioned had already been represented in the Washington Territorial Legislature; Boise County had come in too late for that honor, as her creation took place during the session of 1862-63, the winter preceding the birth of the Territory of Idaho, which occurred on the 3d of March, 1863. It will be seen from what is here written that the word "Idaho" had already been used by Washington Territory in naming one of her new counties. In order to prevent some possible confusion of ideas in the minds of those who may not yet be fully initiated in the mysteries of Idaho nomenclature, I may here be allowed to tell all that I know about the origin, history, and use of this word, "Idaho," which has caused so much discussion and conjecture. During the winter of 1859-60 I was engaged in a survey, under the direction of the Federal Government, of the land lying along the south side of the Columbia River. Our instructions were to commence at a point on the river bank, known as "Rooster Rock," meander along the shore of the river, and sectionize the river bottom from the river to the bluffs; our work to terminate at a point on the river some ten miles above the Cascades, where our survey would be met by another coming down the river from The Dalles. At that time, steam navigation on the river was controlled by a corporation known as the "Oregon Steam Navigation Company," with headquarters at Portland. The president of the company, and the leading spirit in and accuracy. One day in November, a pompous-looking chicken-merchant named Hull—everybody knew "Chicken Hull"—told me that Buchanan was elected; that he had beaten the great "Pathfinder" who had once found his way to Oregon by following the tracks made by the immigrants' wagons. The news once known to me was not long in being spread abroad, and I remember that quite a number of people, Mrs. Curry being one of the number, came to me for a verification of the tidings. Mrs. Curry was not altogether a disinterested listener to the news, for had Fremont been elected, the event would have caused quite a flutter in some circles. It would have changed somewhat the complexion of our local politics, and would, perhaps, have been followed in due time by some dislocations and decapitations among what we called "The Federal Brigade." Luckily, however, the crisis had passed without damage, and all was safe for another four years.

In politics, I was still a Whig, or would have been one, but some years before this time, when pressing upon voters the necessity of supporting the good old Whig party, and urging the claims of Henry Clay and a United States Bank, somebody had the cruelty to tell me that the Whig party was dead and that the question of a United States Bank would never again be an issue in our national politics. This so disconcerted and disenchanted me, that since that time, I have been, except on rare occasions, offensively nonpartisan.

These Oregon themes have a strange fascination for me and seem to hold me in their fond embrace beyond the power of being separated from them, but I have promised to leave them for a time, and I will, though it is like breaking heartstrings. It is only a question of a little time until I will be able to take up the thread of this part of my story and pursue it to the end.

CHAPTER XXII.

GOES TO NORTH IDAHO.

The 15th of July, 1861, found me on the north bank of the Clearwater River, just opposite a little cluster of shacks and tents, which afterwards grew into the present beautiful and flourishing city of Lewiston. To the "Johnny come lately" and tenderfoot, who may have followed me thus far in my rambles, I know the mention of this last-named date will afford a feeling of relief. From 1846 to 1861, a jump of fifteen years. In passing over in silence this long and eventful series of years, what treasures of history and romance, and what thrilling accounts of personal experiences, have been lost! But the exigencies of the times demand and fully justify the sacrifice. These fifteen years I had passed in a region where, for many months of each year, the "Oregon Mist" is kept busy disentangling itself from the feathery boughs of the fir-trees and falling in pearly drops to the earth, thus gladdening the face of Nature with its beneficent dampness. I was happy now to find myself in a land of almost perennial sunshine and flowers, and among a younger generation of men, who were already claiming and anxious to have bestowed upon them the title of pioneers. I had gone to Oregon at a time when the only true and genuine pioneers of the West had already borne the heat and burden of the day, and had already set the wheels of American progress fairly in motion. On looking around me, I had, however, found things in a somewhat formative condition, and soon learned that there was yet left a good deal for me to do. To inaugurate needed improvements, bring order out of chaos, and assist in rearing the beginnings of the superstructure of a new State, was no easy task; but I went cheerfully to work at whatever my hands found in the form of a task that needed to be done. When at last I obtained permission to leave the Willamette Valley, I had the satisfaction of knowing that my labors had, at least, been partially recognized and rewarded. Oregon had been released from the bonds of territorial vassalage, and had been heard of as a State among her far-off eastern sisters.

Now I found myself again among strangers in a strange new land, at an age when the Fates should have had something better in store for me. I was now nearly forty years old, was rapidly passing into "the sere and yellow leaf," and should have been permitted the hope that my long and weary pilgrimage was nearing its close. Could I then have been allowed to know that another period of nearly fifty years of sojourn in a new wilderness awaited me, with the responsibilities and arduous labors incident to the building of another commonwealth in a region of mountains and valleys, which was once a part of the "Old Oregon," I am sure the knowledge, which was happily concealed in the womb of the future, would have greatly afflicted and discouraged me. What a blessing it is that we do not know what is ahead of us in this world! The poet, Pope, has left us an interesting passage touching this matter, which he concludes by saying:

> The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
> Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
> Pleased to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
> And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

When we first begin to take a look at any new settlement in the great West, we are always confronted by the Indian and the missionary, and until these parties can be gently coaxed out of the way, there is neither room nor opportunity for presenting anybody else. The Indian is an old acquaintance. He was always here and needs no formal introduction. The zealous and enterprising missionary was here long before the advent of the first white settler. As we have before seen, the Methodist missionaries were in the Willamette Valley and at work in their laudable undertaking as early as 1834. In 1835, the Presbyterians sent out a pioneering expedition in charge of Rev. Samuel Parker to look over the ground and report on the prospects for successful mission work in the Columbia River basin. In 1836 came Reverends Whitman and Spaulding, who established missions, the one in the Walla Walla country, and the other among the Nez Perces, where Lewis and Clarke found them in 1805 living under conditions not materially changed since the time of their first acquaintance with white men. These Indians then claimed and inhabited as their tribal estate an extensive region of country, taking in all the land watered by the Clearwater River and its tributaries, extending to the Salmon River on the east, and also a large extent of country on the opposite side of Snake River. Over all this rich, wide region, with natural resources enough to have made it a little empire, the Nez Perces were, and had been for untold ages, lords paramount, with nothing to disturb them in the quiet and peaceful possession and enjoyment of their ancestral homes. From the time of Lewis and Clarke, they had always maintained excellent relations with the white people who chanced to pass through or sojourn for a time in their country, and were always ready and willing to extend any friendly services in their power to their white visitors and neighbors. Mr. Spaulding and his wife, with their company of missionaries, were cordially welcomed by the Nez Perces and were gladly accepted as religious instructors. The Indians were found to be well-disposed, docile, and easily persuaded to adopt the new methods of thought and living which the missionaries desired to inaugurate. Though these Indians had never before been the pupils of any Christian missionaries, they seemed to be naturally of a religious turn of mind, and showed a great desire to learn all that their new friends wished to teach them. There is something in the religious history of the Nez Perces that here deserves special mention. The first mention made of the Nez Perces by explorers, hunters, and trappers records the fact that these Indians were observers of the Christian Sunday, and that they always devoted a part of that day of the week to religious exercises, to praying and singing religious chants wherever they happened to be encamped during their rambles in the mountains, and the enterprises, was a "Colonel Ruckle," of whom I know but little else. When we reached what was called the "Upper Cascades" with our survey, we found a party of men engaged in building a steamboat, designed to ply on the river between the Cascades and The Dalles. The boat was finished and launched in March, 1860, and was christened "Idaho." I remember that the name struck me as something rather out of the ordinary, and I was curious to know the origin and meaning of the word. All that I could learn then, or have been able to learn since, was, that it was an Indian word, signifying "Gem of the Mountains." This was the first that I had ever seen or heard of the word "Idaho." The handsome little steamer bore it on her pilot-house up and down the river during the years 1860 and 1861. Long afterwards, when I became acquainted with some of the pioneers of Colorado, who came to that region while it was yet a part of Kansas, I was told by them that they found the word "Idaho" in current use among teamsters and others as early as the summer of 1858. I have also been informed that it was the name first suggested for the new Territory of Colorado. From all that I have been able to learn from all the sources that have been open to me, after all the research that I have been able to make, I am inclined to the opinion that the word "Idaho" was known and used in Colorado long before it had ever been heard in the Columbia River country. To me, it now seems nearly certain that the locality in Colorado known as "Idaho Springs" was named long before the building of our steamboat on the Columbia River.

What is greatly to be regretted and deeply deplored in this matter, is the damaging effect which these facts must have upon the veracious account given of the origin and meaning of the word "Idaho" by Joaquin Miller. Poets and romanticists like Miller are not made every day, and after they have been made and set to work, it seems a pity that anything should happen to throw discredit upon their most brilliant achievements. Mr. Miller, though an Oregon production, can be justly claimed as one of the most picturesque figures met with in the beginning of Idaho's history. In everything that has been written about those early times, we find large space devoted to the revelations of Miller, who was privileged to find the word "Idaho" written in letters formed of clustering diamonds on the brow of one of the Clearwater mountains. During the summer and autumn of 1861 I sometimes saw Mr. Miller while he was riding express between Walla Walla and the mining district then called Oro Fino. This was many years before he became known as the "Poet of the Sierras." The truth of the old adage, that poets are made and not born, never had a brighter or happier exemplification than that furnished in the life and labors of Joaquin Miller. I could tell you just how this poet was made, but the story would leave me too far away from my trail, and I am anxious to get forward to the rich mines on the tributaries of the Clearwater, where many of my old friends and acquaintances are already engaged in hunting the yellow god and coaxing him from his secret shrines in the recesses of the Bitter Root Mountains. I had for traveling companion, on this trip, a dear old friend with whom I crossed the plains in 1845, and with whom I had, during all of the intervening years, kept up an intimate acquaintance and the most friendly relations. He wsa a man of most excellent qualities, both of head and heart, but as an only companion in a journey of several weeks across a very sparsely settled region, he had one single defect, or rather infirmity, that called into exercise all my little stock of patience, and which taxed to the limit my powers of forbearance. He was subject to fits of silence which would, whenever they came on, hermetically seal up his mouth for two or three days and nights at a time. I knew that he had always been thus afflicted, but at home in the Willamette Valley, where there were others always ready and willing to bear their share in the conversation, this peculiarity had never affected me so much. Here, however, in what was little more than a vast solitude, and where he was the only being who could hear and understand me, it was painful, indeed, to be compelled to share in his fits of dumbness. On resuming our journey, our route lay along the north bank of the Clearwater. I never felt more like talking than I did on that bright July morning, but the soul of Dan had fled to its loved haunts among the Silences. We had passed the night in silence, the early morning in silence, and I knew and felt that at least another long midsummer day of silence was before us. When in a talking mood, no one could be more entertaining and interesting than my now silent traveling companion. I wanted to ask Dan what he thought of the little hamlet of Lewiston; of its future, if it could be imagined to have a future; of the Nez Perce Indians, parties of whom we were occasionally meeting; of the present condition of the country and of its prospects, and about a thousand other things that I longed to talk about. Left entirely to my own reflections and resources, I had to content myself by trying to muster together the few facts that I had already learned about the new scenes that were opening before us.

The town of Lewiston at that time occupied ground that had not yet been covered by any of the treaties with the Indians. The Indians had from the first entrance of the white gold hunters into that region steadily protested against the invasion and occupation of the country by the whites. They had especially and persistently protested against the occupation and building that had been commenced at Lewiston. At the beginning of the invasion, the Government had sent troops into the country with the ostensible purpose of turning back the intruders, knowing that the invasion was in open violation of the recognized rights of the Indians to the exclusive occupation and control of unceded territory. In point of fact, parties of miners advancing into the country had been turned back, while others had been duly warned, both by the troops and by the Indians, that the presence of that class of white men in the country belonging to the Indians and not yet ceded by them to the Government, could not be allowed. In spite of all protests and objections, however, the resistless tide of prospectors, miners and adventurers of every class continued to pour in.

The fact that gold was known to exist in the mountains served as a magnet that nothing could successfully resist or oppose.

Notwithstanding all these provocations, which, to the Indians at least, must have seemed unjust and inconsistent with what they had been taught to believe and hope from white men, the Nez Perces remained friendly and helpful. Many facts are known, many instances are on record where they rendered timely and much-needed services. In all their intercourse with the white people up to this time, though always bravely taking their own part and trying to defend what they naturally believed to be their rights, there is no instance on record where they had recourse to treachery or violence. They contented themselves with quietly protesting, and in the end yielded to what seemed inevitable.

On the second day after leaving Lewiston, we reached the forks of the Clearwater River, where, by the aid of the Indians, we crossed the north branch of that stream. Here we camped for a day and night to rest and graze our horses. Dan had recovered the use of his tongue by this time, and we found the Indians disposed to be quite social and communicative. At this point on the river the travelers were taken in hand by a venerable chief of the tribe and introduced to the pine stumps left by the party under Lewis and Clarke, who in the autumn of 1805 had felled the giant trees and had converted their huge trunks into canoes in which they had descended the Clearwater and Snake rivers to the Columbia. The old stumps were yet in a good state of preservation. The resinous exudations had converted them and their old roots into solid masses of pitchwood and left them as historic monuments of a most interesting past. The old Indians gave our party a graphic account of the circumstances attending the arrival of these white men, the first of the race the Indians had ever seen, and of the sensation their presence created among the tribe.

These Indians, at the time of our visit, had a very limited and imperfect knowledge of the English language; their missionary friend and instructor, Rev. H. H. Spaulding, having, upon his arrival in the country, first imposed upon himself the task of learning the Nez Perce language. Our travelers knew not a word of Nez Perce. How, then, did they manage to converse with their newly-formed acquaintances? Their only means of conveying their ideas was that furnished by a mutual knowledge of what is known as the Chinook jargon, the origin and nature of which are as follows: The tribe of Indians claiming and occupying the land along the lower section of the Columbia River and about the mouth of the great river were known as Chinooks. When the white people began to enter the Columbia in ships, the necessity of understanding and of being understood by the red men led gradually to the formation of a mongrel dialect composed of English and Chinook words. As intercommunication went on, and as the field of operations and intercourse extended up the river, this mutual dialect grew by slow accretions until other elements were added, first by a class of French words, contributed by Canadian employees of the Hudson Bay Company. Gradually this jargon grew and extended its field of usefulness up the rivers and far into the interior among all of the tribes of the Columbia River Basin. Thus it was learned by the Nez Perces, who used it in their intercourse with casual white visitors. As this language, if it may be called such, never contained more than a thousand words, it was not a difficult task to acquire a practical knowledge of it. Our two travelers had both learned it soon after our arrival in the Willamette Valley in 1845, where it was very much used during those early years of settlement while the Indians were yet numerous in the Valley. Ourselves and our ponies being now well-rested and recuperated, we were ready to resume our journey toward the mines. Here we had choice of two routes. One was up the south branch of the Clearwater for a distance of fifteen miles, thence across the high country by the way of the Weippe plains, while the other lay on the East side of Oro Fino Creek skirting the lines that border that stream. We chose the latter as being somewhat shorter and less traveled. A short distance from camp brought us to a steep climb where the trail left the river bottom and began the ascent of an elevation, known in song and story as "Whiskey Hill." The origin of the name was in this wise. Early in March, 1861, it became known to the people in Walla Walla and in all the lower country that the miners who had passed the preceding winter in the Oro Fino district were short of provisions and that a stage of suffering was threatened unless prompt measures were taken for the relief of the camp. An appeal was made for the immediate transportation of supplies. A large pack train was at once fitted out and started for the point where starvation was threatened. The cargo of the pack train, consisting entirely of twenty-gallon kegs of whiskey, required great care in handling and in guarding it from the raids of both whites and Indians. Good progress was, however, made and the train reached the foot of the hill heretofore named, intact and in good condition. Here it was learned that the mountains were filled by a recent heavy fall of snow, so that further progress for an indefinite time was impossible. While thus detained, the packers subsisted by hunting deer in the adjoining hills. In this work, they were assisted by strolling bands of white men and Indians, who helped also to relieve the monotony and the tedium of camp life by jolly good-fellowship, during the long evenings around the camp-fire. When the warm sunny days came in April, and when the mountain trails were freed from snow, the packers gathered their animals from this range and began the preparation for breaking camp. When the moment came for loading the casks on the backs of the mules, it was found that the cargo was without weight or substance. The contents of the casks had disappeared, they were all empty. Regrets, repinings, and reproaches were, all alike, vain. There was nothing left to be done but to return to Walla Walla for another cargo, and Whiskey Hill was left with naught but the memory of the joyous revels that had echoed around its base, while the snow lay deep on its flanks and summit.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN IDAHO.

THREE days of battling with the fallen timbers on the trail and with alternating hills and deep ravines, and we are safely landed among our old Webfoot friends on the golden sands of Rhodes' Creek in the heart of the placer-mining district of Oro Fino. Our first care was to provide a home for our ponies, that were given in charge of another dear old Willamette friend named Theodore Poujade, who had established what he called a horse ranch away out on the Weipee plains some fifteen miles from our present camp. Then we set to work and built for our solace and comfort a fine summer residence with whatever material we could find at hand, small logs and poles forming the skeleton, which we covered with pine boughs to keep off the fierce rays of the sun during the day and to protect us from the attacks of coyotes and burglars in the night-time. This being done, we began to "take our ease in our inn" while waiting for somebody to tell us of a place where we could dig prospect holes without infringing upon the vested rights of our predecessors.

Now while there is a little breathing spell and when everything is still, I may as well begin to tell what I know about the history of gold mining on the continent of North America and especially of the discoveries of rich deposits of the yellow precious metal that had so long lain hidden among these spurs of the Bitterroot range of mountains.

My earliest recollections of native, virgin gold, chemically pure and absolutely abundant, dates from what I read when I was yet a child, in the accounts given by the old chronicles of the wonderful discoveries made in the vicinity of Jamestown, Virginia, during the years immediately following the first English settlement at that point. Those old chronicles tell us that for a time there was "nothing thought of in the settlement except digging gold, washing gold, refining gold, and shipping gold." Several shiploads of the finished product of these operations were taken to England, where the metal evaporated when subjected to the tests applied by the trans-Atlantic chemists. However much or little of truth there may be in these accounts, I am none the less certain that in the section of old Virginia over which my boyish rambles took me, there were in many localities immense deposits of glittering yellow mica and a kind of bright yellow sand that could have been easily mistaken, by inexperienced men of that early period, for a substance of more intrinsic or commercial value. It is also true, as after discoveries and developments proved, that there are deposits of real gold in Virginia. The fact has long been known that what in miners' parlance we call a gold belt extends in quite a broad zone across the States of Georgia, North Carolina, and Virginia, and that from early times all down through the intervening years, mines have been opened upon this belt and worked with varying degrees of success. Scattered upon this belt marked upon the earth's surface were found traces of the work of the original American prospectors. You would find the places where large, deep pits had been dug, now nearly filled up to the level of the adjoining surface, and large pine trees growing where once the old gold-hunter had been seeking a reward for his labors. The proof of this was that in the same neighborhood, pits of much more recent origin would be found, some of them where the digging was comparatively fresh, showing that the gold fever had not yet expended all its force. Every once in a while there would be a gold excitement. Some planter would find gold, real gold upon his land, and the discovery would set his neighbors to work, and the contagion would spread until the fever would wear itself out in fruitless labor, for though gold existed and could be found occasionally in small quantities, nothing could be found to warrant the keeping up of the search. Still, traces of the delusion would be left in the public mind, and many would be the dreams of sometimes finding a gold mine.

The winter of 1844-45, which I passed in St. Joseph, Missouri, gave me another slight glimpse of the glittering magnet that has held its power over all the ages. During the long winter evenings I often found myself one of an assembled crowd of men where every imaginable topic relating to life in the wild west would be discussed and rediscussed. Among the fluent and willing talkers sojourning in St. Joe at that time were several ex-trappers and hunters and ex-Indian fighters who had traversed and explored the Rocky Mountain country from the frozen North to the torrid South. They told us wonderful stories of what they had seen and heard among the Indians. They told us, among other things, that everywhere among all the Indian tribes that they had visited they found accounts and traditions of the existence of gold in the Rocky Mountains. Some of our story-tellers even went so far as to tell us that they had seen in the hands of the Indians specimens of the yellow metal and small trinkets of Indian manufacture made from the same precious material. I remember, however, that these stories about gold made but a slight impression upon me, as they formed only a trifling incident in the intellectual feast served up for the company by these entertaining old heroes of so many hair-raising adventures. Indian battles, buffalo hunts, buffalo robes, beaver skins, human scalps and other peltries formed the staple of those winter evening entertainments, with perils by fire and frost and flood thrown in by way of spice and condiment. All this passed and a host of other incidents quickly crowded out all thoughts of gold and its concommitants until the great golden epoch of the history of California, which started the world and set all its wheels moving with accelerated velocity in 1849. The excitement was widespread, one of its more local effects being to nearly depopulate the Willamette Valley and other valleys and settlements in what was then known as the Territory of Oregon. These Oregon gold-hunters were not very long in finding out that in passing from the waters of the Willamette to those of the Sacramento they had been passing over districts rich in deposits of placer gold, and, that if these districts lacked something of the fabulous wealth of the California placers, their convenience of location in being nearer home and other advantages more than compensated for the difference in quantity of gold found on a given area.

With the beginning of the fifth decade came discoveries of the presence of the precious metal on the tributaries of the Upper Columbia and all of them within the limits of what is now the State of Idaho. The first discoveries reported were those made by a French-Canadian on the bank of the Pend d'Oreille River in 1852. Two years later, Gen. Lander found gold while exploring a route for a military road from the Columbia River to Fort Bridger.

From 1852 to 1856, and later, placer mining on a small scale was prosecuted on the banks of the Pend d'Oreille, Clark's Fork, and other tributaries of the Columbia. In 1858-59, Capt. John Mullen of the United States army, while constructing what has since been known as the Mullen road from Fort Benton on the Missouri River to Walla Walla, a distance of 624 miles, was a witness to the fact of the discovery of gold by the members of his party in the region of country now known as the Cœur d'Alene mining district, but by far the richest and most important discovery hitherto made in the Columbia River basin was that made by a party of prospectors under the leadership of Capt. E. D. Pierce in the summer of 1860. From rumors that had reached Pierce through Indian channels, he was led to believe that rich deposits of placer gold could be found on the tributaries of the Clearwater which have their sources among the spurs of the Bitterroot Mountains. The region was then a part of the as-yet-unceded Nez Perce country. Accompanying Pierce on his prospective tour were W. F. Bassette, Thomas Walters, Jonathan Smith, and John and James Dodge. The Indians were not slow in learning of the presence of these white men in their country and territory, and mistrusting their motives and purposes, warned them to leave, telling them that they were lawless intruders upon forbidden ground. The prospectors, feigning to comply, would halt and turn back, but changed their course as soon as the Indians were out of sight and try to lose themselves in the mountains. They were still objects of suspicion, however, and would not have escaped the vigilance of the Indians without the help of a guide, whose services had been secured while the party was encamped at the head of the Alpowa before crossing Snake River. This guide was a gentle Nez Perce maiden, rejoicing in the name of Jane, that had been given her by the missionaries while she was attending school at Brother Spaulding's Academy for Young Ladies on the Lapwai. When Jane joined her fortunes with those of the expedition, she recognized her duty of being faithful to her engagements as member of the party and as guide. She knew the mountains as a preacher knows his Bible—knew every trail, every hill and stream and every mountain, meadow and possible camping-place. With such a guide, it was not very difficult to elude the Indians and keep away from their usually traveled routes and stopping places. After two or three days of promiscuous ramblings among the hills and mountains, the party camped one evening on the edge of a beautiful meadow near the confluence of two mountain streams that in that locality had been flowing lazily over a nearly level surface through what is called by miners a Mountain Basin. The stream on which the party was camped was filled with speckled beauties that soon fell victims to the wiles and allurements of experienced anglers and furnished an article for a very appetizing and enjoyable supper. Supper over, Mr. Bassette lighted his pipe and, armed with pick, pan, and shovel strolled along the bank of the stream looking for a place where he could test the value of the gravel deposit without too much labor. The first panful washed gave a result which provoked him to try another a little further on, and pretty soon his comrades in camp heard him waking the echoes with the song of "Eureka." The little mountain stream on which this discovery was made was afterwards known as Canal Gulch, a tributary of Oro Fino Creek, which in its turn is a tributary of the south branch of the Clearwater. Thus the washing of two little panfuls of sand and gravel taken from near the grass roots on that lovely mountain meadow that seemed but a trivial incident in the lives of a few mountain adventurers, was the beginning of a gold excitement and of a placer mining era that ushered into being the grand and beautiful and prosperous American commonwealth, known and loved everywhere to-day as the State of Idaho.

CHAPTER XXV.

PLACER MINING AT ORO FINO.

THE little party of prospectors were soon at work with what few implements they had, and with what rude processes they could improvise, and in a short time had gathered something less than one hundred dollars worth of gold dust. Satisfied with the value of their discovery, the party returned to Walla Walla, where they succeeded in interesting Sergeant I. C. Smith, who thereupon fitted out a party and started for the mines, reaching there in November, 1860. In the following March, Smith made his way out on snowshoes, taking with him $800 in gold dust. This dust was shipped to Portland, where it caused a blaze of excitement. From Portland the news was borne on swift steamers southward to San Francisco and other points in California. Northward, the glad tidings flew to Puget Sound, to Victoria, and to all the Fraser River country in British Columbia. Very soon every locality was converted into a scene of confusion, bustle, and activity. Everybody was preparing to join the host of adventurers, now setting themselves in array for an invasion of the newly discovered gold fields. In the spring of 1861 came the mad rush up the Columbia, simultaneously with the booming of cannon on the coast of South Carolina. The Civil War was on in the east, and a new golden era had opened in the west. By the first of June, thousands of eager gold-hunters had pitched their tents along the level alluvial bottoms of the Oro Fino Creek, and along the streams and gulches that empty into it, far up into the heart of the Bitterroot Mountains. Into the fastnesses of these mountains went representatives of every civilized nationality on earth, with many whose native lands could hardly be thus classified. Oro Fino and Pierce City, two model mining towns with houses built of pine logs and roofed with "Shakes," had already taken up their positions within a mile and a half of each other on the banks of the same stream which had given a name to the new camp and to one of the new towns. The other town had been named in honor of Captain Pierce, the leader of the discovery party. The buildings along the principal street of each town increased in number from day to day and as fast as they could be built were devoted to the prosecution of every business and occupation known in such communities.

The causes of the excitement and of the sudden occupation of the district by thousands of miners was not so much in the richness of the deposits in any one or more localities, but in the fact that the district was soon known to be very extensive and that it had everywhere been found that the gold was very evenly diffused through the gravel wherever examinations had been made. There seemed to be room and to spare for all the miners that might come, and this was the very welcome account and description of the district that was spread abroad everywhere. The country seemed to afford illimitable scope for mining operations, while the auriferous gravel deposits seemed inexhaustible. As a proof that this was not a wild estimate, it may be here stated that now, after forty-three years of continuous placer-mining in the old district, the business is still being prosecuted. Still, when I reached the camp in the summer of 1861, I found several parties fitting out for prospecting tours on the upuer tributaries of the South Clearwater some eighty miles away. Some were leaving good mining claims already opened and ready to be worked, and others were leaving as good prospects as they could reasonably hope to find where they were aiming to go. But such is the restless and discontented disposition of the miner. Never satisfied with what he has, he is always ready to pack up and light out in search of something better. This is, of course, just as it should be, else all the rich mining districts would not be discovered in the first year or two. Very soon, the news reached us of the discovery of a rich mining district, which afterwards became known by the name of its mining town, Elk City. This caused a stampede which threatened to depopulate the Oro Fino district. Next came the discoveries on Salmon River, since known as the Florence mines. This last discovery placed the capsheaf on the series of rich discoveries made during the year of 1861. By the close of that year, the fame of the Clearwater and Salmon River mountain districts as producers of placer gold, had gone abroad through all lands and had added to the nomadic population a host of all sorts and conditions of men and women. A close analysis of this heterogeneous and variegated population would show many strange and hopelessly discordant elements. Yet they got along fairly well together considering the strenuous times and under the peculiar circumstances, and in the end were fused and blended and moulded into a people that have given us the model political community that we are to-day proud to call the State of Idaho.

As my purpose in writing these papers is merely to give what I can remember of the scenes through which I have passed, some of the persons with whom I came in contact and some of the events that I have witnessed, I must here forego the pleasure that it would otherwise afford me of giving in detail the fabulous yield of the several mining camps and their aggregate output of the precious yellow metal, trusting to the good luck that has thus far attended me through life, to be able to tell what needs to be told at different times as my little story progresses.

Among a population so variously composed were many who had been chasing the elusive yellow nuggets all through California since the days of '49. Some of these old ones had made big fortunes that had taken beautiful and variously-colored wings and had left the gold-hunter rich only in knowledge and experience, which, however, stood him in good stead now in the wide fields of these latest finds. Others represented the towns and farming districts in the Willamette and other valleys and sections of the old Oregon. The old California miners had long since shaken off the shackles of an effete civilization, and had been living for many years free from the trammels and restraints of Sunday-school influences. The greenhorns and tenderfeet were not slow in learning how to follow in the footsteps of those who had so long enjoyed that larger liberty that comes from a wild, free life lived so far away in remote mountain regions.

In the far-off East the Civil War was raging, and the newspapers, though weeks were required to bring them to us, came always burdened with the most exciting news from the scene of war. In this new mining region, as everywhere else, the people were divided in their opinions regarding the war and in their sympathies for those who were actively engaged in it. When all the circumstances are duly considered, it could not be reasonably hoped that there would not be, sometimes, rough scenes and personal collisions, too often attended with fatal consequences. The greatest wonder is that such scenes were not more frequent. Then the war was very far from being the only cause of differences and quarrels. In a mining community, the people find a thousand things to argue fiercely and to quarrel about, and even to fight about. In the almost total absence of law or other restraining influence, one would be tempted to think that chaos and bloodshed would reign supreme, and make it impossible for anything like order or peaceful industry to exist. Yet it was not so. Men, divided from each other in thought and feeling as the East is divided from the West, would jointly work the same mining claim, live in the same cabin, eat at the same table, and even sleep together in the same bunk. Let him explain all this who can; the fact remains, as often attested by my own observation and experience. I knew two men on Rhodes' Creek who had been partners in mining enterprises since the early days of '49. Together they had rambled all over the mountains of California, Oregon, and British Columbia. They had always shared the same frying-pan and blankets, but they had never yet held any opinion in common. When I knew them in 1861, one was a fierce, red-eyed secessionist of the most bloodthirsty type, while the other was a most pronounced and outspoken black Republican—Abolitionist and uncompromising Union man. Yet these two men, occupying opposite poles in opinion on every subject, could not bear to be separated for a single week. One of them, that we called Paul, was afflicted with presentiments. The other, whose mining name was John, had the unfortunate habit of sometimes failing to come home at night. If John absented himself for a day and night, Paul would immediately have a presentiment that they would never meet again. One day Paul came to our claim and told us in the most sorrowful tones that John was gone. "Where has he gone?" I asked. "I don't know; he went away yesterday morning," said Paul. "But he'll come back all right," we all said. "No, he won't," said Paul. "I had a presentiment when he started that I was never to see him again." By way of diversion I asked Paul if he had heard the news. "What news?" "New Orleans has been taken." "It's a lie," cried Paul, "a damned Abolition lie. All hell couldn't take New Orleans." "No, but the Yankees did." Then we had it for a while. Paul was fighting mad and could whip any man or any number of men who were foolish enough to think that New Orleans could be taken. Just then John came over the hill looking for Paul, and it was funny to witness the joyful meeting and the prompt departure homeward of the two devoted partners. Somebody cried out after them, "How about that presentiment this time, Paul?" But they were gone and no response came back. Nothing could permanently separate or divide the pair, but Paul was never cured of his presentiments, nor could he ever be convinced that New Orleans had been taken by the Yankees.

At the time of which I am writing, Shoshone County, within whose limits the Eldorado had been found, was one of the organized counties of Washington Territory, and has the honor of being the first organized county within the borders of what is now the State of Idaho. During the winter of 1861-2, the county was represented in the Washington Territorial Legislature by a full delegation, one of whom, the member of the legislative council, was Marion Moore, who was afterwards identified with the earliest discoveries of gold in the Boise Basin and in the Owyhee County, where he lost his life in one of the many mining troubles that afflicted that camp. I remember meeting Mr. Moore on his return to our camp from Olympia in the spring of 1862. In the following session, that of 1862–3, our county was again represented at Olympia. During these first two or three years, I was paying but slight attention to politics or public matters of any kind, but I remember one of our representatives of the session of 1862–3, a Mr. James A. Orr, who was for several years afterwards a resident miner of our camp.

A great many incidents and personal experiences were crowded into these first four years of my sojourn in the old Oro Fino camp, some of which I am unwilling to allow to go unmentioned. I was not long idle after my arrival in camp, as work was plenty, work of the most trying and laborious kind. The better class of claims on the creek bottoms would average about ten dollars per day to each hand employed. With a claim secured that had been fairly tested, and was known to be all right, it was not difficult to obtain financial backing and credit to enable the miner to get his claim opened and ready for the process of washing out the gravel.

An attempted description of the process of opening placer claims may seem a little tedious, but the time, labor, and expense attending the operation give a clue to most of the reasons that caused many good and industrious miners to abandon what all admitted to be good prospects and ramble over the country in search of richer deposits. Placer-mining on the waters of the Oro Fino among the lower spurs of the Bitterroot Mountains—what was it like? In its general features, it was much the same as everywhere else in the placer-mining mountain districts. One brief description will suffice to give an idea of what it was everywhere. One characteristic of these mountain streams is that during the ages they have worn their channels down deep among and between the hills, and that their sluggish waters flow with scarcely a perceptible current until a sudden change of the general surface to a lower altitude converts this course into a series of rapids. It is on the level sections of the streams that the auriferous gravel is found a few feet below the surface and just below the alluvial deposits on the creek bottoms. To wash this gravel and separate the little grains and atoms of gold nearly evenly diffused through the mass, requires a swift stream of water running through narrow boxes, called a string of sluices or a flume, according to the mode of construction. How obtain this needed current on a creek bottom "as flat as a pancake?" First, the tough, grassy sod and the alluvial deposit, or loam, as the miners called it, is removed from a space measuring some forty feet in length and twelve feet in width and carried to a distance from the spot by the aid of wheelbarrows. This operation exposes the gravel. Next, the creek is dammed at the proper distance above, and the water thus raised above the surface is brought in boxes to the place where it is to be used. Before proceeding further, the gravel must be removed from the pit, or enough of it to allow the sluice boxes to be placed at the angle or grade necessary to produce the required current. Then, at the lower end of the sluice, a strong dam must be built to prevent the water from washing back into the pit. The water having been raised above the surface at the dam above and brought through boxes to the pit with just as little grade as will allow it to flow, rushes through the few boxes that have been placed at the required angle of descent, and regains the general level of the creek below. Here the water flows off through a long, narrow ditch, called in miners' parlance a tail-race. Now the water is rushing through the sluices at the required velocity, and the gold-bearing gravel is all exposed and ready to be thrown into the boxes. But the miner is not yet ready to begin the operation of washing out the shining particles. While the several feet in depth of gravel is being thrown into the boxes and washed, the seepage water from the bank is coming into the pit, and long before the "bed-rock" is reached the accumulated water has made further progress impossible. The "bed-rock" on which, when reached, the greater quantity of the gold is found, cannot be cleaned, and thus the paying rewards of the miner's labor would be lost. Before commencing he must have a "bed-rock drain." To secure this he must go down the creek to a point (to be determined by a careful survey) where the flow of the seepage water from the "bed-rock" in his pit will flow into the channel of the creek below. Having ascertained this, he must then dig a ditch of liberal width and varying length from a quarter- to a half-mile, and often more, through sod, and loam, and gravel, to and into the bed-rock to provide a channel through which the seepage water is to flow from the claim to the bed of the creek below. This narrow channel at the bottom of the long bed-rock drain is then to be covered with split timbers from the neighboring woods. When this is all done the ditches must be at least partially filled up to prevent the displacement of the culvert timbers.

The lumber for the flumes and sluice-boxes and for all other purposes where lumber on or about the claim is needed must be whip-sawed from the forest trees growing on the hillsides. It was by this process that nearly all the lumber used in the Oro Fino mining district for several years, whether for building or mining purposes, was obtained. The half has not yet been told of the labor and expense attending the "opening of a claim" in the early days of the Bitterroot Mountains. It may be assumed here, however, that the patient and hardworking miner is now ready to begin his golden harvest and reap the rewards of his toil. The sluice-boxes are now provided with "riffles," that is, narrow frames in which transverse bars are placed at intervals, and the frames placed and confined firmly on the bottoms of the sluice-boxes. Two men armed with picks and shovels then take positions, one on each side of the "string," and commence the work of picking and shoveling the gravel into the sluice-boxes. A third man takes a position on the top of the "string" and with a "sluice-fork" fishes up the pebbles and boulders as the current brings them within reach. The sand and lighter portions of the gravel are swept by the narrow current to the bottom and out of the string of sluice-boxes, where the man stops and begins to accumulate as the artificial current above loses its force in the slower current in the "tail-race." A fourth man is now needed, clad in long-legged gum boots, to take his stand in the pool of water and with a strong shovel throw the wasted sand and gravel as far from the spot as his utmost strength will permit. While this is going on, a fifth man, the foreman or superintendent of the claim, comes along with a bottle containing from twelve to fifteen dollars' worth of quicksilver, which he pours into the moving mass of water, sand, gravel and boulders. Above the "cut" and on a line with it, two other men are engaged in "stripping," that is, in removing with spades and shovels the sod and loam down to the gravel and taking it off with wheelbarrows.

This is far from being the whole show, but enough has been seen to make manifest the extreme slowness of the process and the expense daily incurred in its prosecution, and also to show that the gravel in these placer claims of Oro Fino must have been originally very richly laden with golden particles.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A WINTER IN THE MINES.

Our company worked two strings of sluices, employing something over two dozen men, divided into day and night shifts. Thus the work goes on without cessation until Saturday evening, when a halt is called for the final "clean up" of the week and for the payment of the hands who have richly earned their little stipend of $5 per day, amounting at the end of the week to two ounces of gold dust, the yellow dust having a market value of $15 per ounce.

Sunday morning brings only a change of occupation to the miners. At an early hour, the advance guard of a great army of miners begins to file past our cabin doors, almost staggering under the loads of worn implements, which must be repaired by the blacksmith that day for the renewal of hostilities next morning. Steadily for two or three hours the procession moves down the creek. This army is moving upon the busy town of Oro Fino, whose streets are soon crowded and thronged by other thousands of miners coming in from all the creek gulches and ravines in the surrounding mountains. Bills are to be settled, provisions and supplies purchased, implements are to be repaired or replaced by new ones, and all the needed preparations for the coming week are to be made. At noon on Sunday, the express arrives from Walla Walla. Oro Fino has no post-office yet; there are no mails. Three days ago, the expressman left Walla Walla mounted on a strong, fleet steed and leading another, laden with treasures richer than any the mines can yield. They are letters from the dear ones in the distant homes—letters in which the kisses are yet warm and the heartbeats yet audible. As the expressman gallops furiously down Main Street and comes to a sudden halt in front of the express office, he dismounts and delivers his precious charge into the hands of W. A. Atlee, Wells-Fargo's express agent. The head of a long procession of eager and impatient expectants, composed of all the various elements of the population, now begins to enter the door of the office. Atlee is behind the counter, busily engaged in opening and classifying packages. As soon as he can get ready, he begins to call the roll, beginning with John Smith and proceeding upward or downward, to the right or to the left, as the case demands, and delivering letters, papers, and packages to each one as the names are responded to. As parties are served they file out into the street and others move up, and thus the work of delivering goes on till all are served.

During the remainder of the summer one week was like another with no local events cropping much above the general surface, only that each succeeding Sunday would bring its quota of news from the battlefields in the distant East, and its alternating tide of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears. The principal mining events of the summer were the operations in the several localities of the district and the almost fabulous yield of gold from the Oro Fino placers, which far exceeded the hopes and anticipations of the most sanguine, and the discoveries of other rich placer deposits in all the interesting mountain region drained by the tributaries of the Clearwater River. This was, of course, followed by another rush of miners, traders, and adventurers of every class to the scenes of the new discoveries. In the Oro Fino district, everywhere along all the creek bottoms, high mounds and long ridges of "tailings" and other debris had been heaped up. Millions of dollars had already been contributed by these miners to the general output of the precious metal from other sources.

Summer now wanes and blends into autumn. The first of October comes bright, clear, and cold, with several inches of the new white winter dress covering mountain, hillside, and creek flats. The ice now begins to check the flow of water in the creeks. The nights begin to be too long and too cold and the days too short and often too stormy to allow placer mining, except on a much diminished scale, to be either comfortable or profitable. Gradually mining operations begin to be suspended or greatly restricted. Many of the miners, particularly those who have homes and families in the Walla Walla, Willamette, and other valleys in the lower country, begin to gather their ponies from the neighboring "horse ranches" and prepare to abandon their camp until the following spring, when they would return to their claims and their labors. By the first of November, all who have elected to leave the camp for the winter have departed.

December comes and the snow is falling, gently and steadily, and almost constantly day after day and night after night. Down and down it comes in the tiniest-sized flakes and particles, while the atmosphere, white with the thickly falling mass, is still as death. The winds have all been hushed to perfect silence in the presence of old Winter, who is now celebrating the solemn mysteries of his great office. Days and nights pass, and the clouds, having exhausted their stores of white treasures for the time, roll themselves above the mountain tops and take their departure to the southward. The sun comes out, shining with renewed brightness, but the mercury falls rapidly. Yet there is no wind. A death-like calm, almost oppressive in its stillness, pervades the scene. The inmates of the cabins are soon abroad on various errands. Some make their way on snowshoes to the town to see if the express has been in, and to learn the news. Others force their way to the tops of the neighboring ridges to get a view of the surrounding country. The scene is one of bewildering beauty, far exceeding all powers of description, for who could paint in words the magical effects of a heavy fall of fleecy snow in the evergreen forests of the Bitterroot Mountains? It was strange and delightful to see how the snow had draped and transformed the young pines and firs. What groups of beautiful statuary! veiled and hooded mourners bending over white tombs; bright nymphs and weeping Niobes; milkmaids and modern belles with their gracefully sweeping skirts and captivating Grecian bends; the old Shepherd with his crook, and Mary and her little lamb just as white as snow. Nearer the streams the precipitous banks are fringed with crystal stalactites—icicles formed during the period of lower temperature, while the snow was falling. The days and nights are clear and cold now, while the clouds are re-forming at a distance for another visitation and another contribution to the thickening folds of old Winter's white mantle. Under the starry gaze of these cold, clear nights, the frost is working new wonders of splendor and beauty. On the roofs of the cabins, cleared of snow, on the trodden pathways, and on all exposed surfaces, the great Artist is presenting each morning ever-growing and ever-thickening pastures of beautiful white flowers—of roses, hyacinths and daisies.

This was my first winter in the high altitudes among the evergreen forests where snow-storms are frequent and where the white product lies deep for several months of the year. I was young and impressionable at the time and didn't stop to reflect that the same natural features and characteristics prevailed over all the vast mountain region of which the section where I happened for the time to be, formed but an infinitesimal part. Though the snow lay deep on all the roads and trails from December till April, there was but little interruption to the tide of travel that went on. All winter long men were daily leaving Oro Fino on snowshoes with heavy packs on their backs for the distant mining camp, Florence in the Salmon River country being the principal point that attracted them. The whole country above Lewiston lay buried under a thick mantle of snow with the exception of some narrow river bottoms favored by lower altitudes. Pack-trains could not move from their winter quarters; in the lower country the winter was one of unusual severity, the mercury falling far below zero much of the time. The merchants of Oro Fino and Pierce City had taken the precaution to lay in ample supplies of all articles needed in the mines, so that when a scarcity began to be felt in the other camps, especially at Florence, where the latest discoveries had been made during the preceding autumn, the camp of Oro Fino furnished the much-needed base of supplies, though strong men had to be the carriers and take the place of pack-animals. The route from Oro Fino to Florence, one hundred miles, lay through the country owned, occupied, and cultivated by the Nez Perces Indians, who rendered important services and saved many lives by giving food and shelter to the travelers when lost and snow-blind and hungry. It seemed like a fit of madness for men to undertake to battle with all the difficulties and dangers that attended this transit on foot across snowfields for a distance of one hundred miles, and with heavy loads on their backs, but there were hundreds who did not hesitate to confront the task. Nearly every week would bring some returning pilgrim or messenger from Florence to Oro Fino. Thus the peregrinations were kept up through the winter. The account which all brought of the wonderful richness of the Florence mines and the lack of provisions and supplies in the distant camp served to increase the excitement and keep the tide of travel moving. Those who had not yet learned the art of skimming over the snow on those long Norwegian snowshoes would follow each other in single file, thus keeping the snow beaten as it fell until a firm, narrow path was formed that would bear up a man with his pack and at last furnish a good firm footing for an Indian pony.

Those who resisted the moving impulse and remained quietly in camp found ample outdoor exercise for the few hours of the short winter days in preparing fuel and whipsawing lumber to be used in next season's mining operations. The running of one of those "Armstrong saw-mills," as we used to call them, in the deep snow, furnished the most exhilarating amusement, and was provocative of a fierce appetite and a perfect willingness to rest after the day's pleasant exercise was ended.

The long winter evenings were devoted to the reading of the few books that could be found in the camp and in overhauling the old newspapers that had accumulated in the cabins while the express had been able to make regular trips. A man named Harris kept a little newstand in Oro Fino that winter, and among the treasures on his shelves was a nearly complete set of Scott's novels. My comrades in the cabin agreed to buy and pay for the books if I would agree to read them aloud evenings while they rested in their bunks and did the listening. To this I very willingly agreed, with the condition that they should keep duly awake and attentive. When all was arranged and ready, I would begin to read, throwing into my voice all the mellifluous tones and soporific effects that I could muster. Very soon they would be both sound asleep and snoring in perfect rhythm and harmony with the voice of the reader. Then I would cease reading aloud, and enjoy for an hour or two a season of intense delight and profitable reading. At the first sign of their awakening, I would resume my sleep-compelling style of reading, which would soon again produce the desired effect. These exercises would be kept up evening after evening until the study of Scott would be finished to the satisfaction and delight of all concerned, when we would be ready to take up another series of stories. I thus read for the first time all of Scott's stories, except "The Fair Maid of Perth," whose delicate constitution and refined superstructure had thus far kept her away from the rude scenes of a wild mining camp. Besides these literary achievements, the camp that winter developed some of the finest chess-players ever met with on the continent. I remember one of them, the venerable Mr. Schwatka, father of Lieutenant Schwatka, of Arctic exploration fame. The old gentleman was in charge of a large stock of goods, which he had found himself obliged to remain in camp to take care of that winter. He and I, being nearly of the same age, soon became acquaintances and fast friends and found that we had many tastes in common, that of devotion to the game of chess being one of them. Mr. Schwatka believed himself to be a past master in the art of playing the fascinating game. I soon saw that to beat him would be hazardous and unpleasant, so in nearly every game that we played he remained victor. One day he found me playing with Harris, the bookseller, and beating Harris right straight along, game after game. The old man watched us for a while and then began to laugh at Harris, "I thought you told me you knew how to play chess." "So I do. I can beat you," said Harris. The challenge was promptly taken up and the two commenced playing. In five moves Harris had the old man checkmated. Game after game followed with like result. "I can't understand this," said Schwatka. "I beat him," pointing to me. "He beats you every game, and now you beat me. I can't understand it." And he never did.

One evening there was quite a crowd of us assembled in a large cabin that had been left vacant. About five feet of solid snow was resting easily on the roof. The occasion was one of the weekly meetings of the Oro Fino Lyceum and Debating Club. The question for debate that evening was the right of a State to secede from the Union. In the midst of a warm tilt between Mr. Schwatka and Levi Ankeny, the present senior senator from the State of Washington, the rafters supporting the roof of the cabin began to crack. Everybody thought that the old cabin was a death trap, and that the roof with its superincumbent mass of snow would soon be upon them. Schwatka jumped for the door with Ankeny on his back and the two were the first to get into the street. It was easy to see then that Levi Ankeny, though at that time only a lad of nineteen summers, was destined sooner or later to ride into fame and power on the backs of a confiding and burden-loving people.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TRAGEDY IN THE SNOW.

A FAIR-SIZED volume would lack something of affording space for the numerous instances of adventure, of exposure, of danger from freezing on the trail and of death in the snowy wastes that occurred during that first winter that followed the discovery of the long-concealed hiding-places of yellow treasures in the Bitterroot and Salmon River mountains. The recital of a tithe of such cases would prove long, tedious, and uninteresting, but I cannot refrain from here giving one incident that happened during my stay at the Poujade Ranch.

A couple of Jews, whom we knew only by their names of Haas and Harrison, were engaged in mercantile pursuits in Oro Fino, had passed the earlier part of the winter in Portland and in February were on their way back to their places of business in the mining camps. On reaching Lewiston, they were confronted with the evidences of the dangers and difficulties that would attend their further progress over the eighty miles of snow that lay between them and their destination, but being anxious to get on, they engaged two Canadians as guides and assistants. The journey was undertaken on foot and without snowshoes, the party trusting to find the trail well beaten and fairly practicable. All went well till they reached the point on the South Clearwater where the road ascends the long, steep hill in the direction of Oro Fino. Here the snow began to deepen while the air grew colder with every step of the ascent. Toiling painfully up to the top of the hill some two thousand feet above the river, the high timbered mesa was reached, where the snow was deep and the trail obscured by a recent addition to the white mantle that covered all that mountain region. When nearing a vacant cabin, known as Texas Ranch, Harrison gave out and was unable to keep up with the rest of the party. They were still some ten miles from Poujade's ranch and it was growing dark. Harrison was poorly equipped for the journey, wearing only the ordinary winter clothing, with a pair of light boots and a single pair of socks next his feet. What passed between him and his fellow travelers can never be known, but the result was that Harrison was left at this point while the others hurried on with all the speed they could make, fearing the effects of the extreme cold if they attempted to make camp in the snow. Sometime after midnight, we were all awakened from our slumbers at the ranch by the loud voices of the three travelers and their poundings on the door of the cabin. We arose promptly and very soon a big fire was blazing in the huge fireplace, with the three now nearly frozen and starved pilgrims shivering and hovering near the fire. Mrs. Poujade was also up and at work in the kitchen and a good meal was soon prepared and made ready. After the meal was eaten and we were all gathered around the fire, came the account given by the three men of their journey from Lewiston. Then it came out that there was a fourth man of the party, who had given out on the road, and who had been left alone on the trail to shift for himself. It was now very late, the night was dark and extremely cold with ten miles of deep snow intervening between us and the spot where the lone and exposed traveler was. It was a serious and perplexing question what best to do. No one of the three men would think of going back on the trail that night and Poujade and I could not leave the ranch, even had it been practicable for us to make our way to the spot where the man had been left. Under the circumstances, there was nothing that we could do until daylight. Mr. Haas thought that Harrison would be able to take care of himself, as he was an experienced campaigner, had matches in his pocket and could build a fire, being in the timber where there was a plenty of dry wood. As soon as it was light enough for us to see to move and follow the trail, Poujade and I started out with our saddled animal, which we had great trouble to keep upon the narrow trail. We found Harrison floundering hopelessly and aimlessly in the deep snow and moving in the wrong direction. He had kept moving all night, crossing and recrossing the trail first in one direction and then in another and had made no progress from the spot where he had been left. Placing him on the horse, we managed to get back to the ranch about dark after the hardest day's work that either of us had ever done. On examination, we found the poor man in the most deplorable and pitiable condition. His legs were both completely frozen to the knees and all his clothes and his boots had to be cut away in strips and pulled away piecemeal. His comrades had left the ranch that morning for Oro Fino without offering to assist in the search and rescue of their companion. Our first thought was to get a physician and surgeon, as speedy amputation of both limbs afforded the only hope that the man's life could be saved. As soon as we could communicate with Oro Fino, word was sent to Haas of the condition of his friend, with the request that the only surgeon in the camp be sent to the ranch as soon as possible. Several days elapsed before this could be accomplished, and when the surgeon came mortification had already set in and the case was hopeless. Harrison lingered some ten days, during which his sufferings were very great, and when he died there was the task of finding a way to bury the remains. There was nothing at the ranch in the shape of lumber except an old wagon box, out of which we contrived to make a rude coffin. When the news reached Haas that Harrison was dead, he came out to the ranch with some other Jews to assist at the burial. In preparing the grave, we had to remove the snow from a good-sized area and then dig the grave most of the way through the frozen ground. In what has been here written concerning this sad accident, there was no intention of reflecting upon any one. The case was only one of many where the instinct of self-preservation proved too strong for the exercise of any nobler feeling. Harrison was evidently past all hope of recovery when we found him. His traveling companions knew that he was where he was certain to receive every care and attention and they felt that they had all they could do to take care of themselves. With the first week in March, the miners and traders who had passed the winter in Walla Walla and Portland and other points in the lower country commenced returning in crowds to their claims and places of business in the Oro Fino district. This first-discovered mining camp was far from being abandoned, though the population of the preceding year had greatly diminished. The greater part of this travel was by way of the South Clearwater trail and the Weippe plains with Poujade's ranch as one of the principal resting places. The Shoshone County members of the Washington Territorial Legislature who had been attending the session at Olympia that winter, made their appearance at the ranch one evening, Marion Moore being one of the members. Mr. Moore afterwards figured prominently among the first discoveries in the Boise Basin and also in Silver City, where he was killed during some mining troubles growing out of conflicting claims to quartz mining ground, a more detailed account of which will be given in its proper place in the course of this narrative. The nights were still very cold, one good effect of which was that the surface of the snow was frozen solidly to a sufficient depth to offer an ermine carpet over which it was a luxury to walk after so many months of precarious footing on the narrow trail with the certainty of being submerged in the deep snow from time to time. Over this crisp white carpet I walked the distance of fifteen miles one bright sunny morning to our cabin on Rhodes' Creek, where I found the boys, some of them still suffering from the affects of scurvy, while those who had escaped the winter scourge were busily employed in making preparations for the working season, which was now rapidly approaching.

The mining operations of the preceding year in the Oro Fino district had done but little more than determine the extent and value of the camp, owing to the drains that had been made upon the mining population by other discoveries. With the opening of the season, work was resumed with renewed vigor, being stimulated by the arrival in the camp of crowds of new miners and sprospectors. The year of 1862 did not pass without many interesting incidents and events of importance, but the mining excitement had spread over so large an area that the happenings in the older camp were almost completely ignored and have long since been forgotten. It seems strange to us now that a rich and extensive mining district, that has now been worked for more than forty years and that is still attracting the attention of miners and investors, should have been eclipsed and almost forgotten so early in its history.

As yet there had been nothing heard of the then future territory of Idaho. During the summer of 1862, Judge Oliphant came to Pierce City, the county seat of Shoshone County, and held a term of the District Court at that place. He was accompanied from the Puget Sound country by several gentlemen of the legal profession, Judge Flanders and Salucius Garfield (afterwards delegate in Congress from Washington Territory), being among the number. There was not a long list of cases on the calendar and the term of court was a brief one.

There was a solitary trial for murder, that of a miner named Jack Sullivan, for the murder of another miner, Billy McCue, in which trial Sullivan was acquitted. While the grand jury was in session making herculean efforts to find some "true bills," the time occasionally dragged heavily on their hands for lack of business. During one of these tedious lulls, one of the members of the jury made a little speech, setting forth the facts that the express companies were taking advantage of the necessities of the people by charging excessive prices for letters and newspapers, there being no United States Mail in the country at that time. He therefore moved that, in the absence of other business before them, they proceed to the establishment of a post-office and the appointment of a postmaster at Pierce City, and the establishment of a mail route to connect Pierce City with Walla Walla. While the motion was being discussed, the prosecuting attorney came into the room with some presentments and witnesses and the "motion before the house" was dropped for the time being and its discussion was never resumed, owing to the flurry and excitement attending the closing scenes of the session. Thus the good people of the county were left for another indefinite period of time to the rapacity of the express companies until the oppression passed the limits of human endurance and became so great that they were compelled to invoke the aid of the Federal Government before they could obtain the much needed relief. Sometime in September occurred the killing of a somewhat noted adventurer, known in the camp as Pat Ford, who conducted a Spanish dance-house in Oro Fino at the time. During the summer of that year, the road between Lewiston and Oro Fino had not been neglected by gangs of highwaymen, and cases of hold-ups and robberies were not infrequent. In some cases, the victims after being robbed were left tied to trees by the roadside to await the relief that might come when the next traveler chanced to pass that way. While Ford was on his way from Lewiston to Oro Fino, he chanced to fall in with one of these gangs, some of whom he knew personally. Ford was well-armed and mounted and happened to be accompanied by some of his chums and kindred spirits, and had little to fear from the road agents. A conversation ensued between the parties which soon developed into a quarrel. Pat told the gang that he was well up to their tricks on travelers, that he had them all spotted and that he would make it his business to see that they were closely watched in their operations. With this, Ford and his party passed on to their destination, but were followed leisurely by the "agents," who reached Oro Fino in force a little after dark of the same day. They did not go to Ford's place of business, but contented themselves with shooting up the town and driving people into their houses. Very soon all doors were closed and lights extinguished. Ford knew that the raid was meant for his exclusive benefit, and arming himself, went upon the street single-handed to meet his enemies. The gang had now formed a line across the street, had dismounted and taken position behind their horses, where they commenced firing. Ford, with a revolver in each hand, was replying to the fire as best he could. It was a battle in the dark, but the issue could not long remain doubtful. Ford fell riddled with bullets after he had succeeded in severely wounding one of the gang and killing several horses. The unequal combat over, the gang rode up and down the street a few times defying the inhabitants of the town to come out of their holes and take their share of the punishment. It was a most shameful exhibition of cowardice on the part of the people of the town, who could easily have made it impossible for the raiders to get out of town without suffering severely. In fact, a proper demonstration on their part at the right time would have changed the complexion of the affair entirely. There were not very many people in the town at the time, the miners being scattered and at home on their claims, where they heard nothing of the trouble until next morning, but those who were witnesses of the affair were sufficient in numbers to have made the raid a fruitless one for the highwaymen, but the town people, who were mostly traders and those of the more timid classes, easily persuaded themselves that they could hear as much of the noise as they wanted without venturing from under cover. The wounded member of the gang found safe refuge in a saloon kept by one Bostwick, where the sufferer was concealed for several weeks and tenderly nursed back to health and strength, when he rejoined his comrades in a joint raid on the Montana towns, where the gang all ultimately met their fate at the hands of the vigilantes.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE WINTER OF '61 AND '62 IN ORO FINO.

THE winter of 1861-62 was unusually severe in all the region east of the Cascade range of mountains. The snowfall was very great with intervals of very low temperature, the mercury often falling thirty degrees below zero which made traveling difficult and dangerous. Those who remained quietly at home in the mining districts suffered comparatively little from the rigors of the winter, though there were many severe cases of scurvy from lack of sufficient vegetable diet. At Poujade's ranch on the Weippe plains some packers had stored a cargo of potatoes late in the preceding autumn, when the snow on the trail was too deep for the animals to reach Oro Fino. These potatoes, that had been brought in gunny sacks, had been buried deep in the ground to prevent freezing. When the scurvy broke out in the camp, the tubers were packed on men's backs from fifteen to twenty miles and distributed among the sufferers from the cruel complaint. Uncooked potatoes sliced up and soaked in vinegar were far from affording a very appetizing dish, but it proved a sovereign remedy for scurvy. All through the months of December, January, and February the stream of travel went on between Oro Fino and Florence. Even the highwaymen, or road agents, as they were called, declined to suspend business and go into winter quarters. Miners, prospectors, and traders were all carrying more or less money and many of them were making the transit back and forth between the camps in companies of two or three persons and often a single lone traveler. The gross yield from these sources was not a very large item for the "agents," but they managed to make it pay expenses while waiting for the more lucrative trade that was sure to come with the opening up of regular travel that would follow as soon as the hard winter was over.

A good old native of the Emerald Isle, whom we called "Doc" Noble, was one cold, snowy afternoon making his way into Oro Fino from Florence, whither he had come all the way alone on snowshoes. He was pretty well loaded down with his blankets, camp equipage, and other belongings, and was nearly in sight of the town, when he found his way blocked by a couple of Knights of the Golden Brotherhood, who insisted that he should contribute something toward defraying their expenses to Lewiston. "Doc" had a little wad of Salmon River dust that he had gathered in Florence and was hurrying to get into town where he could rest from his long and toilsome journey. The "agents" were very polite and in high good humor, and after accepting the little sack that was rather reluctantly tendered, one of them, who knew their victim, said, "Doc, this Salmon River gold dust is worth only $12 per ounce in Portland or San Francisco. You know that that is all that you can get for it. We will do much better with you. We will take all that you have got of this almost worthless dust and allow you $16 per ounce for it. That is a dollar more per ounce than the best Oro Fino dust is worth in the market." This generous offer being perforce accepted, Doc began to plead for his watch. That, he said, was a present to him from his dear father, long since dead and buried in the old country; it was an heirloom, something that had been in the family for generations. At this speech, the gentlemen of the road seemed deeply affected and very much hurt. "Doc," said one of them, "I am very sorry that you have so poor an opinion of us. We thought you knew us better. Don't think for a moment, Doc, that we intend to rob you. Nothing could be further from our thoughts. The little dab of dust that you let us have, we accept gratefully because we appreciate your generous disposition, and because we are in great need of money—we need it to pay our honest debts—but a high sense of honor would prevent us from taking your watch at any price, if we had no better reason. A watch is something we have no earthly use for. We do not need a watch nor watches. Everybody is watching us."

About a dozen gamblers remained in Oro Fino that winter, with Dick Puckett as the recognized chief. They had amongst them, all told, at the beginning of the winter, about $1000. With this much of the needful they managed to play poker day and night through the winter, at least all the time they could keep awake. Nothing but extreme illness or its equivalent disability, too much hastily concocted whiskey, was accepted as an excuse for any one's absence from the seances. As soon as any one of a party went broke, he was immediately restaked by the one that happened at the time to have the best run of luck. I know very little about poker, but from what I have heard others say, it is a pure game of chance, with no admixture of the elements that go to make up the more objectionable forms of gambling. All the skill required is to know how to deal yourself a good hand and be able to guess what is held by others. Poker is not a bit like salting mining claims and then selling them to preachers and orphans. Our Oro Fino professionals had all the fun among themselves this time, as there were few, if any, of any other class who had the means and the inclination to share the sport with them. As spring approached, it became apparent that the joint resources of the fraternity were growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less, from the continued drafts made by hotels, restaurants, and other unavoidable expenditures, and that a change of base would soon become necessary. One bright February morning they all left in a body, taking up the line of march on snowshoes, and in single file, for the more promising field of Florence. I had the pleasure of witnessing the gay procession as it skimmed over the frozen surface of the snow-fields on its long Norwegian snow-shoes, with the irrepressible Puckett leading and cheering, as he had done on so many other occasions. Many of this company of Knights of the Pictured Pasteboards I had known personally since the spring of 1853, having frequently met them in the various mining camps of Oregon and California, and had found them always gay and cheerful under the most trying circumstances, and generous to the extreme of generosity. They had some faults that are easily remembered, though not so easily excused or condoned; but as I never risked a nickel on any of their games, and was never expected by them to do so, there was never any cause of unpleasantness on either side. As one of them told me once, "A gambler, sooner or later, whatever his luck may be, is sure at last to land his boat." I always felt more inclined to pity them than to blame them very severely. I sincerely regret now that I never found time to do much active missionary work among them, nor to compose and deliver within their hearing the sermons that could not have failed to reclaim many of them from the error of their ways. I have been privileged and blessed by hearing many eloquent sermons against the vice of gambling, but these very excellent discourses were always preached to audiences that never had, and never could have, any practical knowledge of the great danger against which they were warned. Gamblers, like wicked rum-sellers, mustangs, and other unclaimed tribes of the desert, need to be corralled before the longest and strongest rope of the most skilful thrower can reach their necks. Before a rabbit can be successfully skinned and cooked, it is a necessary condition precedent to catch the rabbit. I had some advantages over other preachers and reforming instrumentalities in this respect, namely, those of personal acquaintance and personal contact with the unfortunate classes mentioned, and can only plead, in extenuation of my failure to reform and save them, the lack of time and of adequate salary for the successful prosecution of the much-needed missionary work.

Early in February I accepted an invitation to visit and pass a few weeks with my old friends, the Poujades, who had the preceding summer established a horse-ranch and travelers' rest on the Weippe plains, fifteen miles from Oro Fino in the direction of the Lolo Creek and South Clearwater. The immediate cause of my going was the fact that one of my old mining chums had been stranded and crippled by an attack of rheumatism at the Nez Perce Indian settlement at Kamiah, while on his way with some fellow prospectors to the new gold fields at Florence. We left Oro Fino one morning on foot, with burdens of some sixty pounds' weight of blankets and provisions. The weather was fairly mild, and the snow, which was about five feet deep on the level, was quite soft, making travel without snow-shoes quite difficult. The continual travel during the winter had kept the snow pretty well packed down in a narrow footpath, but a recent fall of a foot of new snow made our progress slow and painful. The road, for the first seven miles, lay through a dense forest of pine and fir-trees, through which a very imperfect wagon-road had been opened for the use of teams while the country was open and free from snow. After getting through the forest, we encountered some small open glades, with intersecting belts of timber. We had hoped to reach Poujade's long before night, but our progress had been so slow that darkness overtook us when we had made about half the distance, when we went into camp and built a rousing fire for the double purpose of keeping off the cold and affording an unwelcome spectacle to the wolves that made the whole night hideous with their frightful howlings. We resumed our trip early next morning, quite stiff and sore from the fatigue of the preceding day. From this point the condition of the trail improved a little. We reached the ranch about noon, where we were heartily welcomed and enjoyed a good rest and good fare till the following morning. Kamiah was still a long way off—away across the South Clearwater. My advanced age and somewhat demoralized physical forces furnished me with an excuse, that was readily accepted, for not trying to go any farther. My companion took what he could carry of our two burdens, and went on, completing the journey in two more days.

I was quite at home with the Poujades, having known them in the Willamette Valley since 1847. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Poujade and their little son, a lad of some ten years. The ranch was far from being a lonely place, as every day brought its quota of snow-trampers, journeying to and from Oro Fino. The expressman came every week with horses as far as the ranch, where he was obliged to leave his animals and make the rest of the trip in on snowshoes.

As the winter wore on towards its end, the lack of provisions in the high, isolated mountain camp of Florence made itself more and more felt. Everything eatable had long since reached fabulous prices, and the time was not far off when nothing in the shape of food could be obtained for love or money. Already there was much privation and suffering for lack of food. Even the most fortunate were on short rations. By this time, the snow in the narrow trails that had been well tramped by foot travelers was thought to be firm enough to furnish a footing for small horses with light packs over the trails where men had been carrying heavy loads on their backs all winter. The ranch was chosen as the starting point for this experiment of packing across the wild expanse of country still covered with deep snow. It was deemed impracticable to pack over the fifteen miles that intervened between the ranch and the base of supplies at Oro Fino, owing to the greater depth of snow and the worse condition of the trail. To convey the goods over this distance, men were employed at 30 cents per pound to pack them on their backs. Strong men would make the trip in a day, carrying all the way from 60 to 100 pounds. One of the greatest needs felt at Florence at this time was that of a well-appointed and well-supplied first-class saloon. To meet this crying want, several kegs of alcohol were carried over the snowy trail, accompanied by the enterprising proprietor of the contemplated liquor emporium, traveling on snowshoes and carrying in a satchel the little vials of chemicals that would convert this alcohol into the mildly-exhilarating fluids of various names and colors and flavors to suit the whims and tastes of his future customers. Everything needed to start an attractive place of resort in the mines was thus carried except the water, which, it was hoped, could be obtained by melting the snow of the Florence Mountains. This is no invention of mine, in any sense, but the sober, literal truth.

With my own eyes I have seen a very superior quality of both Bourbon and Cognac manufactured in five minutes from alcohol, water, and burnt sugar, with a slight admixture of other ingredients, the compound equaling, in its most desired effects, the best imported beverages of the most ancient vintage. But the most laudable enterprises are attended with risks, and often with losses. One evening two men, bending and perspiring under their heavy packs, reached the ranch and reported that on approaching Grasshopper Jim's old cabin, they came upon two little white mounds, which, upon examination, proved to be the winding-sheets of two unfortunates who had died on the trail the day before from the effect of drinking the raw alcohol from the kegs which they were carrying. The kegs, when found, had been opened and were quite empty. What the poor biped beasts of burden had not consumed had been spilled in the snow. This much alcohol was a total loss, besides the inconvenience and labor which some one had of carrying the bodies out of sight by the roadside. One of the causes of much misfortune and suffering was from becoming snow-blind while traveling across the country, even under the mild glare of the winter sunshine. If one of the party chanced to escape the affliction, he would be chosen as the leader, carrying the blade of a long-handled miners' shovel under his arm, while the one immediately following him held the end of the handle in his hand and the blade of another shovel under his arm, for the guidance of the one coming after him. In this way, a dozen or more snow-blinded men would often be seen marching in single file, all loaded down with their blankets and provisions. Sometimes night would overtake the party on the road before they could reach the ranch, and then the leader would miss his footing on the narrow beaten trail, and all would go floundering into the deep snow, the trail would be lost in the darkness, and a halt would have to be called till daylight. If the night happened to be unusually cold, they would have quite a task to keep from freezing. As a preventive from the effects of the snow and sunshine, men would blacken their faces with a compound of pulverized charcoal and bacon grease. This remedy did not always, however, prove a specific. I remember one evening seeing a long line of men with blackened faces approaching the ranch, all following the lead of one by the aid of the intervening shovels. With the exception of the leader, they were the most miserable and helpless lot of beings I ever saw. They had to be led around and taken care of in every way like so many helpless infants. In addition to being blind, they all suffered from severe pains in the eyes, which made the house for the time being a veritable hospital. Mrs. Poujade devised a remedy in poultices of tea leaves from the steeping of the tea, to be bound with light bandages over the eyes. When the tea-leaves gave out, we used cloths saturated with tea, which proved an excellent substitute. The remedy proved to be all that could be desired, and in a day or two the patients were all restored to their normal condition and ready for another battle with the snow.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IDAHO TERRITORY IS FORMED.

THE summer of 1863 was prolific in the discovery of new mining districts, both in Idaho and Montana. The inrush of new miners continued to increase, and the excitement showed no signs of abatement; rather it showed increased intensity with each new discovery. Districts like the Boise Basin and Silver City were rapidly filling up with an adventurous population, while the air was filled with accounts of thrilling events that were happening wherever the miners and other adventurous classes were carrying on the war of subduing the wilderness and compelling the mountains to yield up their treasures. All the mining towns were growing apace, especially places like Lewiston, in the Nez Perces country and Idaho City, in the great "Basin," whose fame had already spread all over the Pacific coast and far beyond. In the older camps, like Oro Fino and Elk City, where the population had been shorn of its former proportions, those who were known as the unambitious "stay-at-homes" remained with the first magnet that had drawn them into the mountain wilderness, and did their level best to make the most of what had been spurned and left by the seekers of the newer fields and more exciting scenes of adventure. As yet, there was but little heard of local politics. Away off toward the "effete East," in the grand old Southland, and in the States bordering on the "Father of Waters," the Civil War was raging, the rumblings of whose thunder would reach our ears through the slow-moving modes of communication of those days; and its mutterings, though faint and distant, would sometimes fan into a seemingly dangerous flame the spirit of partisanship or of patriotism—whichever you choose to call it—a spirit from which no genuine American could soon claim exception. But fierce as these discussions would sometimes be, very few new graves had their origin and cause in any of these argumentative encounters. On the same claim, and in the same cabin, were often heard the inspiring strains of "Dixie," and the soul-warming melody of "Rally Round the Flag."

There was, however, a very promising crop of territorial political aspirants growing, which gave a comforting assurance that no office within the gift of a free and enlightened people would be allowed to go begging, or fail to find a self-sacrificing occupant when the time should come that the victim would be needed. I know, as well as anybody can tell me, that in a complete and reliable history of Idaho there should be some threads of history interwoven into the web of every narrative that purports to give an account of the happenings of those early times; but how on earth can one write history until those who were mainly instrumental in making the history had commenced to do the things that must always be found in the makeup of that strange compound that we call history? For my part, I could never feel that the history of Idaho had really commenced until after I had been elected to the second session of the Idaho Territorial Legislature, which important event, and one far-reaching in its effects, did not occur until the autumn of 1864. But I am anticipating. I forgot that I was writing of the events of 1863. Though the Act of Congress creating the new Territory of Idaho became a law during the first days of March, 1863, and was immediately followed by the appointment of J. H. Wallace as Idaho's first governor, yet it was not till late in the following summer that the governor issued his proclamation, making an official announcement of these facts to the people and providing for an election of the various officers necessary to start the machinery of the new territorial government into operation. In this proclamation, the thirty-first of October, 1863, was named as the day of election, to be held at the points designated. In the meantime, the people, having learned that they were citizens of a new territory, took it upon themselves to anticipate the slow action of the governor by holding an election some time during the month of July, the results of which election, of course, went for nothing, as the whole proceeding lacked the sanction of the law providing for elections. With the governor's proclamation before them, the politicians and aspirants of the two parties began to prepare for the approaching battle. Governor Wallace, who had not yet seen Idaho, had already become tired of being governor and made up his mind to try his fortune at the approaching October election for the office of Territorial Delegate to Congress. The first Republican territorial convention held in the territory convened in the town of Mt. Idaho, which at that time was a point in Nez Perces County. At this convention Wallace received the nomination for Delegate to Congress, came to Idaho and entered upon the arduous work of canvassing the field. The Democratic territorial convention of that year was held in Idaho City, in the County of Boise, resulting in the nomination of John M. Cannady for the office of Delegate to Congress. Besides this official, there were members of the first session of the Legislature to be chosen for the four organized counties of the territory, as well as for districts outside of what is now Idaho, embracing the whole of Montana and a portion of Wyoming, extending eastward as far as Fort Laramie. Over this immense area the voters were scattered, with polling places so located as to meet, as far as possible, the necessities and convenience of the people. Communication between localities so far separated was very slow and tedious, and several weeks elapsed after the election before anything definite would be learned of results, and a longer period before official returns could be received and verified at Lewiston. When the votes were all counted, the whole number was found to be 7957, of which Wallace received 4404, and Cannady 3553. The result showed a much smaller difference in the relative strength of the two parties than had been calculated on, with the difference favoring the side that had anticipated defeat. The cause of this mistaken estimate of the relative strength of the opposing forces was owing in great measure to the fact that, of the two parties, the Republicans had been, from the first occupation of the mountain wilderness, far less noisy and demonstrative than their opponents.

From all appearances, and from all outward indications, Mr. Cannady was fully justified in expecting the result of the contest would be in his favor, and the surprise and disappointment of himself and his friends caused some adverse comment on the manner in which the election had been managed and the returns manipulated. Whether the feeling was well founded or not, the writer will not offer an opinion; but when all the circumstances attending the holding of that first election are considered, it would be surprising indeed if there were not some gross irregularities committed on one side or the other, if not some on both sides. It was my privilege in after-years to know John M. Cannady intimately, and I can truthfully say that I never met a man anywhere in whom my ideal of the true gentleman and good citizen was more completely realized. With all the differences that separated us in political opinion, I shall always regret that John M. Cannady was not elected as Idaho's first Delegate to Congress.

The first session of the Idaho Territorial Legislature convened in Lewiston, December 7, 1863, and was composed of twenty members, seven members in the Legislative Council and thirteen in the Legislative Assembly, or House of Representatives. This was a small body of men to have imposed upon them the task of representing so vast an extent of territory, with so many diversified wants and interests; but the result showed them to be fully equal to the pressing emergencies of the time. One of the greatest needs of the time was that of roads, for the construction and keeping in repair of which there could be no adequate provision by taxation or governmental supervision. This condition gave rise to the necessity of granting of franchises by the Legislature to individuals for constructing and maintaining toll-roads, bridges, and ferries, without which communication between different sections and localities would have been difficult and dangerous, and in many cases almost impossible. The necessity for this kind of legislation continued during subsequent sessions of the Legislature until the country was fairly well provided with safe and practicable means of intercommunication. Another task which devolved upon this first session of the Legislature was that of providing a code of laws for the new territory. This important work was so well done that its good effects are felt and recognized to this day, forming, as it did, the basis for after-legislation on the same subjects. The Organic act allowed only forty days as the legal limits of the session, with a per diem of $4.00 and a few cents per mile for traveling expenses. This remuneration was so entirely inadequate that no one could afford himself the luxury of occupying a seat in the Legislature without personal sacrifices that few could feel willing to assume. Under these circumstances, the members of the Legislature felt fully justified in passing an act supplementing the amount paid by the General Government, this added remuneration to be paid out of the Territorial treasury. This act for increased compensation included in its provisions all the officers of the territorial government, whether elected by the people or holding office by Federal appointment. The entire salary per diem thus paid the members of the Legislature was $10.00, with the added pittance for mileage; and even this amount was only nominal, as there were no funds on hand to pay any of it, and all that the members received was scrip representing the amount due them. The act of the Legislature providing this increased pay never encountered a murmur from the people of the territory, who were satisfied of its justice and necessity, but the Congress of the United States soon found a pretext for taking from the people of the territory the power of appropriating their own money to meet their own necessities. When all the expenses incident and inevitable to mere living in those days are considered, it can be safely said that no body of men ever did, within the brief period of forty days, so much good work for so little money as did the members of that first session of the Idaho Territorial Legislature. I was not a member of that session, though I have often wished that I had been, so that I might, with some show of justice, claim a share in the honor that is due to the memory of those twenty individuals.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHINAMAN CONDEMNED TO HANG, THEN REPRIEVED.

DURING the summer and autumn of 1863, mining operations in the Oro Fino district underwent some changes of method that I wish here to note. Up to this time, placer mining had been confined mainly to the nearly level creek bottoms, results being obtained by the slow processes at first developed by shoveling the gravel into strings of boxes called "sluices" and of throwing the washed gravel into heaps after it had passed through the sluices. These mounds of washed gravel can be seen yet, after a lapse of more than forty years, in all the old placer mines of the mining districts of Idaho and Montana, where they remain as evidences of the toil of the early delver after the long-hidden gold dust. In many instances, trees of considerable size are found growing on these old mounds, registering with accuracy by the concentric rings shown in their trunks the number of years that have elapsed since the mounds first took form under the shovel strokes given by the strong arm of the old placer-miner. At first it was thought that the paying deposits of auriferous gravel were confined to the creek bottom proper, and the ground was not claimed or worked farther than the point where the bed-rock began to rise with the formation of the adjacent hills. With the discovery that the steep ravines and gulches that debouched into the creek bottoms contained placer deposits of gold that could be made to pay, the process known as "ground sluicing" was adopted. This process consisted in turning a strong stream of water into the gulch a short distance above the point where the sluice-boxes were placed, and directing the water against the bank in such a way that the gravel in the bank would be torn down and washed into the sluices, thus saving the labor of shoveling. The washed gravel, after passing through the sluices, fell on to a steep piece of ground below, called the "dump," where a mound was formed without the aid of the men who shoveled tailings in the flat claims on the creek bottoms. Thus the work of another hand was saved, making the whole process comparatively inexpensive. In working the gulches, it was soon found that the flanks of the hills were covered with a somewhat lighter coat of paying gravel, which could be still more easily and rapidly washed, though the process was attended with the labor and danger incident to disposing of the huge forest trees encountered on the hill-sides. These gulch and hill-side placers greatly increased the area of mining ground as it was first known to the discoverers and first occupants of the district.

I know as well as it is possible for anybody to know that these details don't interest the descendants of those old placer miners,—not a little bit. They are perfectly satisfied with knowing that the gold was, somehow, dug out, and that the results and effects of all this toil have reached them in some channel and in some form or other. They are willing to read something of the heroic achievements and hairbreadth escapes of their own ancestors, interspersed with some thrilling accounts of stage hold-ups, robberies, and murders, with an occasional love-story and elopement thrown in by way of variety. I am sorry that I cannot always meet the requirements of this very rational taste, as my life and experience in the mines were of a very commonplace description, — peaceful, humdrum and laborious in the extreme. Of love and murder there was but little known to us during those days and months and years of severe toil; and as for elopements, the amusement was something entirely unknown, for the reason that there was nobody in the camp to elope with who would have made such adventures worth the trouble and loss of time.

The County of Shoshone was represented in the first session of the Idaho Legislature by Stanford Capps in the higher branch, or Legislative Council, as it was called, and by James A. Orr in the House of Representatives. As Idaho at that time included the region now covered by the State of Montana, it happened in our case that our member of the Legislative Council represented the two counties of Shoshone and Missoula; and as the Organic Act, as it then stood, gave us annual sessions of the Legislature, our Councilman, being elected for a term of two years, was a sitting member of both the first and second sessions of the territorial law-making body.

During the winter of 1863-4, while the Legislature was in session, communication between our camp and Lewiston was kept up with as much regularity as the frequent snow-storms and severe cold weather would permit. For the transmission of letters, newspapers, and other light packages, we had to rely on our brave and faithful expressman, I. B. Cowen, who made the trips of eighty miles each way with an average of about ten days to each trip, performing the task on foot and carrying a load of between sixty and seventy-four pounds of express matter on his back, in addition to his blankets and provisions. What made the task more difficult, was the fact that the expressman was club-footed, his crippled foot making a track at right angles with the other. To endure the hardship and perform this task under the circumstances seems now incredible, but Mr. Cowen is still living in the Coeur d'Alene country, after many years of efficient and faithful services to the people of his county in the various capacities of justice of the peace, county commissioner, sheriff of the county, and representative in the Legislature, always and everywhere doing his whole duty with marked ability and strict fidelity. Cowen must be a very old man now—a centenarian, perhaps. I can remember him now, as he appeared to me in the early sixties, when he was in the full bloom of vigorous manhood, while I, a callow youth of forty-five, was just beginning to put on the airs and indulge the aspirations of the ambitious young prospector and miner. Mr. Cowen is now chairman of the Board of County Commissioners of Shoshone County. It was very trying to our patience that winter to have to endure such long intervals between the arrivals of the express bringing the news from Lewiston to Pierce City, while our first

Legislature was in session, with the fate of empire hanging upon the results of its labors. The trial of the murderers of Lloyd McGruder was going on at the same time in Lewiston, and these sources of excitement, with the news that was always eagerly looked for from the scenes of the Civil War in the East, made our long periods of waiting almost unbearable. Sometimes, after a recent heavy fall of snow, we would muster every available white man in camp, and, clad in long gum-boots, we would start out in the early morning and break the trail through the heavy masses of newly-fallen snow some ten miles out, where we knew the trail was quite impassable for the expressman, who was overdue. We hardly ever failed to meet Cowen near nightfall, battling away bravely with the difficulties of the road, and staggering along under the heavy load he was carrying. Then the return trip to town would be comparatively easy, as the trail was well broken, and the expressman's load could be carried in turn by each one of the party.

There were not many white men then wintering in the camp, as nearly every one who could so arrange his affairs had gone below to Lewiston and other points to pass the winter. The few white men remaining in camp were overwhelmingly outnumbered by the Chinese, who had been coming into the country steadily and buying up and reworking the claims that had been worked and considered worthless by the white miners.

Finding themselves so greatly in the majority, the Chinamen soon gave evidence of a desire to run things according to their own ideas. Among the first intimations that we had of the disposition on the part of the celestial inhabitants was, that on the slightest provocation or fancied offence they would gather in groups behind their cabins and begin to practice at a mark with their revolvers. Others would bring out their long knives, take possession of any grindstones that happened to be near, and begin to sharpen up and polish those long, ugly, dagger-like blades. But little attention was paid to these demonstrations, as they were, too evidently, only very stupid and cowardly efforts at intimidation. It could be noticed, however, that the Chinamen generally were becoming more and more surly and insolent. At last one of them, a little bolder than the rest, prepared a stick of stove-wood by boring a hole into it and filling the hole with powder, and then managed to get the piece of wood into a room where some of the white miners were assembled.

This was before the days of dynamite, and the expedient afforded the only means of trying to blow up our Miners' House of Parliament. In due time, the explosion took place, resulting in the wrecking of the stove, the wounding of some of the miners, and spoiling the furniture. This was bringing things somewhat near a climax and seemed to call for something to be doing on the part of the white men.

An improvised court of justice was soon in session, the guilty Chinaman, whose identity was sufficiently well known to everybody, was arrested, brought into court, and placed on trial. During the trial, volley after volley of revolvers could be heard, while the long knives flashed in the winter sunlight, as their owners marched back and forth in front of the temple of justice. In the court-room, a burly miner was waving a long rope around in the air while waiting for the verdict, which all felt would be nothing less than that of immediate hanging.

When the verdict was announced in court, and the sentence given by the judge on the bench that the prisoner be taken immediately to a fir-tree that grew in the upper end of the single street of the little town, and there hanged by the neck until he was dead, our big miner came promptly forward with the rope and insisted upon being chosen as the executioner. It was at this moment that several of us began to plead for the life of the prisoner and begged that the sentence be commuted to that of administering one hundred lashes on the bare back, and that the prisoner be required to leave the camp at once, with the command never to return, under pain of instant death, to be inflicted by the first man who might find him. Still another change came over the minds of the crowd of white men when it was considered that one hundred lashes, to be given as prescribed by the court, would prove as fatal as hanging. Another modification of the sentence was soon reached, which reduced the number of lashes to twenty-five, to be administered by the strongest man of the crowd with a big scourge which he had hastily prepared for the purpose. It was next suggested that the responsibility of inflicting the punishment ought not to be left resting upon one single individual, but that it should be divided between several, according to the selection and discretion of the court. At last the decision was reached that the prisoner should receive twenty-five lashes, said lashes to be divided equally between eight citizens, the odd lash going to the benefit of the prisoner.

From this final decision there was no effort made at appeal or modification. The prisoner was then led outside on the street, stripped, and tied to a post, and the punishment duly inflicted. He was then free to leave the camp at once, at his own individual risk of getting over the eighty miles that intervened between him and Lewiston as best he could. This episode ended all warlike demonstrations or apparent desire for hostilities on the part of the Chinese population of the camp. Diplomatic relations were promptly restored, and everything moved along as if nothing unpleasant had occurred.

This little affair would scarcely be worth remembering, and certainly not worth relating, and might well have been left among the many things that are deservedly forgotten as one of the many little frying-pan rows incident to the life of mixed races in a mining camp, had it not been for the effect it had upon the minds of white people living at a distance from the scene where it had happened. The news had spread throughout the lower country that the white miners at Pierce City had brutally attempted to murder an unoffending Chinaman, who had barely escaped with his life, and then had been driven into the snowy wilderness in the depth of winter.

When the boys returned to their claims and places of business in the spring, they could hardly look at those of us who had been actors in the rumored outrage. For a time it looked as if old friendships were broken up and business relations sundered. There were several of us who knew that we had been instrumental in saving the life of the Chinaman and in saving the camp from a big disgrace, but it required a long time and a good deal of hard work to make our returned comrades see the matter in its proper light. What we had done in the cause of humanity we had done at much personal risk, as all will readily understand who have ever been called upon to stand in the breach and attempt to thwart the wishes of an enraged mob.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE NEZ PERCES INDIAN.

Another phase of life in the Nez Perces country during those early years of placer-mining was the presence of the Indians in the country, their manners and customs, and the relations existing between them and the white intruders. The assigned eastern limits of the Nez Perces Indian Reservation, as it then existed, was along a line a few miles east of the south branch of the Clearwater River. Westward of that line, and extending nearly to the town of Lewiston, and southward from the main Clearwater to Salmon River and beyond, was the country claimed and occupied by the Nez Perces Indians under the provisions of the latest treaty between them and the United States Government. Under our theory of Indians and Indian reservations, the reservation is supposed to be the home of the Indian, where he enjoys certain specified rights under the supervision and protection of the Federal Government, and from which the whites, with the exception of Indian agents and other employees of the Government, are supposed to be rigidly excluded. The Indians, on their part, according to this theory, are supposed to confine their operations of every kind and their wanderings within the limits of the reservation, which they are not allowed to leave except under specified regulations and restrictions. So much for a mere theory and its rules and regulations, to which, it must be said, the Indians had never given their assent or their consent, in any manner or form, or to the degree and extent that would have been recognized as of binding obligation by nations, bodies or parties of white men acting independently or freely in the matter of acquiring or ceding rights to territory or otherwise. Owing, however, to the distinction which the white moralist makes between the nature of Indians and white people, and between the rights of Indians and those of their pale-faced brothers, there has been scant attention or respect paid to theories anywhere when it came to the practical business of dealing with Indians and regulating their intercourse with their white neighbors. Facts and conditions are supposed to justify the rubbing out of theories, as in the case of the Nez Perces Indians and the white people occupying their country, they practically rubbed out the boundary lines of the reservation. In noting some of those facts, it will be found that all the travel to and from and between the several mining camps was across the Indian reservation; that white people claimed the right of making their homes on the reservation; that the Indians never thought of confining their wanderings within the prescribed limits, the Indians finding the best market for the products of their little farms in the mines among the miners, and their home-town and base of supplies at Lewiston, just as the white people did. Then the daily intercourse between the two races suffered little distinction or interruption worth noting.

THE NEZ PERCES INDIAN.

From time immemorial, these Indians had made their summer resorts in the Weippe plains, where they had dug and roasted the wild camas-root, had hunted the red deer and other game, and raced their beautiful spotted ponies; had loved, and wed, and formed their domestic alliances, untrammeled by other will than their own. It was here that Lewis and Clarke found them in their pristine innocence and simplicity, when the "Old Oregon" first unveiled her beauties to the gaze of the white explorers.

It will be remembered that when these first white explorers of the Oregon interior made their appearance among the Nez Perces, the condition of the white man was such as to make them need the great kindness and hospitality which they received at the hands of the Indians, who could, had they been so disposed, have made the further progress of the great expedition impossible. Here, with the friendly and hospitable Nez Perces, Lewis and Clarke and their party found their every want supplied, and the opportunity for the rest and recuperation of which they stood in great and absolute need. But for the grand traits of native character which always distinguished these Indians from those of almost any other tribe of red men, the Lewis and Clarke expedition would have here found its grave, and the secret of its end would have remained hidden for a long time among the many mysterious things that were always happening in the heart of the great wilderness. But the Nez Perces were good and helpful, and the chiefs of the tribe were as devoted to the white man's cause as if they had been holding big-paying commissions under President Jefferson. Decades passed, during which these Indians maintained their first friendship and fidelity to the people of the white race. Then came the American missionaries under Spaulding, from whom we only hear words of praise for the hospitality with which the missionaries were received and for the constant friendliness and docility of the Nez Perces. Other decades elapse, and we find these same Indians assisting the white miners in passing through the Indian country on their way to the gold-fields in the neighboring mountains. In the meantime, the Government was keeping up an expensive show of protecting the Indians and whites alike, by the establishment of a military post at Lapwai, with an Indian agency and a school for the instruction of the Indians in the arts and sciences, and in the duties of Christian civilization, in order that they might be able to live in peace and harmony with their newly-acquired white neighbors.

From the time of the first occupation of the mountain mining districts by the white gold-diggers, down through several decades to the breaking-out of the Nez Perces Indian War in 1877, each recurring summer found the Indians assembled in large numbers in their hunting, grazing, and root-digging resort on the Weippe plains, within a few miles of the mining towns of Oro Fino and Pierce City, and along the principal traveled routes leading in the direction of Lewiston and the other settlements at Elk City, Florence, etc.

But now, the Indians are no longer left alone and to their own devices and resources for occupation and amusement. A vile and dangerous element has been added to their numbers. A class of degraded and lawless white men have here found an opportunity of turning the Indians to account by supplying them with intoxicating liquors and by teaching them the white man's methods of horse-racing and other forms of gambling, with the result that, at the close of each season's festivities, the Indians found that they had been abused and injured in many ways by the presence of these white men, who were a disgrace to their country and to their race. In their gambling encounters with these degenerate representatives of civilization, the Indians had lost money, horses, blankets, and everything tangible that could be won and carried off; and in addition to having been degraded and injured by the abuse of liquor, they had the deep humiliation of knowing that their wives and female relatives had been debauched, and in many instances carried off before their eyes. It was no unusual sight to meet on the roads and in the mountains bands of these abused and infuriated Indians, crazed with liquor and redolent with grease and vermilion, howling vengeance against the white men, in their inability to distinguish the good from the bad, and friends from enemies. And the class of white men who caused all this trouble and danger, who were they? They were neither miners nor prospectors, nor were they ever found engaged in any useful, lawful, or respectable occupation. They formed a class apart, and were found in every locality where Indians were known to be assembled. Were this degraded class of white men to be alone considered, in this matter, it could perhaps be permitted to leave them unmentioned and to the obscurity and oblivion that has come to their relief; but the responsibility for their presence in the Indian country and for the success that attended their vile conduct and traffic, rested somewhere, and that somewhere was where the power and the authority was lodged that could have prevented all these evils. The simple truth is, that all the "non-intercourse laws," more especially the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors to Indians under severe penalties, were everywhere, where there could be access to Indians, persistently and almost undisguisedly, violated, with very few prosecutions that amounted to anything serious to the offenders. With these conditions existing, no gift of prophecy was required to predict what inevitably followed.

But I have neither the time nor the inclination to pursue this theme further. It is so much easier to accept the general conclusion and verdict that the Indian was always a being very sadly out of luck; that he never had any real friends, and that he never had any rights that superior beings were bound to recognize or respect.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MY FIRST VENTURE IN POLITICS.

It was some time after the District Court had adjourned and the judge and all the visiting lawyers had left the camp, that I heard some rumors of what had occurred in conversation between them while they were in Pierce City. It was said that they talked about the division of Washington Territory and the organization of a new territory. That such a step must soon be taken had been becoming more and more apparent since the first in-rush of miners that had begun the preceding year. It was also said that this little coterie of legal gentlemen discussed, among other branches of the subject, the name that should be given to the territory to be created, and that among the names suggested was that of Idaho. The question of the new subdivision was also being discussed in the Puget Sound country, where it met with some opposition, but the measure was generally favored as something that had to come soon, from the rapid increase of population over a region so vast and so far removed from the settlements on the Sound, where the town of Olympia, the seat of the Washington Territorial Government, had been established. The measure was favored by W. H. Wallace, then delegate in Congress from Washington Territory, and several others of equal prominence, who were conversant with all the facts and circumstances. Thus the subject was kept prominently before the public mind until Congress met, in December, when a bill was introduced for the creation and organization of a new territory in the West, the area composing it to be taken from the Territory of Washington. On the third of March following, the bill became a law, and the world was presented with a new political subdivision, henceforth to be known as Idaho. As to the question of who the parties were that were instrumental in bestowing the name upon the prospective commonwealth, I have heard a good many conflicting answers and accounts, but they all lacked something, as I thought, of being easily verified.

The winter of 1862-3 passed, with little more than the usual incidents that attend a winter in a mining camp, and with the opening of spring I changed my field of mining operations from Rhode's Creek to More's Creek, one of the numerous small tributaries of a larger creek, called Canal Gulch, which, in its turn, is a tributary of Oro Fino Creek, the largest stream in the district. The point at which we had our claims was about a mile from Pierce City, with a high, steep hill intervening. A vacancy occurring on the Board of County Commissioners at this time, I was appointed to fill the vacancy, this being the first important and lucrative public position that I had held since leaving Old Virginia. I was duly impressed with the dignity and responsibility of this position, and entered upon the discharge of my official duties with the determination to save the great County of Shoshone from any financial mishap, or perish in the attempt. The senior member of the Board was D. M. Fraser, who, of course, presided at all the meetings, and whose long experience in the management of county matters enabled him to be the guiding star in all our deliberations. The auditor and recorder, John B. Lauck, a native of the city of Philadelphia, was a man nearing seventy years of age, had had a large experience in public business of many kinds, and was eminently qualified for the duties of his office. He was ex-officio Clerk of the Board of County Comissioners and, of course, always present at its sessions. Not always content with the simple discharge of his own duties as clerk, he often took a leading part in the discussions of the Board and insisted upon having his vote recorded on all questions. When some one of the three members of the Board held a dissenting opinion, "Squire" Lauck, as we called him, would sometimes vote with the dissenting member. This caused a tie vote, which was, to say the least, somewhat embarrassing. On such occasions, the president of the Board would beg the clerk to confine himself to his own special duties, reminding him that he was not a member of the Board, but simply its clerk. This would cause quite a fierce little family jar for a moment, but soon all would quiet down, and the good old "Squire" would go on voting as usual. Our president, D. M. Fraser, was a very prudent, careful and painstaking man in all business matters and relaxed nothing in his watchfulness and care of the business of the county. He was particularly careful in scrutinizing the claims that would be presented against the county. Once, I remember, the sheriff of the county presented a bill for the keeping and maintenance of a prisoner. "Where is the prisoner being kept?" asked Fraser. "He has escaped," said the sheriff. "When did he escape?" was the next question. And then it came out that the prisoner had escaped a short time after his arrest and incarceration, and that he had been at large, taking good care of himself, for very nearly the whole time, several months, that was covered by the bill for his maintenance. The account was promptly rejected by a unanimous vote, "Squire" Lauck voting with the rest and giving the transaction his cordial approval. Some of the more envious of the outsiders, who had never held an office of any kind, either by election or appointment, said that the Board of County Commissioners was composed of one hundred members, Fraser representing the figure 1, the others being the two ciphers. But I am sure that the other two members never failed to be present and answer the roll-call, and vote on all measures that came before the Board, especially on the one that ordered the appropriations for their own salaries. This was not the first time that I had been mixed up in the business of holding office. I made two very narrow escapes from being a justice of the peace while living in the Willamette Valley. It pains me to refer to this now, but the occasion seems imperatively to demand it. I received the appointment of justice of the peace in one of the precincts of the French Prairie, near Salem, while wheat was a legal tender for all debts, public and private; there being no other kind of money except counterfeit half-dollars then in circulation. Not having any safe place of deposit for the wheat that would have come into my hands in the shape of fees and collections, I was obliged to decline an office that might have proved a stepping-stone to something higher. Some years afterwards, when wheat had lost its debt-paying power and had been superseded as a currency by California gold, I was fairly and duly elected justice of the peace for a precinct lying west of the Willamette River, in a region of country called Canada, for the reason, I suppose, that there was not a single Canadian who had his home on that side of the river. I was, at this time, engaged in teaching a little backwoods district school in the depths of that "Canadian" forest, where I was visited one day by a committee of gentlemen, who earnestly begged of me to accept the nomination for justice of the peace for the precinct, the legal cognomen of which was also "Canada." "The woman who hesitates is lost," says the wise man. I knew that the same applies with equal force to the ambitious man when his opportunity comes, so I did not hesitate a moment, but promptly accepted the apology in the spirit in which it was tendered, and agreed to enter at once upon the labors of the campaign. The fiercest work in the business of electioneering was postponed until the day of election, when we all met at the polling place, which was at a romantic point on the banks of the beautiful Multonomah, otherwise more generally known as the Willamette, two names equally admired and cherished in the memory of the pioneer. The election was held in one of the rooms of the residence of the venerable J. C. Geer, Sr., the father, grandfather and great-grandfather of all the Geers who ever bathed their little feet in the gentle dews that sometimes dampen the soft herbage of the Webfoot Kingdom. On reaching the voting place, early on the morning of election day, I found a large crowd already assembled, the most conspicuous individual of the lot being a fierce-looking man in middle age, who was introduced to me as my opponent for the office to which I aspired. His name, if I remember rightly, was Hanlon. He made the best effort he could to treat me politely, but I could not fail to notice that he seemed anxious and watchful of my every movement.

The polls were soon opened, the voting commenced, with the two candidates moving amidst the crowd and working like beavers. When noon was approaching, Fred Geer, a son of the old patriarch, who kept a general merchandise emporium in the proud city of Butteville, on the opposite bank of the river, came to me and told me that the crowd was terribly divided, with the odds heavily against me, but that he was doing all he could for me. He told me, by way of encouragement, that there was yet quite a bunch of votes to come from the McConnell neighborhood, and some from the regions about Coffee Lake, and that he thought that by hard work we would be able to catch up during the afternoon.

The battle was renewed after lunch and raged fiercely until near the time for closing the polls, when I learned that I was crawling up on Hanlon, and that if I could have as much good luck as of the bad kind, I would soon be even with him. While I was all in a flutter of excitement and could find no one who had not already voted, R. V. Short, a son-in-law of old man Geer, came and told me that the polls would close in five minutes and that Hanlon was just one vote ahead. Where to get that one vote? Short said that if only one vote was needed he could fix that all right, as he had not yet voted. "But you lack two votes," he said. "One vote would only make a tie." Then he asked me if I had voted. "No," I said, "I had not thought of it." "Then, there we are," said he. "That makes your calling and election sure." "But I cannot vote for myself, that's impossible." "Who will you vote for?" "For Hanlon, of course," said I. "Then I'll vote for Hanlon, too, and that will elect him." The prize at stake was too great, the temptation was irresistible. I voted with Short and against Hanlon. With the closing of the polls came vociferous congratulations. I noticed that the same friends who congratulated me went straight from me to Hanlon and congratulated him with equal fervor.

The two opposing aspirants for the same high position were both equally bewildered and mystified at what they heard, but being duly informed that both were elected, the precinct, under the statutes in this case made and provided, being entitled to the privilege of two justices of the peace, with no possibility of conflict in jurisdiction, we shook hands with great cordiality and with mutual assurances of undying friendship. I accompanied my friend Short to his house on the banks of the same placid and beautiful river, some three miles below the scene of the battle.

We talked over the affair as we walked along, and he advised me not to qualify for the office to which I had just been elected, reminding me, with much emotion in his voice and manner, that Hanlon was a poor man and that the legal business in the precinct was quite limited, both in quality and quantity, while I already held an honorable and lucrative position, that of teaching the young idea how to shoot at a mark with some degree of precision, and that I was also the fortunate owner of a fine tract of timber land, upon which the big fir-trees were growing luxuriantly, and had been so employed during many generations preceding the visit of Lewis and Clarke to the Oregon wilderness. Under the spell of his eloquence, I could but yield and consent to remain unqualified, which I have since found has been the fate of many very good men, even though they had been duly installed in office. I went back to my school with a firm resolution that from that time on I would keep out of politics and devote my time, talent and energies to some more respectable pursuit, some vocation that would subject to a less severe strain a remarkably delicate, though somewhat elastic, conscience.

The memory of the experiences through which I had so recently passed had nearly faded from my mind, when one day I had a visitor to the school in the person of a young man of the neighborhood, who was a very dear friend and favorite chum of mine. He asked of me the favor of a private interview, which I readily granted. Leaving my pupils to their own devices and resources for a moment, we retired to a secluded spot in a grove of young fir-trees, when he informed me in a breathless whisper that he and Miranda had made up their minds to be married that evening, and that it was the wish of all concerned that I should be present and tie the knot. I had to tell him that I was not qualified, at which he laughed, and said that he knew better; that he knew I was scholar enough to tie that little knot, a work that would take only two minutes to perform. Then I had to explain to him that, though everybody had been calling me "Judge" ever since the election, yet I had not been endowed with the legal faculties, and had not yet put on the robes of office. "But there is Hanlon not far off," I said; "what's the matter of giving the task to him?" He didn't know Judge Hanlon very well and rather dreaded the ordeal of opening up a subject like this with him. To relieve him on this point, I kindly offered that, if I could be allowed to be present at the wedding, I would wait upon Judge Hanlon and secure his services for the solemn occasion. To this he joyfully agreed, and so that part of the business was settled. The reason why the services of a justice of the peace were in such demand at this time was, that the only resident clergyman in "Canada" at this particular juncture was a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher, who was absent at Salem, attending a pow-pow with his clerical brethren of that persuasion. Had our beloved preacher been at home, it is more than probable that this passage in the history of Idaho would never have been written.

But to come back to what immediately pertains to the matter in hand, which was the wedding, allow me to present to you the bride-elect. Miranda was my biggest, brightest and best pupil. For some reason or other, she was absent from her bench in the school-house on the day that the interesting interview above mentioned took place. I had noticed that, for some days past, she had been less attentive to her studies and extremely absent-minded. A mysterious languor seemed to pervade her whole being. She had that dreamy, far-away look, a strange, peculiar light in her lovely blue eyes, that light so often seen on land, but seldom at sea. I knew it was love, and the fear would sometimes come over me that, by some strange fatality, she might possibly have fallen in love with me. Then I would begin to think of the necessity of building a better cabin on what I called "Forest Home," and of burning down some of the giant firs that stood so thick all over the tract of land, lest, during a storm, some one of them might fall and crush us in our homenest, while we might be dreaming of what we would have for breakfast next morning. But the brief interview that I had had with the unfortunate victim of the coming sacrifice happily dispelled these painful illusions and misgivings, and quite restored me to my usually tranquil and resigned frame of mind. I would so dearly love to tell you all about that wedding, which occurred at the time appointed, when I was present and saw the life-boat of the happy couple successfully launched on the broad and tumultuous sea of double-blessedness; but, as you know, I am engaged in writing a history of Idaho, and the grave and conscientious historian cannot permit himself to be diverted from the path of duty by what might look like idle and irrelevant digressions.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FIRST CAPITAL OF IDAHO AT LEWISTON.

The history of Idaho cannot be properly written and successfully placed in the hands of the reading public before the last decade of the present century for the reason that it will require the whole of that time to retire permanently from the scene the host of distinguished personages, all of whom were prominent and active in the making of that history. Until the last one of these is dead and buried, it would be the extreme of rashness and the most reckless disregard of life and of all that life holds most dear, for any one to venture upon the task of writing a true and impartial account of what has been done in Idaho. Take up any one of the many alleged histories of Idaho, and you will find that it has been written and gotten up by the hired representative of some Eastern publishing firm, who came very late to the State, and who stayed just long enough to gather the material for the work he was hired to do. An inspection of the work will present you with a mass of biographies of unknown celebrities, whose many brilliant achievements are duly chronicled, and whose pictures, resembling, for the most part, those of the heroes of Falstaff's army, embellish its pages and all printed and published, as a friendly critic has said, at so many dollars per pic. and per biog.

History, at the best, may be defined as the art of selecting, grouping, and presenting facts and dates in the way required to produce the effect which the writer has in view, and has been very aptly compared to a child's box of letter-blocks that can be made to spell any word desired.

But these reflections should not be understood as excusing any one from the task, or exempting him from the duty of writing what he may chance to know of history or about history. All of us can write a little, some of us can write a great deal, while there are others who can write entirely too much. The better and safer plan is for each individual to write what he knows to be true, what he has seen, what he has done himself, and what he has seen others do, provided that he can feel reasonably certain that the people of whom he writes are all dead.

This much premised as a precautionary measure against possible accident, I will try to resume my little Idaho story.

The year of our Lord 1864, was a memorable and eventful one in the history of Idaho. The secretary of the Territory, Wm. B. Daniels, who had been performing the duties of Acting Governor, following the resignation of W. H. Wallace, who had been elected as Idaho's first delegate in Congress, claimed his home in Yamhill County, Oregon. He had given all the time he could afford to Idaho affairs and had also resigned and retired to the classic shades of his home beyond the waters of the big Willamette. After his departure from the Territory, the affairs of the Governor's office and all that pertained to it was in the hands of Silas D. Cochrane, who, as acting Secretary, kept things together and kept the business moving as best he could until the arrival upon the scene of Caleb Lyon, of Lyonsdale, who had been appointed Governor by President Lincoln.

The act of Congress, organizing the Territory of Idaho, had fixed the capital of the Territory at Lewiston, subject to action of the Territorial Legislature, but Lewiston's grip on the capital was already very precarious, as the scepter of power had already passed to the southern side of the mountains, which separate northern from southern Idaho, the southern section being already the stronger in population and voting power. The south had the power and the desire to remove the capital from Lewiston, and could have done so at the first session of the Legislature had the southern members acted with becoming promptness in the matter, but from some cause, action in the matter was delayed until near the close of the session, when the measure was defeated by the obstructive tactics of the opposition. Thus matters stood in the Territory in the spring of 1864, while the population of the northern mining camps was being daily depleted by the constantly-growing attractions of the richer southern gold-fields, and the rumors that came thick and fast of the wonderful yield in the precious metal in all the mining camps of the southern counties. As yet, what is known as Boise Basin, where deposits of gold were first discovered in the southern section of the Territory, continued to occupy the center of the stage as the chief attraction and the chief producer.

The "Basin" could boast of several populous towns, Idaho City, on Moore's Creek, being the principal, with an estimated population of ten thousand inhabitants. Other towns had their own claim to notice and distinction, but Idaho City was justly entitled to the name of being the great center of mining, as well as of political activity.

In those days there were but two political parties in Idaho, namely, the loyal adherents and devoted supporters of the Federal Government on one side and the fierce partisans and sympathizers with the Southern Confederacy on the other. All other differences and issues were forgotten or held in abeyance. Both sides furnished individual examples and illustrations of all that was fiercest in partisanship and least tolerant of contradiction. What wonder, then, that there should sometimes come personal conflicts and acts of violence, and what a travesty of history it would be to claim that on one side there was a little flock of harmless lambs and on the other a band of fierce and merciless wild beasts. Man for man, and in proportion to number, there have been and are to-day more murders committed by the moonshiners and feudists in some of the older States in one year than have been committed in Idaho since the advent of the first white settler, to say nothing of what is all the time happening in the great centers of civilization. Of course there were rough men and rough scenes and many acts of violence during those early days in Idaho, but when due allowance is made for the conditions that prevailed and a just comparison made with what was happening in other places, there was no good reason left for singling out Idaho as the hotbed of murder and rapine.

I claim to be entitled to the privilege of writing freely on this subject as I have been a Republican since the organization of the party, and was throughout the troubled period known as a Union man. I am now nearing my eighty-eighth birthday and have no motive or incentive for writing anything that I do not know or believe to be the truth. More than sixty-three years of my life have been passed in what our eastern friends and admirers love to call "the wild and woolly West." Nearly fifty years of this time I have lived here in the wilds of Idaho, where I have been neither a prisoner nor a recluse, and in all this time I have never yet seen a man killed, nor have I seen the corpse of a murdered man. Of course, I have known that men were killed, but I guess that there are few adults of either sex anywhere who would not testify to the same experience. I have no desire or willingness to excuse or condone any wrong thing that has been done by any one; but I do protest against the work of "historians" who would seek to make of our beloved Idaho another "dark and bloody ground" at any period of her history.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FIRST REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT PACKER JOHN'S CABIN.

During the first few years of Idaho's history as an organized Territory there were no "off years" in local politics. Every year brought an election of members of the Legislature and the meeting in session of that body at the approach of the ensuing winter, but the change was soon made from annual to biennial sessions. The summer of 1864 added the heat of a fierce political campaign to the natural temperature of the season. W. H. Wallace, Idaho's first delegate to Congress, who had been elected in October of the preceding year, having resigned, left a vacancy to be filled and members of another House of Representatives in the Territorial Legislature to be chosen, the Council or upper branch of the Legislature "holding over," as under the organic act they had been elected for a term of two years.

When the time came for holding the conventions, the Democratic delegates met in Idaho City, which was already something of a metropolis, and where they found hotels, halls, etc., and where they could enjoy all the comforts and needed conveniences with many of the luxuries of civilization.

The Republican delegates met in "Packer John's Cabin," about one hundred miles off in the depths of a primeval wilderness on the trail leading from

Idaho City to Lewiston. The cabin still stands near the town of Meadows. Why those brave and loyal black Republicans and Abolitionists chose this remote and isolated spot in the woods for the scene of their deliberations has always remained an unsolved mystery. The historians (?) will have it that here was held the first Territorial convention that met in Idaho, and they are still exhibiting pictures of the old cabin with the giant sons of the forest standing guard over it. As has been before stated in these pages, the first Republican Territorial convention was held at Mt. Idaho in what then was Nez Perces County, when W. H. Wallace was nominated. "Packer John's cabin" was a small, rude log pen, roofed with shakes, which was built by the old packer for a temporary shelter while packing between widely-separated mining camps. The delegates came to this spot on horseback and with pack animals, there being in those days no other mode of travel through that section of the wilderness.

The old cabin afforded just sufficient room for the few delegates to assemble around the little old dining-table of the venerable owner of the premises, who, fortunately for himself, was absent.

The horses grazed peacefully in the limitless pasture that surrounded the temporary meeting-place of assembled wisdom and statesmanship. What remained of the first day, after arriving on the scene of action, was devoted to the preliminary work of organizing the convention, receiving and adopting the report of the committee on credentials, and cooking and eating supper. To this may be added the task of selecting and engaging sleeping apartments under the trees, which proved sufficient in number to accommodate all the distinguished guests there assembled.

From the time that it had become known that the Republicans of Idaho were to elect another delegate to Congress to succeed W. H. Wallace, the number of aspirants for the coveted honor had been constantly increasing. Young and inexperienced persons, when they commence that study of our wonderful and complex system of politics and the willingness of men to shoulder the responsibilities and make the sacrifices needed in holding office, are often surprised at the great number of patriotic Americans who find themselves perfectly competent to the task of representing a constituency in Congress. The old ones know that the number embraced very nearly the entire adult population.

A little tact and good management had enabled us to elect Wallace in 1863, and our leaders saw no reason to fear that a like result might not attend the effort in 1864. But the sequel proved that we had been counting without our host, and a most formidable host in this case it showed itself to be. During the interval that had elapsed since the election of Wallace, what was then known as "the left wing of Price's army," had been scattering its red plumes and feathers all over the vast inter-mountain region, at that time embraced within the boundaries of Idaho Territory.

The warriors composing this contingent of the Confederate army, having become tired of the restraints and hardships of military life and the apparently hopeless task of confronting the hordes of northern Abolitionists, who continued to invade and overrun the fair land watered by the "Big Muddy" and its tributaries, had concluded to resign in a body and migrate westward, where the easier and more congenial task awaited them of taking charge of the political destinies of Idaho. And so they came and continued to come, with the ox-whip in one hand and the ballot in the other, and by frequent and persistent voting soon changed the complexion of things political. They were all from Missouri and all Democrats by birth and lineage, and had voted from time immemorial for Andrew Jackson until in the latter days they had transferred their allegiance to Jeff Davis. This invasion, with the operation of some other causes, fixed the political status of Idaho, so far as the two national parties were concerned, for several decades. Among the assisting causes was the fact that the disciples of Brigham Young, who formed a growing power in the southeastern section of the Territory, and continued an important factor in the settlement of that section of the young commonwealth, were also all Democrats from patriotic impulses and conscientious principles that accorded perfectly with both reason and revelation. If, in after years, these saints of the latter days proved fickle and false to their first love and deserted the banner of their allies, they did it so quietly, adroitly, and gradually as to excite no alarm in the ranks of their quondam friends until they were all safely across the Rubicon, and had blended their forces with those of the enemy. But this furnishes no ground for surprise, and no food for hostile criticism, since we all know now that it was the effect of a counter revelation, and we also know that the Great Source of revelations "moves in a mysterious way, its wonders to perform."

Since then—but wait. Whither are we drifting? This seems to me like an unpardonable digression. Where were we when last heard from? Oh, yes! we were at "Packer John's" cabin, when the delegates to the convention were enjoying their peaceful and innocent slumbers under the big pine trees. But they were not all asleep. There were two who had kept awake and kept talking until a late hour. These two were Dr. Robert Newel and Colonel Wm. Craig, both of Nez Perces County and both residents of the section about Lewiston. They had both been mountaineers, hunters, and trappers in the Rocky Mountains. Together they had hunted buffalo, trapped beaver, and fought Indians and knew all the passes and trails through the mountains and across the great wilderness from St. Louis to Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia. They had both married daughters of Indian chieftains and had raised families, thus blending the blood of the two noble races, the Anglo-Saxon and the Nez Perces in a common current. Both were now delegates to the convention and were both using the same blankets under the same tree. Dr. Newell was a hopeful aspirant for the nomination for delegate to Congress, which nomination we all considered equivalent to an election. Newell's friends in Lewiston had assured him of the certainty of his nomination, and before going to bed that night he thought he had enough votes pledged to him to make the event certain. This kept him awake and kept him talking, while Craig was both tired and sleepy and ready at any moment to have tumbled into the arms of Morpheus. At last, Newell, nudging his bedfellow to make sure that he was awake, said, "Craig, if this convention does to-morrow what I have every reason to believe it will do, and what I feel certain it will do, I'll go to Congress and all hell can't stop me." Craig, with patience worn out and very sleepy, replied, "Newell, my dear old friend, let me tell you a secret and then we'll both go to sleep. If this convention does to-morrow what I know damned well it will do, you'll go to hell and all Congress can't stop you." This closed the confab, and silence reigned in Warsaw.

CHAPTER XXXV.

JUDGE PARKS NOMINATED FOR CONGRESS.

But little time was required on the following day to finish the work of the convention. The principal, and nearly the only business in hand, was to nominate a Republican candidate for the position of Delegate to Congress from Idaho. Only one name was mentioned in connection with the position, that of Judge S. C. Parks, who was nominated by acclamation. Then the committee on resolutions was called on to report, when the chairman of that committee drew from his pocket a neatly and substantially built platform that had been carefully constructed in Lewiston, which was immediately adopted without a dissenting vote. This important work accomplished, the convention adjourned without day, and soon the forest resounded with the notes of the trumpet calling "boots and saddles," and the happy and patriotic delegates took up their respective lines of march to their remote and widely scattered homes, there remaining for them now only the pleasant and easy task of electing their chosen candidate.

It is hazarding nothing to say now that for every reason and consideration that could be suggested, Judge Parks ought to have been elected. He was a man eminently qualified and equipped for that or any other position within the gift of the people then west of the Rocky Mountains. As one of the Federal Judges, he had given entire satisfaction to all parties, while as a citizen he had won the respect and high esteem of all the people with whom he had come in contact. No better selection of a candidate could have been made with the entire population of the Pacific Slope to choose from. But in view of the changes that had come in the voting population of the Territory, the fact ought to have been patent to everybody that his defeat was a foregone conclusion. Still, it required the work of a well-fought campaign and the counting of the vote after the election to convince his friends and the members of his party that for that year and for many years to follow the name of the Republican in Idaho was Dennis. And, yet, the result proved a cruel disappointment to every Republican voter and especially so to Judge Parks, who had reluctantly consented to accept the place given him in the contest. Of his opponent, Ed. Holbrook, I have only this to say, that there are yet many Democrats living in Idaho and voting with their party, who voted for Mr. Holbrook in 1864, who, if they were now back to the day and time when their ballots were then cast, would most certainly reverse their votes. "But thus it is the times change and we change with them."

Our Delegates in Congress had no vote in the National House of Representatives, where they were permitted to occupy seats and where their little speeches could be heard when other sources of amusement failed. In matters affecting the interests of their constituents they had to rely upon the friends they could make among the full-fledged members of the House, and the interest they could awaken in a body of men where but slight interest was felt in matters affecting the remote Territories of the West, and where time for the consideration of such matters was very grudgingly given. Our Delegate there should have been a man every way well equipped for the position, representative of the best citizenship of the Territory whence he came, and able to command the attention and respect of all upon whom he had to rely for help in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him. I am painfully aware that but slight interest attaches to these old masters now, but Idaho was for more than thirty years in the swaddling clothes and in the chains of Territorial vassalage, and the memory of what was suffered and of what was lost through the imperfections and shortcomings of some of our Delegates in Congress, Republican as well as Democratic, is sufficiently vivid to prevent its being easily forgotten. The readers of these pages cannot be permitted to forget that during the whole of this heated political campaign of 1864, I was a citizen and resident of Shoshone County, and had not been out of the sight or hearing of the mining camp where I had been quietly but earnestly engaged in accumulating a fortune by delving in the placer diggings near Pierce City. Here I had been continuously without a day's absence since my arrival in the camp in July, 1861. I shall always be proud of having been a citizen of the great County of Shoshone. I have had only one sorrow in connection with the county and that has been caused by the persistent mispronunciation of the name. Uneducated and illiterate Missourians still speak the word as if it were written Show-Shone. The correct pronunciation as originally written by all the learned men of the tribe is Shoshonee, with the accent on the nee. It is very sad that this name should share the fate of so many others and continue to be mispronounced, but if nothing worse happens to the dear old county, I hope it can be borne.

Shoshone was the first county organized within the region now embraced by the present boundaries of the State of Idaho. It was first organized as a county in Washington Territory and was represented in the Washington Territorial Legislature during the sessions of 1861-2. When first created it embraced a vast region extending from the Columbia River on the west to the crest of the Rocky Mountains, with Snake River and the State of Oregon for its southern boundary, and extending northward to the British line. From this region the Legislature of Washington Territory carved and organized three other counties, namely, Nez Perces, Idaho, and Boise, prior to the organization of the Territory of Idaho. So that when Idaho came upon the scene she found four organized counties ready for representation in her first Legislative session.

In 1864 Shoshone County embraced the mountainous region drained by the Clearwater and its tributaries on the west and the Cœur d'Alene and its tributaries on the east. At that time the mines in the Cœur d'Alene section had not been discovered, and all that was well known of Shoshone County was the comparatively small area near the Nez Perces Indian Reservation, which separated it from the settlements near Lewiston in Nez Perces County.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GOVERNOR CALEB LYONS OF LYONSDALE.

THE section of the County of Shoshone, where the oldest gold-diggings in Idaho were discovered and worked, and where the foundations of the young commonwealth were laid, is no longer a legal part of the grand old county. The ruthless hand of the legislator has come and has arbitrarily run a line, giving the section which has been the scene of so much toïl and suffering and romance back to the county of Nez Perces that was already large, populous, and rich enough without this addition to its domain. But the hand of man cannot change and has not changed the outlines and configuration of this whole grand old bed of mountains, seamed throughout with mineral-bearing ledes and veins rich with all the precious, as well as useful, metals. will remain forever inexhaustible treasure-houses
widd remain forever inexhaustible treasure-houses
for the use of future generations. It is, of course, useless to speculate as to what might have happened had not these mines been discovered when they where, but it is not improbable that decades might have passed before rich mines in other sections of the Territory were discovered, and in that case the progress of settlement and of civilization would have been that much retarded. To Shoshone County will always be due the credit of setting the ball in

motion and of giving it an impetus at the time when such movement was most needed. It was here on the creek bottoms and in the gulches and ravines of these spurs of the Bitter Root Mountains that some of the happiest hours of my life were passed; and I hope I will be pardoned if in what I write about those times and scenes I should leave some evidence of partiality. But it will not do to waste much time in writing what all the "histories" are full of. The writer of personal reminiscences should be a being of superior mold and he should, like the preacher and the shoemaker, stick to his text and to his last. If he shares, in any appreciable degree, the qualities and characteristics of the average surviving relic of the good old days, he will find enough to do in the task of telling about the great things that he did himself without meddling with extraneous and irrelevant matters. Where he goes outside of his legitimate province he exposes himself to the dangers of suffering the sensation of a man who has been talking through his hat. The process may not have hurt the man materially nor the things that he had been talking about, but the effect is always rough on the hat.

Governor Caleb Lyon, of Lyonsdale, was in Lewiston during the summer of 1864, and he sent an emissary up into Shoshone to apprise the miners that an election would be held in the following November. The emissary came to the claim where I was working, and we had the honor of entertaining him at dinner. This was the first intimation that we had had that there was anything the matter. The gentleman told us that it was now up to the

Republicans of Shoshone County to save the Territory and perhaps the Union. The Governor, he said, had instructed him to tell the people to hold a convention at the earliest date possible and nominate the best man in the county for representative to the Legislature, and also to make the best selection possible of candidates for the various county offices. He was loud in his praises of Judge Parks, who has said, must be elected and would be, if Republicans did their whole duty. The Democrats had also learned in some way that there was to be an election. In due time they held their conventions and were first in the field with their ticket. As their candidate for Representative they nominated Jas. Parker, a man whose real name was scarcely ever heard in the camp. He was universally known as Colonel Crocket. He was deservedly very popular and one of the best-hearted and most helpful men I ever knew. He knew enough about law to steer himself and his friends clear of lawsuits and to do all the legal business of the miners in the way of making out papers, etc., and knew enough about medicine and surgery to be able to meet any emergency that might arise, besides being a past master in obstetrics and other cranial operations. In the mechanical arts he was completely master of all trades. In addition to all this he was the most accomplished and efficient practical placer miner to be found anywhere. He was a Californian forty-niner, and had mined in nearly every mining district on the Pacific slope. If a novice in placer mining got his claim all balled up so that he did not know where to put a boulder or sluice-box, he would send for

Crocket, who would go as soon as he got the word and straighten out the worst case that ever happened. If a miner was sick or in trouble of any kind, the first thought was to send for Crocket, who never failed to respond promptly to any call, day or night.

I remember one night when Jim McCarty was stabbed and everybody thought he was going to die. I was sent for to read some prayers for the dying man and to administer what consolation I could to the passing soul. I found Crocket at the bedside doing all that could be done in his line. I stayed with the sufferer all night, who several times seemed to be nearing the end. Whenever able to speak he would ask for Crocket. Once, when I told him that the Colonel was asleep in the next room and asked what I could do for him, he said, "Nothing, but I would like to have Crocket around me when I go." At last, when the morning came and Jim, looking out of the window, saw that the darkness and the horror of the night had passed, he said quietly, "Thank God, I see the light of another day. Where is Crocket?" Jim got well and was soon as good as new and soon resumed his usual occupations and career, but he never saw the day when he would not have cheerfully given his last dollar and his life with it in the defence and support of Colonel Crocket.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JUDGE CROCKET, A PIONEER CHARACTER.

In politics "Crocket" was a "Secesh" to the core; fearlessly frank and outspoken in his championship of the divine right of property in slaves, the sacred doctrine of State rights and all the other political vagaries and heresies which at that time formed the staple and stock in trade of what called itself the Democratic party, and all of which have been long since exploded and abandoned. With all this and some other faults and blemishes which "Colonel Crocket" shared in common with other wild spirits of the camp, our hero was so genial and jolly at all times and under all circumstances, so sympathetic and so helpful on all occasions when his help was needed that he made a friend of every one, irrespective of class or party; and there were few, indeed, who would have willingly refused him any favor he might have asked at their hands. Such was the man whom the Democrats (?) of Shoshone County chose for their local standard-bearer in the arduous political campaign of 1864.

When the Republican convention met I was chosen as the candidate of the party for the office of Representative in the Legislature. Now, I have no desire to linger over the scenes and events of that very exciting campaign, which would have afforded material for a first-class melodrama, and in which my own personality would have figured as the chief supernumerary and scene-shifter. As the campaign progressed, the excitement grew. Both conventions had done their best in the selection of candidates for the important office of Representative. As a matter of cold fact, they had done all that could be done. Crocket and I were the only efficient politicians and leaders of the people left in the county. The rest had all gone southward in quest of richer diggings and larger political opportunities. With them had gone many of the most zealous and active workers of the rank and file of the Democratic party. A close canvass of the remaining voters showed a very decided majority in favor of the Republicans. This greatly increased our courage and inflamed our patriotism. Notwithstanding all this, I would have been very easily beaten had my big-hearted and generous opponent so desired. Without showing his hand too plainly in the matter, he was really one of my best friends and most efficient supporters. He desired my election and knew how to bring it about. He had made up his mind not to go to Lewiston the next winter, but, apart from this, was the patent fact that the boys could not spare him from the camp. I had two advantages over Crocket and I worked them for all they were worth. Crocket was not a classical poet of a high order of genius, nor was he a song-bird. He could not write the poems needed nor could he sing our patriotic songs. I could do both. I could write poems in which the rhymes would jostle each other and jingle like a shower of sleigh-bells on a frosty morning in January, and could sing "Rally Round the Flag, Boys" in a way that would frighten the gray wolves in the neighboring forest and raise the hair on the head of a Rockefeller. There are singers and singers. But wait. Things went on in this way peacefully enough for a while, but we began to notice some ominous clouds gathering on the horizon. Our Democratic friends had been trying their lovely best to be good and jolly, but there is always a limit to human patience and endurance. One day we heard ugly rumors that an effort would be made to raise a bloody row and break up one of our meetings. When the evening came we were all gathered in the capacious billiard and bar-room of Capps' Saloon. This Capps, by the way, was our "hold over" councilman, who had been elected the preceding year and had served during the first session of the "Idaho Parleymint." He was a Republican and a saloon-keeper, and like all other Republican saloon-keepers that I have known, he was broad and liberal in his political views and never noisy or demonstrative under any circumstances. His saloon was always open and everybody was welcome to come in, hold meetings, make speeches and sing patriotic songs. The crowd could not be too big, too variegated, too jolly, or too noisy to suit Capps. But let's back to our sheep before the mutton gets cold.

When the time came for opening the meeting the large room was filled to suffocation. We were soon at the full tide of successful experiment. The usual speeches were made with the usual effect and some preliminary songs had been sung by second-class vocalists. Then I was called and told to turn myself loose on "Rally Round the Flag." Nothing loth, I elbowed my way to the middle of the room and as soon as the ovation subsided, I began. I had noticed a row of sour and gloomy faces on one of the side benches. The owners of these faces had shown no sign of pleased interest or emotion thus far during the proceedings, and when I finished my song I noticed some restlessness and whisperings among the occupants of the bench, giving indications that a breaking out was imminent. I knew that the crisis had come—the hour that should always bring with it the man. I worked my way up in front of the bench, and after making a Chesterfieldian bow and waving all my arms wildly above my head, I sang "Disunion forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah! Up with the traitors and down with the stars, while we rally round the keg, boys, rally once more, shouting the battle-cry of Whiskey. So we'll stagger to the bar, boys, just stagger up once more, shouting the battle-cry of Whiskey." Then Big Dan Murray, a good "Secesh" friend of mine, and the best singer in the camp, arose and intoned "Fly Away to Her Bower, Sweet Bird," and Crocket, who had been present all evening, sang out, "Bully for the bower and the sweet old bird." soon every man was on his feet and all shaking hands and singing like so many highly-gifted and well-trained prima donnas, and "we didn't go home till morning."

This little episode, in its general features, resembled the scenes that were being enacted some two or three times every week while the campaign was in progress.

But why dwell on such sad and soul-harrowing scenes? Suffice to say that the day of the election came around at the appointed time, with the result that a duly elected occupant was found for every county office, and that the subject of these memoirs received a majority of the votes cast for Representative in the Legislature. Some one of my many friends and admirers, who probably did not vote for me, had been heard to say, "If that chap is elected to the Legislature, God 'Omighty's overcoat wouldn't make a vest pattern for him." But I am sure that on this occasion, as on all others during a long and useful career, I bore my honors with becoming modesty. Since that ever-to-be-remembered time, honors coming thick and fast and all unsought, have been thrust upon me, but unless this little book should be printed and meet with the favorable judgment of an indulgent and enlightened reading public, it will never be truthfully said of me that I was unduly elated over any success, however great, or that in my case a vaulting ambition had overleaped itself. Like others of my class, when an office of any kind was tendered me I never declined and when once in office I never died or resigned, but it was ever with me, as with others of my kind, the guiding maxim was "pro bono publico," for the good and the love of the dear people.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GRASSHOPPER JIM AND THE GUYASCUTAS.

The route from Pierce City to Lewiston, a distance of eighty miles, passes through a most interesting section of the country which was, in some respects, doubly interesting at the time of which this is written.

Leaving the old town of Oro Fino, at the emporium of William Tell. Now, this William Tell was a noble Swiss gentleman, who had for a sign over the front door of his establishment a large picture representing a boy armed with a bow and arrow, the arrow being ostensibly intended to hit a big pumpkin on the head of a little old man, but really pointed in such a way that if the arrow had been released at any time from the boy's fingers it would inevitably have pierced the heart of the victim, who seemed already about to sink down under the heavy burden placed upon his head. Tell's real name was Hildebrand. There is a story about him and his Norwegian friend, Swanson, who constituted the entire population of the old mining town after it had been abandoned by all the rest of the traders and miners. But this story would be long in the telling and would have a depressing effect upon the readers of this chapter.

Saying "good-bye" to Tell and his sign, and crossing the Oro Fino Creek, the traveler enters a dense forest of fir and pine trees, which, like two high walls, completely shut in and overshadowed the narrow wagon-road for a distance of seven miles until the small prairie was reached, where, in 1861, Dave Mulkey pastured his cows and sold milk and butter to the miners. About that milk and the condition in which it reached the consumers there is another story that was current at the time and quite generally credited. The several routes over which the milk had to pass were hilly and well watered and the delicious lacteal fluid lost nothing in transit. But this story, like many others, cannot be told in detail, unless there was the disposition, which there is not, on the part of the writer to pad this important and interesting history of Idaho. Passing through a good strong belt of timber we reach another open glade, where Grasshopper Jim built a cabin and where he maintained and operated a chicken ranch. Grasshopper, as we all called him, was quite a character in his way, who had at one time figured prominently in the history of Oregon. He was the man who caught in the woods near Oregon City a terribly ferocious and nondescript wild beast, known everywhere now to naturalists and showmen as the Guyascutas. Jim caught this animal alive and partially tamed him, sufficiently so for exhibition purposes, when one night in Oregon City—but no! I will not tell this story until I can hear from Jim, hoping that when I do hear from him he may be in Heaven. I heard a lady one evening in Oro Fino say to Jim, "Mr. Grasshopper, you are a daisy most every way, and everybody likes you, but I want to tell you, you are entirely too extravagant in your ideas." This was poor Jim's only fault. Peace to his ashes, if they should prove to be real ashes. Passing through several more alternate glades and belts of timber we come to a dark, lonely spot in a dense thicket of young trees where Dr. Champlain, a distinguished Oro Fino surgeon and physician, came near losing his life one bitterly cold evening during the hard winter of 1861-62. The Doctor was one of a party of gentlemen who were making their way on foot from Oro Fino to Lewiston. The snow was five feet deep, the thermometer below zero, while the walking on the narrow, beaten trail without snowshoes was very fatiguing. The Doctor gave out several times and lay down in the snow, but would be coaxed up and helped to regain his footing on the trail when they would all again move forward. At last the old Doctor gave completely out, tumbled over in the snow, and said that he positively could go no further. Every means was exhausted in trying to persuade him to make another effort, but all to no purpose. It was now beginning to grow dark, with Poujade's ranch, where good shelter and food awaited them, two miles off. The wolves in the timber were beginning the prelude to their usual all-night concert. The party had no means of camping, as they thought they would be easily able to make the usual stopping-places. The thought of leaving the old man alone never entered their heads. What was to be done? But there is always a way out of every difficulty, and a man who knows how to find it. Sam Ely, now a resident of Boise, was one of the party. He stooped over the Doctor and said unto him: "See here, Doc. We are not going to leave you here to starve to death and then freeze to death and be eaten alive by the wolves. Nothing of the kind. You know I don't stop for trifles, and if you don't get right up and travel, I'll just blow the top of your head off." Just then the wolves set up a most terrible howling nearby. Sam fired two shots into the woods and then said, "Old man, the next shot is for you if you don't fetch." The Doctor was soon on the trail making good time with the rest. In less than an hour they were all safely under the hospitable roof of Mr. and Mrs. Poujade, whose thoughtful care and kindness prevented much suffering and saved many lives during that hard winter.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHERE LEWIS AND CLARKE FIRST MET THE NEZ PERCES.

THE site of the old Poujade ranch occupies a central position in what is known as the Weippe prairie or district, which is a broad tableland embracing some thirty square miles in area, extending in one direction to the large creek called the Lolo and on the other to the hills bordering the south Clearwater, its surface being covered with groves and belts of timber, divided from each other by open glades or prairies. At Poujade's the prairie is quite large, affording room for several farms or ranches.

From the earliest period covered by the traditions of the natives and up to a comparatively recent date, this prairie had been the favorite summer resort of the Indians, who met and set up their lodges or tepees and made their temporary homes here; and while the men fished or hunted, the women would be engaged in the work of digging and roasting the camas-root, which furnished one of their staple food-articles for the ensuing winter.

This is truly one of the historic points in Idaho, and one which deserves at least a passing notice. No serious and reliable history of the young commonwealth would be complete without some reference to it. It was here that Lewis and Clarke first met the Nez Perces Indians when, in the summer of

1805, their expedition emerged from the Bitter Root Mountains which they had traversed by way of the Lolo trail. Situated about midway between the Oro Fino mining district and the Ferry on the South Clearwater, this point made a good resting-place for travelers on their way to and from the mines while their ponies found abundant pasture and shade on the prairies and in the adjoining groves. It was here that Chief Joseph rested one night while being pursued by General Howard. A band of fierce young warriors had their ponies saddled and were ready to start for a raid on Pierce City, fifteen miles distant, and would have gone on their murderous errand without the knowledge and permission of Joseph, had they not been dissuaded by some of the Indians from Kamiah, who were old-time friends of the people of Pierce City, having been frequent visitors to the mining camps and having traded for many years with those white people. This, and the fear of the young warriors that they might be cut off from the main body and left behind by the coming upon the scene of General Howard, who they knew was not very far off, no doubt prevented another bloody page from being added to the history of the Nez Perces war of [illegible]77. There are many other features of this very interesting section and many other traditions and memories connected with its history, all of which I would like here to mention, but these, for many reasons, must, for the present, be omitted. What affords me most pleasure now when thinking about the Weippe are the wonderful and beneficent changes that have taken place here since the first occupation of the country by the white people. When I first saw this section I would not have given ten cents per acre for the whole of it. From December to April the snow lay deep over every part of it, while very early and very late frosts left but little time free from their plant-destroying power. Indeed, there were but few mornings in the whole year when any one would have been surprised to find frost on the ground. Now nearly all this is changed as if a magician's wand had touched it. The prairies are covered with happy homes and productive farms, where everything in the shape of grain and vegetables are grown, that are needed by the inhabitants, who are an intelligent, industrious, and enterprising people, as one may know by visiting them or by conversing with their representative men and women who sometimes are met here in the far-off capital of the State. But the marvelous changes that have taken place here present only a counterpart or sample of what is witnessed all over this dear old northland, where the foundations of an empire were first laid of the splendid young commonwealth, which we love to call "Idaho."

Leaving Weippe, the traveler passes into a body of splendid timber which holds all the way to the breaks of the South Clearwater, another distance of fifteen miles. Before the enterprising timber thieves came upon the scene it was a genuine pleasure to pass through the vistas formed by these grand old trees. About midway the distance named, Texas Ranch was reached, where a man we called "Old Tex" kept a "horse ranch" in 1861. At this place travelers of every class going into the mining district would leave their horses with "Tex" for pasturage and safekeeping. Tex pastured horses, bought and sold horses, swapped horses and—dealt otherwise in horses. One day a preacher passed on a missionary tour to the growing young city of Oro Fino. He left his horse with Tex. When on his way back to the bosom of his large and interesting family, the preacher called on Tex and demanded his horse. The horse could not be found. It had evidently strayed away and was lost. But Tex, always upright and straightforward, presented a substitute. The preacher was not satisfied and began to upbraid Mr. Texas, accusing him of many things, among others that of "taking people in." "Take 'em in," screamed Tex, "of course I take 'em in. That's what I built this here cabin for at big expense, to take people in. Don't the Scripter say that if a stranger comes along you must take him in? That's what I do: I take 'em all in—all that I can 'commodate."

CHAPTER XL.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

FROM Texas Ranch, the wagon-road winds slowly and silently through the inspiring depths of the forest until the edge of the great plateau is reached, where the timber is left behind and the country opens, presenting a splendid picture of grass-covered hills with the South Clearwater some two miles off and more than two thousand feet below the point where the descent to the ferry begins. Looking across the river, is a like system of grass-covered hills with the assured promise of a climb of another two thousand feet to the edge of another great plateau. I have stood at points among these hills when a dense fog covered and shut from view every object beneath its surface, which seemed so firm and velvety that I was often tempted to use it as a bridge and walk across the chasm, thus avoiding the tedious and fatiguing descent and climb that I knew was covered by that deceitful fog. Such is the effect of a slight change in altitude, that while the snow lay deep over every portion of the high tableland and in the timber, the southern exposure of these hills would be clear and free from the presence of the "beautiful," with horses and cattle feeding on the bunch-grass that, like pigs' feet, was always ready to be eaten at any season of the year. I have seen these Clearwater hills covered with cattle as late as December and as early as the 20th of January. I could write a whole lot more about fat cattle grazing upon a thousand hills in the depth of winter, but the theme is bucolic and time-wasting.

What we called Shultz's Ferry was owned and run by a sturdy Pennsylvanian of that name. Jake Shultz, though probably of Spanish or Irish descent, was, withal, a bright, genial, and jolly fellow. There was nothing stupid or stolid about him. He kept a good house and maintained an excellent ferry, where the traveler was always sure of a good meal and bed and a safe transit across the river. Jake was always cheerful and entertaining, seldom declined a glass of diluted claret, and was always ready for a social game of "draw." At this point crossed nearly all the freight and travel in the early days. Many great and good men crossed the river here, missionaries, candidates for Congress, traders, miners, and representatives of every class of desirable citizens. Joaquin Miller used to cross here when he was riding express to Oro Fino, after he had seen the word "Idaho" gemmed on the brow of the "shining mountain." But that was before Minnie Myrtle had "showed" him how to make poetry with the aid of a rhyming dictionary that she brought with her from Missouri in the early forties. But Joaquin was a good judge of horseflesh and a good rider, having learned all about horses while he was an honored member of the tribe of Modocs.

One evening there arrived at the ferry a gay cavalcade of gentlemen from Pierce City on their way to Lewiston. Among their number was a Mr. Lowenberg, who was for many years a prominent and deservedly popular trader in Pierce City. They were here for the night, and after the supper dishes were cleared away, several of the party gathered around the table for a little game of cards, just to pass the time away, you know. Mr. Lowenberg was one of the players, but he had ridden thirty miles that day on a rough, trotting mule, and he was really too tired to enjoy the sport. He kept his place in the game for some time, but after awhile "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," began to assail his eyelids and he found that he was no longer able to hold his own. A French miner, whose only name was Pete, had been sitting in the room all evening, paying no attention to the game or to anything else. No one seemed to be aware of his presence. He was just an honest, hard-working miner, who was seldom seen away from his cabin or his mining claim. Lowenberg knew him, as he knew all the miners, and called to him, saying, "Pete, come and take my place in the game, I can't keep my eyes open any longer." Pete declared that he didn't know enough about cards to play with that set of old hands at the business. Lowenberg insisted, and at last Pete allowed himself to be persuaded and took his friend's place at the table. The game was draw-poker, with a five-dollar limit. The game went on, and pretty soon one of the party proposed that the limit be raised to ten dollars. It was not long before the one proposing the raise went broke and went out, others of the party sharing his fate in a few minutes. The game went on. Pete playing with varying success, but losing oftener than he won. At last Pete stacked in his last chips and took a long and gloomy look at his hand. Somebody "saw it" and went ever so much better. By this time the "pot" was looking pretty good, while Pete was apparently in despair. He gazed dolefully at his hand, and then he waked Lowenberg, who was sleeping soundly on the lounge. "See here, Lowenberg, I can't play no longer; you better come and take your place." "What's the matter now?" said Lowenberg. "I got no more money." said Pete. Lowenberg took his cantenas from under his head and handed Pete a big buckskin-sack of gold-dust, saying, "Let her all glimmer, but don't bother me any more." With a sack of dust before him, Pete's credit for "chips" was good. The betting now went on with increasing fierceness, the players going broke and going out one by one, until Pete was left with a single antagonist. This one proved very obstinate and determined, but Pete held what he knew to be an invincible hand and stayed with the enemy until the latter had stacked in his last piece of ivory. This last bet was away above any one bet that had yet been made. Pete now seemed very downhearted and looked as if he was about to call up Lowenberg again, but instead of doing that he very solemnly and deliberately took the sack and placed it gently in the "pot." This was the finale, and the cards were soon scattered over the floor. Pete wasn't going to Lewiston. He had simply walked down from his home in the mountains that day to get out of the snow for a little while and see if he could not kill a deer.

Lowenberg left him no cause to regret his night's work; so, after a good rest and hunt, he went back to his cabin and claim with a rather poor opinion of the professional manipulators of the pictured pasteboards that he had met at the ferry.

CHAPTER XLI.

LEWIS AND CLARKE MAKING CANOES.

THE South Clearwater possesses the general characteristics of nearly all our mountain streams. In the season of low water it presents a series of placid stretches, broken by intervening, gently-rippling rapids. When the spring freshets come, the river is a madly-rushing mountain torrent, with its surface covered with wildly-racing driftwood, forms of trees of all sizes brought down from every part of the great mountain area drained by its tributaries. At such times the quick transit across the river by means of the cable ferry is hazardous in the extreme, requiring the utmost skill and courage of the ferrymen in its performance. Many thrilling scenes have occurred here, that had a dampening effect upon the courage and clothing of those engaged or in any way interested in them. I don't remember now any case of drowning that occurred here. The individuals thus exposed were generally of a class that, whatever fate may have in store for its members, are happily immune from the cruel and horrible fate of death by drowning. But more of all this anon.

Just now I am thinking of the historical interest that attaches to this Idaho mountain stream. Some fifteen miles below the ferry, the northern branch of the Clearwater joins its sister stream from the south, where the two joyfully rush onward together to pour their liquid tribute into the turbid flood of the Lewis fork of the Columbia. I might have said of the slimy and tortuous Snake, where it riggles past the ambitious city of Lewiston, but the expression would have been commonplace and lacking in euphony and sonorousness.

At a point on the left bank of the South Clearwater, and just above the point of confluence of the two streams, there is, or was, on the river bottom a body of timber, where in the summer of 1805 Lewis and Clarke found the giant trees from which they fashioned the canoes that bore their expedition down the Clearwater, the Snake, and the Columbia rivers to the great ocean.

In the summer of 1861, I was at the place where the canoes were built and was shown by a very old Indian the stumps of the trees that had furnished the material for making the canoes. The stumps were yet in a good state of preservation, as the resinous exudation had converted the stumps and their roots into solid masses of pitchwood, which will hold in check the process of decay for another century at least. The old Indian mentioned told me that he was present on the meadows at Weippe when Lewis and Clarke arrived at the Indian village after getting through the mountains. He said that he remembered very distinctly that among the number of white men there was one who was very black, with very short, curly, black hair, flat nose, and thick lips; that the young squaws caught this black white man, took him to the creek, and did their lovely best to wash the blackening matter from his face and hands to make him look like the rest of his companions. But with all the scouring they could do, they could not even make him look red. My Indian informant was, as I have said, a very old Indian—old enough to have been where he said he was at the time, and old enough to tell the truth, which I feel certain he did. He was a member of that great tribe which Caleb Lyon, in his message to the second session of the Idaho Legislature, called "the ever faithful Nez Perce, the ancient friend of the white man," and I would scorn to do my ancient friend the injustice of doubting for a moment the truth of what he told me.

While thinking about this Lewis and Clarke expedition, I have sometimes caught myself indulging in some wild imaginings. I have tried to imagine the region west of the Mississippi River restored to the conditions that existed in the spring of 1804, with all the country east of that river remaining in its present condition, with men and things just as they are now. Then I imagined a Thomas Jefferson looking among the present race of featherless bipeds for a company of leaders and men equal in point of education and numbers to the little band that undertook and accomplished the great work of that exposition at the beginning of the nineteenth century. And then I have asked myself if I thought that anywhere on the continent the great President would be able to find the men who would be able and willing to take charge of such an enterprise, or to share in the labors, dangers, and privations performed, encountered, and suffered by the men who composed the great expedition. The answer to my questioning thoughts has been that the men could not be found anywhere, or of any grade, who for any earthly consideration would come forward and make up such a company. And why is this? I cannot bring myself to the humiliating conclusion that we have so far deteriorated; pride in our present race of fearless and intelligent men—pride comes to the rescue, and says, "The tissue and fibre of the men of that distant and barbarous age was not only of iron, but of refined steel, while now the tissue and fibre is of gold, gold, a metal more rare and more precious, but at the same time more malleable, more easily worn by attrition, and less immune from loss in a thousand ways.

It is due to myself here to say that I cannot be justly suspected of any personal or selfish motive in saying this. Though I have often been accused of having crossed the great wilderness with Lewis and Clark, loyalty to the truths of history compels me to say that I did not cross the continent at that time. Circumstances over which I had no control made it necessary for me to remain in Virginia until the spring of 1844. So that, when you hear it said that I exiled myself from what there was of civilization at that time, and that, for a period of more than two years, I lived and worked with rude white men and ruder savages, and that for many, many months of the time I was clothed in the skins of wild beasts and fed on horse-meat and dog-meat, you can charge it all up to the envy and jealousy of my would-be rivals as a whole-cloth calumny. There is not a word of truth in the statement.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE REED FERRY ON CLEARWATER.

AND now we are back again at the old ferry. We are still in the year 1864, a portion of the prehistoric period of Idaho's history. Had Methusaleh undertaken, during the closing decade of his rather brief career, to write his personal reminiscences, he would have been very often obliged to appeal to the patience of his readers. I can very well understand and appreciate the difficulties under which he would have labored. In my present task I can look ahead, away down through the long vista of the coming years, with a full and obliging sense of the painful ordeal through which I, and, as I fear, my friends and indulgent readers, will be obliged to pass. For any one less courageous and determined and less callous and indifferent to human suffering, the thought of the task would be simply appalling.

After the lapse of several years, the Schultz dynasty at the ferry came to an end, Jake Schultz having sold the ferry, with all its privileges and appurtenances, to a man named Reed. After this important deal had been closed, Reed moved down from Pierce City to the ferry and took possession. It was at the beginning of winter. I had been working a placer claim on Brushy Gulch, five miles back from Pierce, up in the mountains, where I had struck a rather poor piece of ground and had been trying to work my way to the outer edge of the large poor spot, with the hope that always inspires the miner, that I would soon reach the point where better pay would set in again. My friend Reed invited me to come down and pass the winter with him at the ferry. He said that he was something of a novice in that kind of navigation, and he thought he would be benefited by my long experience as a ferryman, judging from the stories I had told him about my achievements in this line at Boone's Ferry on the Willamette. So I went down and was soon installed as first mate under the new administration.

In the winter time the water in the river is very low, and the stretches between the rapids are as placid as the bosom of a lake in summer. The travel was light that winter, so there was but little crossing to do. Things went nicely and smoothly with us until the snowfall in the mountains sent down an ever-thickening mass, which was soon converted into what we called "mush ice," which covered our little stretch of placid water to a depth of four or five feet. There was still some crossing to do. There was the expressman and mail carrier between Lewiston and Pierce City, who made weekly trips, and an occasional horseman or footman, beside the Indians, who enjoyed the privilege of free transit, the ferry being on the Indian reservation. It was a cable ferry, rigged with ropes and pulleys, and moved by the force of the current. In low water there was but little current, making the crossing slow and tedious. When the "mush ice" came and nearly filled up the river, the current ceased to be effective. Then we had to cut the mush ice along the upper side of the boat and wait for the weak current to float it off out of the way. Then we had to push the boat with poles into another mass of ice, and thus repeat the process until the opposite shore was gained, by which time another mass of the enemy had crept down, filling the river that we had so laboriously opened, giving us the same trouble in re-crossing.

But the winter, with all its pleasures and recreations, passed, just as the delights of reading this little book will pass, just like the drinking of a glass of sparkling champagne.

The winter over, I began to think of returning to my claim on Brushy Gulch, but by this time I had made my presence indispensable on the ferry-boat, as I have always done in whatever position or occupation I have found myself. My friend Reed insisted that I remain with him until the season of high water was over. He said that my placer claim could wait, as no one would suspect the existence of the rich spots ahead, which only he and I knew anything about.

As is generally the case in Northern Idaho, the advance of spring brought milder weather, and it also brought the meadow-lark, a sure harbinger to tell us that the snow was melting rapidly in the mountains, and that the process would soon have a telling effect upon the river. If we had doubted the truthfulness of our little messenger, the daily increasing volume and current in the river would have made our doubting ungrateful and irrational. It was not long before the drift-wood began to appear, while the river rose in corresponding ratio. Very soon larger and larger trees began to come with the constantly swelling stream, moving faster and faster. At the same time the spring travel was increasing, and with it the difficulty attending the work of making the transit. Some of the biggest trees in the mountain forest, that had been upturned by the freshets, were moving down, and among them would be giant cedars of great length, the finest and most valuable timber that grew in the Idaho woods. The temptation to go out with the ferryboat and appropriate some of these valuable floating trees was irresistible. Out we would go with the boat, seize and make fast one of those monsters and tow him ashore. This work we would keep up from dawn to dusk, when not engaged in crossing people over. To do the ferrying, we had to watch for the little spaces of open river, and hurry and work like beavers to keep out of the way of the big drift-wood. The constantly rising river, the rushing drift-wood, and the ever increasing tide of travel, these made up the sum of our happiness. But we had thus far crossed everybody safely, and had made a good bit of money catching the big cedar-trees. We lost a fortune, however, in the fine timber that, like the ships, "passed in the night." One day, when the river and the floating forest were both at their worst, we heard on the hills opposite the tinkling of a pack-train bell, and we knew we were in for a good job. The pack-train belonged to Grostein & Binnard, of Lewiston, and was on its way to Pierce City. There were about a hundred mules, all heavily laden, some of them carrying two twenty-gallon kegs of whiskey, some sacks of flour and kegs of syrup, aggregating in weight nearly four hundred pounds on the back of a single animal. The train was in charge of a chap named Bosem, an experienced packer and mountaineer. We had all we could do to cross the river to the opposite bank, where the train was waiting. Bosem could see how it looked, but he concluded to risk the trip back with us, taking a few mules on the boat as a trial trip. It looked pretty dubious and squally, but we had all been there before, so we lured her off the shore and started. When in mid-stream, a big tree, coming down root foremost, struck the boat; the cable parted, and we were at the mercy of the raging torrent and the drift-wood. We were now moving along with the rapid current, with no great hope of being able to stop until we went to pieces in the rocky rapids or landed in the boom at Lewiston. Just then Mrs. Reed came out of the ferry-house, saw us, and gave a prolonged shriek. "Poor woman," said Reed, "poor woman; she will die, she will die." "Die nothing," I said; "there won't any of us die this time. You look after the wreckage of the rigging, and I'll go forward and see what I can do." Going to the other end of the boat, I took hold of a rope that was fastened to a staple-ring, and awaited developments. After a rapid run of about three miles the boat, by what seemed the merest scratch, edged out of the main current and began to swing into an eddy on the home side of the river. This brought me a sigh of relief, but the current in the eddy was about as strong as that of the river and would soon take us up stream and around, with a good chance that it would take us back into the river. With the rope in hand, I watched for a chance to jump ashore, and pretty soon a big flat rock, only partially covered with water, offered itself. When making the jump of my life, I landed on its surface, and the next instant took a turn around a tree, thus bringing the boat to a halt and ending the danger. Reed, almost prostrated, thinking and talking only of his wife, asked me to run home and tell her that we were all safe. When about half-way to the ferry-house, I met Mrs. Reed, who was running as fast as she could, wringing her hands, and crying. She saw nothing, and was about to pass me when I called out, "Hold on, stop all that; we are all safe and nothing hurt."

I don't know how it could be, but though I have passed through some similar scenes, and was always easily enough rattled, I was never so cool under like circumstances as during that boat-ride.

CHAPTER XLIII.

NEZ PERCE PRAIRIE.

For the traveler in the early days, the road for the first thirty miles passed over what we called the "Cold Springs Prairie." This district of country is a part of the great plateau, or table land, which extends from the South Clearwater on the east to the Snake River on the west, and occupies all the country intervening between the main Clearwater and the Salmon River Mountains. It includes what is known as the Great Camas Prairie, where Grangeville and other flourishing towns are now growing into importance. The surface of the country then known as "Cold Springs Prairie" was, for the most part, nearly level and gently undulating. The drainage being effected by slight depressions, which gradually developed into canyons as these natural drainage-ways approach the rivers. For the entire distance of thirty miles, between the ferry on the South Clearwater and the point called "Cold Springs," there is little that can be properly called hills; no timber and no springs. The winter and spring rains leave some pools along the depressions, which hold in store some water during the rest of the year. The pack-trains make a three days' journey of these thirty miles, camping the first night from Cold Springs at a place called the "Holes," the next at the "Little Canyon," and the next on the Clearwater, after crossing the ferry. Travelers with light vehicles or on horseback would make the entire distance in one day. This district of country was a portion of the Nez Perce Indian reservation up to a comparatively recent date, but neither Indians nor whites made any other use of it than that of passing over it, as a permanent supply of water for domestic purposes could only be obtained by boring wells varying in depth from 150 to 200 feet. For this task the white people had no time, and the Indians no taste or aptitude. At last the land passed to the possession and occupancy of the white settler, and the change that has come since then is nothing less than marvelous. The soil has proved very fertile, easily cultivated, and very productive. The country is now being covered with the homes and farms of enterprising and prosperous white settlers and farmers, and is rapidly growing in value and importance with the increase of population and facilities for transportation.

At this point, I cannot resist the temptation of pausing to make some reflections on the wonderful transformation that has come with the passing decades.

When I first saw and passed through the region, since called Idaho, in 1845, it was simply a land filled with utterly unknown possibilities and resources. The treasures hidden in the recesses of its mountains; the value of the timber in its magnificent forests, the capabilities of every section of its soil, and its hundreds of other resources and possibilities, were among the things then totally unknown. They are now just beginning to be known and appreciated. To-day, Idaho, the whole of Idaho, is the wonder and delight of the visitor, tourist and home-seeker, who is astonished at finding here, so far away from what he had hitherto considered the hubs and centres of enterprise and refinement, a country where nothing seemed lacking.

But it is evening now. We have just arrived at "Cold Springs," where there is a good house kept by our friends, Mr. Rosencrantz and his wife. I sincerely trust that it has not been forgotten that I have recently been elected a member of the second session of the Idaho Legislature, and that I am on my way to Lewiston, where the Legislature is soon to assemble. Lewiston is still something more than twenty miles distant. We have ridden thirty miles to-day without a stop, and are somewhat tired and hungry.

Cold Springs was the point where the road diverges into two branches, the older of the two going southwest toward the Indian settlement at Kamiah, and the mining district in the South Clearwater Mountains, where the mining town of Elk City is situated. The other road was the one we have just traversed, leading across the great plateau to the ferry. At the time of which I write, both these roads were very much traversed. Here, there was an abundance of wood, excellent pasturage, with a good running stream of water and fine springs, making it an ideal camping place. Here sometimes could be found encamped, of an evening, a good-sized Indian village, with its white tepees, or lodges, several large pack-trains, some freight-wagons, and other vehicles. Around this point cluster many memories and traditions, forming the basis for many interesting stories.

CHAPTER XLIV.

FIRST MEETING WITH THE GOVERNOR.

GOING from Cold Springs to Lewiston, the road leads down and along the ridges and declivities of the eastern portion of what is known as Craig's Mountain. For several miles of the distance the road passes through a fine body of timber. What we call "Craig's Mountain," is not a mountain in the true sense of the term, but is the breaking-down of the great plateau, or table-land, of which we have heretofore spoken. With its heavily-timbered ridges and slopes, it forms the shaggy brow of the table-land as it looks down upon the charming intervening country lying between its base and the main Clearwater, and forms a portion of the magnificent frame-work, or setting, to the splendid picture presented of the historic valley of the Lapwai and of all the country about Lewiston.

Passing through the Indian settlements, or the Lapwai, we saw some of the old mission buildings that were yet standing, and among the number the rude old log-cabin where the first printing ever done on the Pacific slope north of Mexico, was performed by Rev. Spaulding and his force of missionaries.

While at the pioneer and historical headquarters in Portland, several years ago, I was shown what was claimed to be the remains of the old printing press that did this primeval work, and though this venerable and much-worn relic of the past bore a decidedly stronger resemblance to the modern printing outfit than does a curry-comb to a modern piano, it still required a hard straining of the imagination to enable one to trace any sign of relationship.

From this point, a ride of twelve miles brought us to the eastern gate of the city of Lewiston, where we were accorded the freedom of the city and exemption from arrest for a period of forty days. In the summer of 1861, I had a little glimpse of what was going to be the city of Lewiston, and now, for the first time during the interval, I had the pleasure of witnessing the changes which three years had wrought.

The brave little town was already giving assured promise of what it was going to be. What most impressed me at the time, was the change of temperature from that of the high mountain region. Beyond the South Clearwater we had left a foot of snow covering nearly the whole country. Here, in Lewiston, it seemed like the beginning of spring. The flowers were blooming, and the tender grass growing throughout the valley of the main Clearwater and along Snake River. The mildness and salubrity of the climate seemed something wonderful. As the winter advanced, the contrast between the conditions and features now existing, and those that prevailed in the Bitter Root Mountains, became more and more marked and more delightful. It was about the closing of the first week in November. On the fourteenth the Legislature would convene, and the interim was marked by the daily arrival of members from the more distant points in the new Territory. Long before the day arrived for legislative troubles to begin, they were all on hand, and ready to take up their shares of the burdens. When first confronted with this group of twenty legislators, I was somewhat startled on finding that, though I was but a callow youth of forty-three, I was yet the oldest of the members, if not, indeed, the oldest man in the town, with the exception of sub-Chief Timothy of the Nez Perces. Up in the Oro Fino district, among the grizzled old forty-niners, I had been rated a cub, and treated accordingly. Here, I was the recipient of all the honor and respect due to advanced years. With a full sense of the responsibilities thus imposed, I could only resolve that during my short sojourn of forty days in the capital city my conduct should be irreproachable and exemplary. I soon became acquainted with my fellow members and was very favorably impressed by them. My very first glance at these incipient Solons and budding Lycurguses showed me that my leadership of the band would be quite easy and attended with no difficulties.

One evening, my friend, S. S. Slater, one of the resident citizens of Lewistown, took me out for a call on the Governor at his rooms in the Luna House. The Governor was highly flattered by the visit, and outlined to us what his course would be as regarded the action of the Legislature during the session. He had been busy during the day preparing his message to the Legislature, and read us some passages from the manuscript. We were pleased in finding the sentiments well expressed, and very statesmanlike and patriotic, while the style was highly ornate, meeting all the requirements of finished and classical elocution. We assured the Governor that he had struck the right vein, which would bear the most elaborate and exquisite working-out that he could give it. We left him, delighted with our visit, receiving at his hands a most cordial invitation to call upon him often. We felt sure that our words of encouragement and discreet praise helped materially to make that justly celebrated message the perfect state paper that it has been universally conceded to be. The next day, and the day following, I noticed that the Governor made frequent visits to the "Golden Age" office, going in and out with slips of paper in his hand. These, I learned upon inquiring, were "proof sheets" of the forthcoming message. When, one evening, the two houses met in joint convention, for the purpose of hearing the Governor's message, they met in the hall of the House of Representatives. This hall, by the way, was a little, narrow, elongated log-cabin that stood at the corner of C and Third streets, diagonally opposite the Luna House. When the Governor was in place and standing erect on the platform, the silence became oppressive. You could have heard a couplin-pin drop on the floor, had any one had the temerity and rudeness to drop it. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity with an eagerly expectant audience. When the moment of delivery came, the Governor made his bow to the audience, and began: "While the clouds of Civil War still darken the atmosphere, lighted only by the sunbursts of glory that surrounded the achievements of our gallant army and our heroic navy,—

thus, and here and now, you meet the able, enlightened, and conscientious representatives of confiding constituencies," etc. This gives the exordium of a somewhat lengthy document that never dropped a feather's width from the lofty height where it first took wing in its lordly and noble flight. I regret exceedingly that I cannot here give the message in its entirety, but you will find it in the Journal of the second session, among the archives of the Idaho Pioneer and Historical Society. It pains me more than I can tell, to note here that our beloved Idaho historians have given scant space and scanter courtesy to their accounts of what took place during the first and second sessions of the Idaho Territorial Legislature. Indeed, they have treated the whole subject-matter of what happened in Northern Idaho during those early days rather cavalierly, to say the least about it. I cannot promise that I shall be able to make amends for all the shortcomings of these faithful chroniclers, but I will endeavor to jot down what happens to be in memory at the time, hoping that the writing down of one incident may bring to mind others of equal interest and importance.

CHAPTER XLV.

SECOND SESSION—LEWISTON LOSES THE CAPITAL.

To use the classical French phrase, the "piece de resistance" of the second session was the bill providing for the removal of the Capital of the Territory from Lewiston to Boise.

The anxious friends of this measure, who constituted a good working majority in both branches of the Legislature, took care to introduce the bill at the earliest practicable moment. The bill had been before the preceding session, but was introduced too late to withstand the obstructive tactics of the opposition. It failed to reach the point for the final vote until the last evening of the session, when it was talked to death by Alonzo Leland, then a member of the House, and a most determined opponent of the measure. This time the bill had nearly the whole session of forty days before it, which left nothing to fear from the worst kind of filibustering. It was pushed rapidly through, and was soon among the finished products. "And so the bill passed," leaving its enemies only the forlorn hope that possibly the Governor would veto it. But Caleb was no worshipper of the setting sun. He had seen Southern Idaho, he had seen Boise, and he had been seen by the people who knew how to see him. He signed the bill without apparent scruple or regard for consequences, and then—Lewiston went into the air. Desperate and hopeless as the case looked, we still thought that something might be done. Leland and the other legal lights of the town counselled immediate action. A writ of "*ne exeat*" was sued out of the Probate Court of Nez Perce County, *ne exeat* meaning, when interpreted, "Don't let him go." This involved the immediate arrest and detention of the Governor, and the detention of the archives in Lewiston until the case could be judically settled. Then we had a case at law on our hands. The case went into the District Court of the First Judicial District, Judge Aleck Smith presiding. Aleck was a relative by marriage of the Henrys of Puget Sound, who were lineal descendants of the renowned Patrick Henry of Virginia. I know this is disgressing, but I trust I may be permitted here to say that Puget Sound and Yamhill County, Oregon, were dominant and potent factors in the early upbuilding of young Idaho. The facts, however, in connection with this branch of the subject will appear more fully as this history progresses. The successful prosecutor of our law suit for the retention of the Capital at Lewiston seemed to demand the arrest of the Governor, but to arrest that dignitary meant, in the first place, to catch him. In the meantime, Caleb learned what was on foot and what was in store for him; so, bright and early next morning, taking with him Hon. Sol Hasbrouck, of Owyhee County, and his shot-gun, he embarked on a frail canoe, with the avowed purpose of shooting ducks on John Silcot's ranch, just across the Clearwater. Mr. Hasbrouck was for many years clerk of the Supreme Court, and died in Boise in 1906. When in mid-stream, the canoe became unmanageable, and was borne away by the current down Snake River to White's ferry, where a carriage was found in waiting on the Washington Territory side of the river, which took Caleb and his shot-gun to Walla Walla, where he took the stage for Boise. This was the last that was ever seen of Caleb Lyon of Lyonsdale, Governor of all Idaho, on our side of the Salmon River Mountains.

The accident that had befallen the Governor was soon known in Lewiston, as he could be seen from the town hopelessly drifting at the mercy of the rapid current of Snake River. There remained, for *ne exeatic* purposes, the acting secretary, Silas D. Cochran, who was promptly arrested and made a close prisoner in his office, under the custody of the sheriff of Nez Perce County and his deputies. There was a goodly number of these deputies, of which I had the honor of being one. We kept a close guard over Cochran day and night, leaving no opening for another duck-hunting disaster. Cochran, at the time of his arrest, made a full exhibit of the public property and papers in his office, which showed that the archives, together with the great seal of the Territory, were all intact and safe. Mr. Hasbrouck, when the canoe drifted ashore at White's ferry, parted company with the Governor and returned to Lewiston, when he was permitted to retire to his room, after giving a graphic account of the perilous journey down the river. He belonged in the camp of the enemy, but we bore him neither malice nor ill-will. He was one of the staidest and most exemplary members of the second session, which is saying a great deal for him, though he was young and inexperienced at the time, and but slightly versed in the ways and wiles of high diplomacy. Silas D. Cochran, I think, never held any official position by Federal appointment. He had been a clerical attache of the Secretary's office under Wm. B. Daniels and became Acting Secretary, or secretary by brevêt, after Daniels resigned and went back to Yamhill County, Oregon. Whatever may have been his true legal status, Cochrane was all that Idaho had left of Governor or Secretary when Caleb Lyon came upon the scene, in 1864, and continued the young man in the discharge of the duties of secretary.

It did not look now like much of a grip that we had upon the executive department of the Territory, or upon the Capital, but we had Cochrane and the archives, and we had our case at law in the court, with Judge Aleck fairly and squarely on our side of the question at issue. Our contention was, that the alleged second session of the Legislature was illegal and invalid *ab initio,* and that nothing that was done at that session could have the force of law. We claimed that the session commenced on a day other than that fixed by the law, and that many other irregularities in the proceedings, each one of which was more than sufficient to vitiate the whole business, could be made evident to the satisfaction of any court in the land. The law-suit, like all other sublunary things, came to an end at last, when a decision was promptly handed down by Judge Aleck Smith, recent of Puget Sound.

The decision was a remarkable document, and quite a model paper in its way. It was lengthy, elaborate, complex, and involved, but there was one sentence that stood out in luminous distinctness and in vivid contrast to the mass of legal abstruseness. That sentence was this: "The Capital is still at Lewiston." With this decision in our favor, with Cochrane a closely-guarded prisoner, and the archives and the great seal of the Territory in our possession, we felt that we could safely rest upon our oars and calmly await results. If this decision was ever judicially reversed, it is one of the facts of history, of the truth of which I am by no means certain. I think that decison still stands, clothed with all the legal force that a court of justice could give it. In spite of all that was afterwards said or done, I yet believe, with my good friend Aleck of Puget Sound, that the Capital of Idaho "is still at Lewiston."

CHAPTER XLVI.

EFFORT TO ANNEX NORTH IDAHO TO WASHINGTON.

WITH the Capital at Lewiston—*de jure* and *de facto*—the action of an alleged and illegal session of the Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding, we still felt that there remained something to be done, and done promptly, to make our work permanent. Lewiston was situated on the extreme western verge of the Territory. Another year would bring another session of the Legislature, with the certainty that another bill for removal would be passed to cure all the defects of the first one. To forestall and ward off this danger, a change of Territorial boundaries was necessary. We decided to change the boundaries of Washington Territory by taking unto Idaho, Walla Walla County, on the south, and by extending the western boundary of Idaho to the Columbia River. True, this would require an act of Congress to effect the desired change of boundaries, but all this had been foreseen and provided for. Still, we owed to our neighbors of Washington Territory the courtesy of consulting them and of advising with them with regard to the changes that had been decided upon.

A meeting of the citizens of Lewiston was held, which was attended by all the prominent men of the town and by the Representatives of the northern counties, when a committee was appointed to visit the city of Walla Walla and lay the matter before the citizens of that place, asking their assent and co-operation. The report of this committee, when it returned to Lewiston, was to the effect that they had failed to make the people of Walla Walla see things by the light of our Lewiston lamps. The Walla-Wallians said they thought they smelled a rat, or, as expressed by one of their number, they thought they could see "the cat in the meal-tub," Meaning by this, that Lewiston was seeking additional territory in order to make her a Capital. The report in no way discouraged us, who knew the feeling was the result of the local jealousies of a rival town. We knew that with the people of Washington Territory east of the Cascade Mountains we would do so ultimately, as they had long since become restive under the domination of Puget Sound. The sequel proved this conclusion to be correct.

Here was the beginning of the scheme for a change of boundaries dividing Idaho and annexing a portion of Washington Territory, with all the bitterness that the movement engendered. For this, the people of Northern Idaho were not alone to be blamed, if, indeed, they could be justly blamed at all. Had the people of Southern Idaho, all of whom favored the location of the capital at Boise—had these good people shown less unseemly haste in seizing upon the capital, simply because they had the power, much, if not all, of the ensuing bitterness and ill-feeling would have been avoided. The capital was a plum that was certain to fall into Boise's lap in any possible event. Had the capital remained at Lewiston for another five years, the fact would have in no way changed or affected the relative growth, importance, or prestige of the two towns. Long before the expiration of that short period of time, the people of Northern Idaho would have seen the futility of any attempt to retain the capital. Nothing can be more unjust to all concerned and more grotesquely absurd than the present geographical configuration of the State of Idaho; but experience has shown that boundary lines between political communities, once established, are seldom changed. It is true that, in the case of our Idaho, while yet a Territory, a change did come dangerously near being effected. It is also true that it was a political accident, which found its corrective and preventive of consummation in another political accident. Should you find what seems to you to be an enigma in this statement, you have only to wait until I get around to the place where a solution can be worked in. Of course, when the lines dividing territories become crystallized into State boundaries, the difficulties of effecting changes are increased manifold. This I regret exceedingly, on account of the very laudable ambition of our lovely and queenly neighbor, the city of Spokane, who, I am afraid, will have to be content with being a great railroad center and the intellectual guidepost and guardian of all the interests of Northern Idaho.

Now, I hope I may be permitted to write briefly of some other good work that was done at this second session. Among other arduous labors, was the granting of several franchises. One of these was the granting of a franchise to Bonner & Eddy to construct and maintain a ferry on Kootenai River, at a point since known as Booner's ferry. Another act created the counties of Latah and Kootenai. My recollection now is, that these two counties were not organized at this session, but they were simply created, and left attached to Nez Perces County for judicial purposes. The work of organizing the counties was done at a subsequent session. The county of Ada was created and organized at this session, with the city of Boise for the county seat. The county was named in honor of a daughter of Hon. H. C. Riggs, a member of the House from Boise County, the home of Mr. Riggs then being in Boise City.

Another act amended and perfected the act for the better observance of the Sabbath. There were several other acts passed, all of which will be found in the "Laws of the Second Session." Some other bills introduced failed of passage. Among the number was one organizing the militia of the Territory. This bill originated in the Legislative Council, where the "Blacks" were in the majority, and where it passed without much trouble. When it reached the House, where the "Secesh" element predominated, it failed to reach a second reading. The majority in the House had a perfect horror for anything that had the sound of the word "military" in it. They feared that if the bill became a law, the power would be placed in the hands of the "Blacks" to prevent the free exercise of the ballot. By a close margin, the opportunity was lost of voting for a bill to dissolve the bonds of matrimony between two parties. A Southern Idaho attorney, named Preston, came to Lewiston, accompanied by a lady who desired to be divorced from her husband. the case was a most lamentable one—a most pitiable one, as was evinced by the story which the lady told, and by her manner while telling it. There could be no doubt that she was fully entitled to the relief which she sought at the hands of the Idaho Legislature. In company with my friend and chum, Hon. Joe McIntosh, of Boise County, I saw the lady in the parlor of the Luna House and heard her story. She was an exceptionally beautiful woman, but sorrow-worn and sad beyond the power of expression. All these and other features of her sad case might have been resisted, but it was quite beyond the power of the most hard-hearted wretch on earth to resist her style of weeping. It was something so different from the ordinary feminine tear-flow which we sometimes see tumbling over the cheekbones and trickling down the sides of the nose and vanishing mysteriously at the first sign of approaching sunshine. In the case of our lady sighing for a severing of the bonds, the tears came in a full gush from the eyes and in a straight, streaming, continuous outpour, coursing down each cheek until the two floods met in the dimple of the chin, whence they fell in a gentle cataract to the swanlike neck and thence down until lost to view behind the frills of the corsage. I managed with extreme difficulty to suppress my feelings and keep back my contribution to the briny flood. But poor Joe! He was young and impressionable, and was completely overcome by his emotions. I had all I could do to steady him on his feet and lead him from the room.

Joe and I had the habit when we found ourselves confronted by any legislative puzzles of consulting a lawyer friend that we had in town. We both had our doubts about the divorcing business being a proper subject of legislation. Our lawyer friend assured us that the power to dissolve the bonds of matrimony inhered in the Legislature, as much so as it did in anybody or in any tribunal on earth. This dictum, I found upon investigation, to be strictly correct. The power to dissolve the bonds of matrimony does inhere in the Legislature just as much as it inheres or resides anywhere, for nowhere in the heavens above nor on the earth beneath does the power exist to sever the bonds that hold two human beings in the sacred relationship of man and wife. I told Joe the result of my investigations and he was almost dumbfounded. He said he had never heard anything to equal it in the Boise Basin. Then I asked him solemnly: "Hast thou not seen two pearls of dew?" He said he thought he had seen the two pearls. "Don't interrupt me," I said; "wait till I finish."

"Hast thou not seen two pearls of dew
The rose's velvet leaf adorn
How stronger their attraction grew
As nearer to each other borne?"

Borne toward each other, they meet; meeting, they coalesce; coalescing, they form one pearly drop never to be dissolved, disunited, or divided until the morn of death comes to one of the two contracting parties, and I have my doubts whether death itself can sever the bonds.

"With all deference to your superior wisdom and mature judgment," said Joe, "I'd like to know what is to happen to Mr. Preston and his fair client?"

"That must depend upon what the rest think of the matter," said I. The bill seemed all right and the case one of real merit, and it would have gone through but for one single obstacle. After canvassing the members of both houses thoroughly, Mr. Preston could find no member who would consent to introduce the bill.

CHAPTER XLVII.

ALONZO LELAND AND S. S. FENN.

Now I am going to try and tell something of what I remember about the personnel of the First and Second Sessions of the Idaho Territorial Legislature.

I will mention first Alonzo Leland, as he was the one whom I had longest known. Mr. Leland came to Portland, Oregon, from the city of Boston in the early fifties. He was first engaged as teacher in the public schools of Portland and incidentally in the practice of law. I first knew him in the autumn of 1854, when he was engaged in editing a newspaper called the "Democratic Standard." After that I sometimes met him in the woods of Oregon following the guidance of a solar-compass. I next met him in the Oro Fino mining camp, interested in the building and running of a saw-mill. He was also interested in mining operations in several of the camps of Idaho. Of all the occupations in which I knew of his being engaged, I always thought him best fitted for that of editing a newspaper. He was a writer of good ability and was indefatigably industrious. He edited, from time to time, several papers in Lewiston, among others "The Lewiston Teller," of which he was the founder.

Mr. Leland was a member of the First Session when he came within one vote of being elected Speaker of the House. His opponent was a man named Tufts, representing a constituency in what is now one of the counties of Montana. When S. S. Slater, who was chief clerk in the House, came to the reading of the votes for speaker, the emphasis used by him made all the hearers remember these words if no others: "and Leland voting for Tufts—and Tufts voting for Tufts." This was the most awkward and ill-advised thing that I ever knew poor Leland to do. He had a chance to vote for a good man, but gave his vote to the other one. Slater was a most devoted friend of Leland, but I don't believe he ever forgave ~~him~~ for this blunder, which had the effect of electing the wrong man. Leland held some theories, or "fads," as they were called in those days. One of these was the building of a railroad across the Bitter Root Mountains to connect with the Northern Pacific, and another was the building of the road through the Snake River Canyon and thence "down the Columbia to the sea." Now, Mr. Leland's friends and the friends of Lewiston knew that both these schemes, which seemed so visionary at one time, are certain to be realized in the early future, besides other developments and enterprises that were not even dreamed of in the earlier days. It can be said of Alonzo Leland that he was almost, if not entirely, alone in his sublime faith in the grand future that awaited Lewiston—a faith that is now certain of realization. Another member of the House in the First Session was Milton Kelly, who was afterwards one of the Federal Judges of the Territory, and later proprietor and editor of the "Idaho Statesman." Like Leland, Kelly was a member of the legal profession, had been a teacher in early life, and had been engaged in many and various enterprises. They both found their way to the editor's tripod, where both left a good record for ability, patience, and industry. They were never warm friends, but each one recognized in the other a foeman worthy of his steel. As we shall meet these two estimable men again the course of this "history," I will leave them here and see whom else I can remember.

Among the members of the Legislative Council in both the First and Second Sessions there was Hon. S. S. Fenn. In him we find another lawyer and a good, practical legislator. Though a man of sterling ability and of good equipment and readiness for any task that came to his hands, Mr. Fenn was not what you would call a showy man. He was a good Democrat, and one of the best mixers I ever met. Withal he possessed many of the nobler traits and qualities that so greatly relieve, if they do not adorn our poor human nature. He was generous and unselfish to a fault, with purse and hand always open to every call that might be made upon them. With the capital removed to Boise, he was often a member of the Legislature and always the presiding officer of the body of which he was a member. In going to Boise, he always went by land; what I mean is, that he journeyed by horseback across the intervening mountains. Returning home, with the mountains filled with deep snow, Mr. Fenn was compelled to use snowshoes, but he generally managed to strike the cabin of some old miner when night came; and then for a brief stay there would be the feast of venison and the flow of congenial souls. He could have made the trip all the way by stage and thus have earned his mileage, but he chose this shorter and easier cut through the mountains. Mr. Fenn met his first Waterloo when he was elected Idaho Delegate in Congress. Up to this time he had never worn a "biled shirt," nor any of its silk and broadcloth concomitants. His intimate friends told him that now as a member of Congress his toilet would need some revision and replenishing. In compliance with this advice, he bought for himself a suit of clothes at Volmer & Scott's store in Mt. Idaho, went to his room in the hotel, and tried to put them on. The main trouble semed to be with the shirt. It was one of those new-fangled things with the bosom on the back and a single button for the collar on the front, showing the grizzled old breastbone all the way down as far as the open slit permitted. After a fierce struggle, Mr. Fenn managed to encase himself in the strange new duds and soon made his appearance in the parlor of the hotel, where he was the admired of all admirers. And this was only the beginning of the trouble. He had to pass through many similar ordeals before he was fully equipped and qualified for a trip to Washington City. But when in his place as Delegate he was not long in adapting himself to his new surroundings. He knew men better than he knew fine clothes and he knew how to approach and handle them. He was neither a Dave Crocket nor a Joe Meek. He knew just when to make a break and how to make it. He made an excellent record as Delegate in Congress and fully earned the plaudit which he received of, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

DR. EPHRAIM SMITH OF BOISE.

Another dear personal friend who was also a "hold-over" in the "House of Lords" was Dr. Ephraim Smith of Boise County. Dr. Smith was resident of the City of Boise, where he was highly esteemed, both as a citizen and a practising physician. I remember that in the *little* fight that we tried to make for the retention of the capital at Lewiston, Dr. Smith was one of the strongest, most vigilant and determined fighters in the interest of his home city. He was also, during his stay in Lewiston, a general favorite in the social circles of the Northern City. It was my pleasure to renew my acquaintance with this worthy disciple of Esculapius in after years, when we were both resident citizens of Boise and when I occupied the responsible position of "local" on the "Statesman." Very often when I was in despair from lack of matter to fill out my two little columns of "happenings," Dr. Smith would come to the rescue with a good string of items gathered during his constant rambles or professional errands. He was especially helpful to me in the matter of gathering all the data of those latest of all arrivals in any land and whose presence anywhere had never before been mentioned.

We had on the local page of the "Statesman" a little department under the headline "Hatched, Matched, and Dispatched," and I could always rely on my good friend Smith to furnish the data for a good and satisfactory report.

When we were running the "Aunt Judy Letters" in the paper, which made the Governor of the Territory, Uncle Jimmy Stout and Dr. Smith codefendants in a certain matter then pending, Smith declared to me that he knew who the author of the letters was, and intimated that I was the guilty party, but when I begged him to bring the family Bible with him on his next round and just stand and hear me swear, he softened toward me, but still insisted that he knew the author of the letters. In all the relations of life in which I knew him as actor or participant, Dr. Smith was all that could be desired, but I was sometimes tempted to think him lacking in due consideration for the necessities and exigencies of backwoods journalism.

Of Hon. E. B. Waterbury, member of the Council and representing Nez Perces County, I remember but little now further than that he was the orator of the Session. He was a fluent and ready talker, which was not surprising, as he had had several years' experience and practice as an auctioneer. As a legislator he was active and efficient and fully met the expectations of his constituents. Socially, he was genial and jolly, and though we classed him among the "Secesh" element, he was always ready to join heartily in the songs that were then so much loved by the loyal and brave, but noncombatant "black Republican." It was related of Mr. Waterbury, that during the campaign of 1863, he sometimes got auctioneering and electioneering eloquence a little mixed and that on one occasion he was heard to remark in stentorian tones: "Once, twice, thr-e-e (look out now or you will lose your vote); once, twice, three t-i-m-e-s, and sold to the Territory of Idaho for a seat in her Legislature!"

Hon. John Cummins, whom I sized up for a fussy little limb of the law, was President of the Council in the Second Session. He was afterwards one of the Federal Judges of the Territory and made an excellent and satisfactory record. His political complexion was rather dark-hued, not to say, "black," and he was sometimes lacking in patience with his "Secesh" brethren and fellow-members.

Hon. Stanford Capps, member of the Council, representing the counties of Shoshone and Missoula, was the parliamentarian of the two Sessions. He had Jefferson's manual and all the rest of the authorities on parliamentary law at his tongue's end. He was also an accomplished mixologist, having a thorough knowledge of all the elements and ingredients that enter into the composition of that appetizing matitutinal, known as the cocktail. He thought for a time that he knew how to play poker, but Dick Eddy and his partner, Bonner of Bonner's Ferry, soon enabled him to dispel that illusion.

In the House he hed, besides those already mentioned, Sol. Hasbrouck and Ed. Sterling, two as worthy and estimable young men as I ever knew. They very ably and efficiently represented Owyhee County in the Second Session. I often pitied them for their extreme youthfulness and susceptibility, but I had the pleasure afterwards of seeing them both outgrow all infantile tendencies and become seasoned and well-matured citizens. The members of the House had been kindly furnished with long tables at which they sat in pairs, having thereon everything in common, even down to chewing tobacco. My table-mate was Hon. W. H. Parkinson of Boise County. Mr. Parkinson was a gentleman of the old school. In politics he was, as nearly as such a thing could be in those days, a rational Democrat.

Though several years my junior and differing widely from me on most questions, we got along together charmingly. It was my good fortune one evening to save the life of this rarely valuable member of the House. I found Parkinson in Jimmie Hays' billiard-parlors engaged in conversation with one of the attaches of the House. I could see that Parkinson was being bored to death, and that he was looking anxiously around for some avenue of escape. Approaching them, I said: "Gentlemen, please excuse me, but I have imperative reasons for wishing to speak with Mr. Parkinson." "Certainly," came the response in chorus, and then I led Parkinson into the street and thus addressed him: "Mr. Parkinson, you see that building across the way. That is the Luna House. Somewhere within its ample dimensions your room is located now; do not stand upon the order of your going, but go at once to your room and to bed." "My dear, venerable old friend," said he, "I don't know how to thank you." "Don't try," said I, "but go at once to bed. Good night."

Yet, and notwithstanding this and many other similar acts of unselfish devotion, when the vote was reached on the capital question, Parkinson voted for the removal of the capital from Lewiston to Boise.

There is one other member of the "House of Commons" that I would like to mention. Mr. Riggs was always a Democrat. In 1864, we classed him as an Idaho Democrat with Southern Confederacy leanings. He was a Boiseite of the Boiseites and was greatly elated when the great bill passed and received the signature of the Governor. He seemed ready and willing to take the capital with him in his overcoat pocket on his return to Boise. But on the morning after we had issued the writ of *ne exeat* and were hunting for Caleb of Calebsdale, I met Riggs on the street and he seemed quite crestfallen and dejected. Up to this time I had always rated him as a good jokist and he was always ready for a laugh when I ever looked at him, but this time, when I tried one of my best old chestnuts on him, he could only respond with a very faint and sickly smile. He dreaded the possible effects of that writ of *ne exeat*. At the very best he could foresee that it would prove a cruel postponement of the fruits of his labors.

CHAPTER XLIX.

MY BILL FOR TAXING FOREIGN MINERS.

I HAD nearly forgotten to mention an event that proved the turning point in my career as a legislator. This was the introduction of a bill for taxing foreign miners. By the term foreign miner was not meant the unnatural and unnaturalized Russian, Greek, Finn, Frenchman, or Irishman. The contemplated law was intended entirely for the benefit of the natives of the Flowery Kingdom. During the two preceding years the Chinese had been coming into all the placer mining camps of the Territory. They came in small numbers at first, but gradually increasing, until there was every reason for hoping that they would soon constitute a majority of the mining population. In 1864, there were already large areas of placer ground that had been completely worked over by the white miners. The ownership of thse old worked-out claims, with all their appurtenances and belongings, still remained with the parties who had last owned and worked the ground. Nothing could present a more desolate and utterly hopeless aspect than one of those old, worked-out placer mining claims. There was not the slightest hope that any white miner of any nationality or grade would ever think of touching one of these old claims. The owners, however, could sell to the Chinese the privilege of working these claims over a second or even a third time if they so desired. The Chinese would buy this ground, giving a good price for it, and work it over, making big money. Much of the ground had been worked by the whites in a very careless and wasteful manner and by the rudest process and methods. In places, large values had been left and lesser values everywhere. The Chinese would buy, put all the men that could be worked to advantage on the ground, reduce expenses to the minimum, and, working incessantly day and night, would reap a richer harvest than had rewarded the original white owner.

Before leaving Pierce City, I had been present at a meeting of the business men of the camp and the principal owners of mining ground at which the subject of Chinese cheap labor and its just rewards had been fully discussed, and a series of resolutions duly passed. The substance of these resolutions was to the effect that our Chinese neighbors, for their industry, economy, and enterprise, deserved some recognition at our hands and at the hands of the Legislature. I was accordingly instructed to call the attention of the Legislature to this subject by the introduction of a bill whose provisions would meet and cover all the objects sought and desired.

This was, in one respect, very fortunate for me since it is one of the duties, the faithful performance of which is imperatively demanded of a new member, that he should introduce at least one bill during the session and, if possible, secure its passage.

When the time came for me to act, I was entirely at a loss how to commence the composition of the bill. I had to confide my troubles to somebody, so I told my friend, S. S. Slater, that I was up against it, and that I didn't know how to compose a bill. He said: "Compose fiddlesticks!" Without rising from his seat, he reached for a shelf and took down an old worn-out, banged-to-pieces California law book, and, turning the leaves to the required page, he said: "Here is a law that has been in operation in California for several years. It has passed through all the ordeals and has been duly adjudicated. Take this and copy it verbatim et literatim et punctu *at him*. The only change necessary is to substitute Idaho for California. If any other changes should be desired there will be plenty of opportunities while the bill is passing through the legislative mill."

There was nothing left for me to do but the task of copying that old California law and introducing it into the House. With all the necessary delay, the bill passed both Houses, and in due time received the signature of the Governor, and then my cup of joy was full. I had so often heard it said of some unfortunate member of a Legislature: "He sot thar the hull time like a bump on a log and never opened his head, unless it was a little motion to say: 'Boys, let's quit for a little while and go and get a drink.' He never introduced a bill because he didn't know enough to draw one up." I had happily escaped the possibility of any reproach of this kind and felt quite satisfied with my work. The bill was as nearly perfect as I could make it, humane and benevolent in its provisions, and bestowed a marked distinction upon the Chinese miner. In the matter of taxation it imposed but the slight and nominal burden of six dollars per month to be paid to the tax-gatherer by each individual Chinaman engaged in the actual work of mining.

CHAPTER L.

WORK OF EARLY LEGISLATION.

During the years that have passed since the time of which I have been writing, it has been my misfortune sometimes to hear and to read some criticisms and comments about these First and Second Sessions and about the men who participated in their proceedings, that were, to say the least, not very flattering. Most of these criticisms were made up by writers who had never seen Idaho until a very late date in her history and then not until after they had secured a paid-up subscription for the "histories" they undertook to write. These men and others who knew as little about Idaho as they did have enriched our stock of knowledge by the gratuitous statement that those two Sessions of the Idaho Legislature were far from being what they were pleased to call "dignified bodies," that the bills passed were crude, unnecessary and ill-considered and every way lacking in the wisdom and prudence that should characterize serious-minded legislators.

As an offset to all this I can only oppose the results of my own personal experience and observation. With the exception of three or four of the earlier Sessions that were held here in Boise while I was yet engaged in the business of placer mining, I have been a present and observing witness of all that

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has been done at all the sessions of the Idaho Legislature, both Territorial and State Legislatures, between the years 1863 and 1907. Sometimes I was a member, sometimes I have been present in my capacity of reporter for the press, and yet more often as a mere looker-on in Venice. I have watched as well as I could from a distance the course of legislation, national, state, and territorial, from the administration of James Monroe down to the present, and I can truthfully say for all our earlier sessions of the Idaho Territorial Legislature that I could never see in what they had to suffer in comparison with other efforts at legislation anywhere or at any time. But as I am writing particulars of the First and Second Sessions of the Idaho Territorial Legislature, I will confine myself to what I can remember of them. First, I will say that I never saw or heard of a personal collision between members nor of an unpleasant scene of any kind. I never knew bodies of men more prompt and punctual at roll-call or more industrious and attentive to the duties that have called them together. As men and citizens, I know of no instance where any of them ever gave any just cause of complaint. Many of them afterwards rose to prominence in the affairs of the Territory, and I can remember no one who failed to leave a clean and satisfactory record. From a strictly puritanical and Pecksniffian point of view some of them may have been lacking in the correct nasal intonation of the regulation Pharisaism and sanctimoniousness, but I never heard of one of them breaking up a prayer-meeting or throwing rocks at a street-preacher. We had not many religious privileges in Lewiston at that time. Our Chaplain of the House, a most estimable man and every way acceptable, made a brief prayer for us every morning and then, knowing our good dispositions and intentions, left us to our own spiritual resources for the ensuing twenty-four hours. When Sunday came, if we did not attend Divine services in a body at the most fashionable church in the city, the only reason was that the services were very uncertain and irregular. The venerable Mr. Spaulding, who was still at Lapwai, could only visit and preach for us when he could be spared from his duties at the Indian Mission.

As regards the work of these two Sessions, it may be stated as a well-known fact that to-day no Idaho lawyer considers his library complete without a full set of those earlier Session Laws, not only for the advantage of being able to study the history of legislation in Idaho, but also on account of the instructive interest and value of many of these early enactments. The First Session compiled a code of laws, selected in the main from among the laws of the older commonwealths beyond the Rockies with the necessary modification to adapt them to Idaho conditions. This code of laws we found on our tables correctly printed and bound in a neat volume when we commenced the labors of the Second Session, and it held its place on the desk of the legislator for many Sessions afterwards. Even up to the present time, there have been but few radical departures from the provisions, and of the few changes that have been made the greater number were far from being improvements. Perhaps you will say that these pioneer legislators received ten dollars per day besides their mileage and could well afford to be good and industrious. In order to confirm you in the correctness of your judgment, I will tell you that there were no pay-days during the Session nor at its close. The entire amount due the members and attaches from both the Federal Government and from the Territory were paid in script, there being no Federal appropriation made at the time and no money in the Territorial Treasury to meet the disbursement. In spite of all this, I think there were few, if any, who left Lewiston for their homes in debt, or who hypothecated their script while there. When the cost of traveling at that time is considered, it is not easy to believe that there could have been much of that four hundred dollars left, had it all been paid in gold during the Session.

CHAPTER LI.

BACK TO THE PLACER MINES.

WHEN a certain historical comet failed to make his appearance within our system on schedule time, the astronomer accounted for the delay by saying that his wanderer of the skies had got himself tangled up among the satellites of Jupiter, and had not yet been able to extricate himself from the spheres of influence within which he was, for the time, enmeshed. This is precisely what has happened to me. Entangled among the lesser orbs that revolved around the central planet, Lewiston, I have been unable to resume my course along my proper orbit at regulation speed, which would have long since brought me into the neighborhood of the Sun (meaning Boise) where I am long overdue.

I had planned to write a history of Idaho in ten short chapters, replete with important and well-verified facts of the highest historical value, but from weakness of will-power, or from some other psychological cause, I have been a loiterer and an erratic wanderer away from the path that I had marked out for myself. Now, however, I am going to cut myself loose by supposing this eventful Second Session adjourned sine die with the members at liberty to return to their respective homes. The old year, 1864, has joined his predecessors beyond the tomb, and the new year, 1865, has been duly crowned and has taken his place upon the throne.

Silas D. Cochrane is still a close prisoner in his own office, while I, as one of the sheriff's deputies, am at my post as chief of guards. It is due to Mr. Cochrane to say that he took his imprisonment philosophically, if not cheerfully. Indeed, neither he nor any of his numerous guards had any cause for personal complaint. Lewiston is a delightful place in which to pass the winter and well deserved the title which we gave it of "Miners' and Mountaineers' Paradise." We were in snug and comfortable quarters and were well looked after by the good people of the town. Mr. and Mrs. Hill Beachy of the Luna House sent us every evening the nicest and most appetizing lunches, while the barkeeper of the house never failed to send us sample bottles of his choicest cider. All recognized that we were enlisted in a great and good work. We were keeping the capital physically where Judge Aleck Smith said it was legally. I often caught myself singing:

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss!"

But one day, Lige Davidson, our expressman and mail-carrier from Pierce City, brought me a letter from my mining partner, Hon. Sam Ramsey, which read as follows:

"It is now past New Year, and you promised to be home by the 15th of January. I hear that you are sitting up nights with Si. Cochrane and the archives. For all that the archives and the capital will ever be worth to Lewiston you had better be sitting up with a dead Indian. You should have kept your promise to the people here that you would defeat that bill for the removal of the capital. That's what I would have done had I been there in your place, or in anybody else's place. Now, the winter is passing away and we have a great deal to do to get ready for the spring rain. There are five thousand feet of lumber to be whipsawed, flume and sluice-boxes to be made and reservoirs to be built. The snow is eight feet deep here on the level and still snowing hard. The town is so nearly snowed under that we have to burrow our way into the houses. All that can be seen of our cabin up near the 'Saddle' is the top end of the chimney sticking out. The Chinese are grinding their long knives for the scalp of the man who introduced that bill for their benefit. I shall expect you back with Lige this trip, as it will take a full week for both of us shoveling snow before we can get things started."

This brought me back out of the enchanted realm in which I had been so long reveling, and left me nothing else to do than to get ready for bidding farewell to Lewiston and to all that the Capital City held of the delightful, attractive, and entrancing. My preparations for the journey homeward were soon made and I was ready after breakfast next morning to take up the line of march for my home in the snow-enveloped mountains. The expressman, however, was detained in town until noon attending to the numerous little messages and errands with which he had been intrusted by the good people in Pierce City. It was past one o'clock in the afternoon before we crossed the Clearwater and hit the trail leading up along the right bank of the river. We had been compelled to take this route on account of the deep snow on Craig's Mountain and the lack of houses on Cold Springs prairie. By this route, an uninhabited stretch of forty miles lay between Lewiston and the Indian settlement at the forks of the Clearwater. We traveled on foot, leading an Indian pony on which were packed our blankets and provisions with the mail and express matter. The short winter afternoon came to an end before we reached the Potlatch, when we went into camp under the bank of the river, where there was a good supply of driftwood, which enabled us to build a roaring fire. We fed the pony a few pounds of oats, then hobbled him and let him go among the bunch-grass that grew along the narrow strip of bottom land. There was no snow on this part of the route yet, but the skies were clear, while the temperature was far from being semi-tropical. But the long night and the early morning passed with all their little inconveniences and discomforts, and the beginning of a bright, sunny day found us traveling as rapidly as possible on our journey. Passing the Potlatch about noon of the second day, the shades of evening brought us to the "forks" where we were the honored guests for the night of Captain John, one of the sub-chiefs of the Nez-Perces. I had known Captain John since the summer of 1861, having met him often during his frequent visits to our mining camp. I had also met him in Lewiston in the Governor's office while the Legislature was in session. Here, on three separate occasions, I had been formally introduced and presented to the Chief by Governor Lyon of Lyonsdale, who, I here beg to add, was, besides being Governor of the Territory of Idaho, Ex-officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Captain John and the Governor were fast friends, Caleb being somewhat the faster of the two, though neither of them could be fairly classed among the very slow. Knowing this, I told our host that I had often heard the Governor speak of him in the most kindly and flattering terms. Then I improvised what purported to be a message intrusted to me by the Governor to his friend and co-laborer, Chief John, concerning their joint undertaking for the building of a stone church at Lapwai. To say that Captain John was greatly pleased by what I told him would but feebly convey an idea of his state of feelings. In return, he gave us a long and hair-raising account of the last fight that he and his people had with the Blackfoot Indians in the buffalo country. Yet in spite of all the friendly sentiment and gushing effusiveness awakened and manifested, I could not see it all had any appreciable effect in lessening the amount of the bill which he required us to pay next morning for the service rendered by giving us a place on the floor of his cabin for spreading our blankets and for helping us to cross the frozen northern branch of the Clearwater. The Nez-Perces have fairly earned the title bestowed upon them of "Aboriginal Yankees" or of "Red Yankees of the plains and mountains." They seem always to have known the full value of a dollar and the surest means of getting one.

CHAPTER LII.

MY RECEPTION AT PIERCE CITY.

FROM the "Forks" to Shultz's Ferry on the South Clearwater, fifteen miles, facing a fierce wind and through a blinding snowstorm. This was the task that confronted us on the morning of the third day from Lewiston. Crossing near the mouth of the stream, Oro Fino Creek, which Lewis and Clarke named "Rock-dam Creek," from the presence of a huge mass of big boulders that they found here, our route lay along the precipitous flanks of the hills bordering the right bank of the river. For miles, in places, the trail was a narrow shelf hung on the brow of a nearly perpendicular wall, and of just sufficient width to permit the sure-footed Indian-ponies to make their way, carrying their burdens of men, women, and children with all their camp equipage and traveling paraphernalia. This trail was almost daily thus used by the Indians during the season of good weather. Over and along this trail, we jogged patiently, if not merrily, reaching the ferry at nightfall. Approaching the ferry, we passed a large party of Indian hunters, encamped on a narrow strip of river bottom.

This is the season when the "ever faithful Nez-Perces" lay in a good supply of venison. The deer have been driven by the deep snow in the mountains to their milder winter haunts among the river hills and canyons, where they fall an easy prey to the rifles of their red pursuers. While the men are engaged in the chase, the women and younger brood gather and heap up the fuel in front of the lodges, and when the hunters bring the fruits of the day's work, the women take up the task of removing the pelts and dressing the meat. Thus woman finds her sphere of usefulness everywhere. What a desert life would be without her!

At the ferry we found the ferryman and his assistant, of course, besides a goodly number of stalwart miners and adventurers from the mining camps, who for the nonce had changed their occupations to that of assisting the Indians in the task of exterminating the deer. Here we were obliged to leave our pony and trust to the chance of finding a two-legged substitute. Some of the miners having concluded to return to Pierce City with us, they begged of Lige the privilege of sharing his burden among them. The request was generously granted, and the morning found us climbing the long hill toward the tableland. We were far from being a dejected or despondent crowd. The boys struck up, "We will sing on that beautiful shore, bye and bye," and when they had finished the song, I intoned, "Dixie." "Oh! I wisht I was in Dixie! That sunny land where I was born in early one Sunday mornin'. Look away down South in Dixie." All joined most heartily in the chorus. "No voice but well might join" in that spirit-stirring song amid such delightful surroundings.

It was still snowing heavily, with the thick black clouds seemingly but a little way above our heads.

When we reached the level plateau at the summit of the hill the snow on the ground began to deepen. Struggling on, we reached Texas's Ranch about the middle of the afternoon. Here we found another party of miners on their way to the ferry. The arrival of so distinguished a party as ours put all thought of further travel out of their heads for the short remainder of that day. They must stay and hear the news from the seat of the Empire. They wanted to know everything that had been done by the legislature, and how and why it had been done. Thus passed the long evening, and when the moment came for retiring, we found that the entire floor space of the little cabin was required for the purpose of spreading our blankets. Here, ten in one bed, we slept as can only sleep the innocent of soul and those whose minds are filled with the noblest aspirations and purposes. Outside and close up to the cabin the big gray wolves were howling and fighting over the offal and refuse that had been thrown from the rear window. These wolves are at once the most courageous and the most cowardly of quadrupeds. When pressed by hunger, they will take the most desperate chances in following up the scent of any morsel of food that may have been thrown away or dropped in the road by the passing traveler. At the first glimpse of a man, however distant, they will disappear like a streak of greased lightning. One cold winter morning in the town of Oro Fino, we found a big wolf dead under a wheelbarrow in the blacksmith shop. He had been one of a large company of vocalists, who had made the night hideous by their dismal concert around the slaughter-house in the edge of the neighboring forest. Driven by hunger, he had boldly entered the lighted town and had crept into the only building with an open door or window. Had he remained in the woods with his fellows, he might yet be living and howling, but the sudden change of temperature, together with the fierce hunger, brought his career to an untimely close.

The morning of our fifth day from Lewiston came bright and beautiful. The snow-storm had spent its force and the clouds had rolled their fragments together and departed. The sun, that had been so long hidden from view, was now shining in all his splendor, while the dark evergreen trees, bending under their snowy burdens, presented the most gorgeous and beautiful winter scenery. We were soon again on the trail and passing through these ever-shifting scenes and ever-changing pictures.

The daily travel on the narrow trail thus far through the winter had kept the snow well beaten down so that we had only the latest accretions to obstruct our progress. We met occasional parties who were going toward the river, and when these meetings on the narrow footway occurred there would come a good-humored battle for the right of way, which always resulted in everybody's getting a thorough and healthful snow bath.

Nearing Poujade's ranch, we met a solitary pedestrian, when we all gallantly side-stepped into the snow and took off our hats, thus generously giving up without a struggle what might easily have been ours. We slept that night at Grasshopper, where we had a downy snow-white couch with a starspangled canopy, and where we reveled in a temperature much milder than that required to freeze quicksilver. The dead forest trees kept up a fierce fusillade all night—the explosions being caused by the expanding ice hidden away in the cracks which the sun had made during the drying process. Next day, at noon, we reached the edge of the big forest, seven miles from Pierce City, where we were met by the noble army of snow tramplers led by Colonel Crocket, always the foremost man in every good work. It was already growing dark when we reached town, where the bright lights were shining in every window. We were soon all gathered in the capacious hall of the "Old National." The proprietor, Hon. Stanford Capps, was conspicuously absent. We had left him in Lewiston, not yet fully recuperated from his arduous legislative labors, besides, his constitution was too delicate and lady-like to have permitted him to share in the attractions and pleasure of that midwinter trip of eighty miles from Lewiston to Pierce City. Besides the humiliation of being again reduced to the ranks and made one of the common people, I was compelled to endure a good deal of rallying and badinage, but as the great Lincoln was often heard to remark to those near him: "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" I had returned "prepared for scourges," and whatever might thereafter happen to me. I knew I had been blessed, I felt therefore, willing to share the fate of the hero and the martyr. With all that might come to me, I was at home once more, "My foot was on my native heath and my name it was MacGregor."

CHAPTER LIII.

NEWS OF LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

THE remainder of the winter passed as had passed its predecessors and as yet were to pass its successors in the history of the old camp. The mining population continued to decrease with the growing number of newer discoveries in more distant sections and with the greater attractions presented to miners and adventurers in other localities. Still, there were enough left to keep up the organization of the county and to keep things moving under the impulse and guidance of the same old spirit that had furnished the light and the motive power of the old camp from the beginning. For the most of us there was work enough to be done to consume all the daylight and a good portion of the long evening. For our lighter occupation we had the task of setting our traps in the woods for the capture of the fisher, the martin and other fur-bearing animals. Even the little white, red-eyed weasel and the sportive flying-squirrel fell victims to our skill in trapping. For recreation we had our stated meetings in town, where we had our "Hocum Felta" club, which we could change at will into a debating society, mock legislature, mock court, spelling school, reading contest or glee club.

When from stress of weather or from other cause, the town was inaccessible, every cabin had its chess-board, pile of old magazines and old newspapers that had been preserved since the time when Beauregard turned his batteries on Fort Sumter. Visitors to the camp were often delighted and much more surprised when they saw these grizzled and roughly-clad old miners, many of them dating their time of services from "the days of old, the days of gold, the days of forty-nine," come into town with a very old cow-bell and call the Hocum Feltas together and the meeting to order. Then the proceedings, if unique and something out of the ordinary and unusual, would be formal, regular and orderly, everything in its proper place and time and all moving with the smoothness and precision of clockwork. The most ridiculous and laughter-provoking things would be uttered by the speakers with solemnity of face, tone, and demeanor, and with all the gravity and dignity becoming a Clay or a Webster. If the faintest symptoms of a giggle was heard from any member, he would be immediately arraigned and fined to the full extent of the law.

Then we had the long intervals of waiting between the times of the arrival of the mail and express from Lewiston with the many discussions and speculations regarding the character of the news that would next reach us from the outside.

While in Lewiston, I had heard something about Sherman "marching through Georgia." Sometimes after reaching home the news reached us of the surrender of Lee and the collapse of the Southern Confederacy. Then we heard of the capture of Jeff Davis and of his tragic end by being "hanged on a sour apple-tree."

Of Idaho matters we heard that the President of the United States, in despair of being able to find a victim willing to replace Caleb Lyon of Lyonsdale, had appointed a chap with the funny name of Smith as Secretary of the Territory with instructions to look up the lost archives, that were still in the grip of the rightful owners at Lewiston and carry them away to Boise. We next learned that Smith, proving unable to digest the Boise brand of Bourbon, had gone to Rocky Bar, where he died from incineration of the intestines.

The next news that reached us was to the effect that the Federal Government had sent the United States Marshal to Lewiston with positive orders to remove the archives to Boise and that said order had been carried out to the letter. And all this in defiance of the fact that an existing judicial decision handed down by the first court of the Territory—a decision that has never been revised nor reversed—still reads in the plain terms that "The capital is still at Lewiston." This is the way that a great government, Republican in form and under a Republican administration, by an unwarranted exercise of arbitrary power, cut the Gordian Knot, and all to favor the insane ambition of a little sagebrush town, situated on a diminutive, meandering mountain stream, scarcely navigable for ducks at seasons of the highest water. It is a perfectly safe bet that if Sam Ramsey and I, with Colonel Crocket and our Pierce City trail breakers could have been at the seat of trouble, this thing would not have happened, but the people of Lewiston had been worn out by their long and incessant vigils and so enfeebled by overwork and many cares that they were unable to make the needed resistance.

When April came and the robins and meadowlarks began to sing, the miners devoted all the time they could spare from their more arduous labors to the pleasant recreations of making kitchen gardens. There was still considerable snow on the ground, but this was shoveled off from small areas of a few square rods, where a place sufficiently level could be found, the spots burned over with brush heaps to warm the soil, and the seeds of garden vegetables that would grow and mature at such an altitude were planted. The late frosts would claim some of first fruits of our labors, but there would be the survival of the fittest, so that we were always sure, during the working season of some tender and succulent garden truck to vary the sameness of our ordinary miner's bill of fare.

I think it was near the close of the month of April in this year, 1865, that we were one forenoon at work over in Garibaldi Gulch, helping some of our neighbors clear away rubbish and debris from the site of an old reservoir and assisting to make the needed repairs. While thus engaged, Stephen Waymire, a son of Uncle Fred Waymire of Polk County, Oregon, came upon the scene, bringing us the sad and startling news that President Lincoln had been assassinated. At first, we thought he was joking, but were soon convinced that his story, astounding and incredible as it seemed, was only too true. The young man's eyes were filled with tears and his whole being seemed crushed under his burden of sorrow. Not another word was spoken by any of the company. We silently gathered up our tools and we all went mournfully to our cabins. The sun seemed not only eclipsed, but utterly gone from his place in the heavens. A short repast, with the fewest words possible, was eaten and then we all went to town, where we found the only flag in the camp at half-mast with groups of men standing around, who, if they were talking, it was in whispers inaudible. The little town had been suddenly changed from a scene of business activity and social gayety to one of the deepest silence, gloom, and sorrow. There could be no mistaking or doubting the sincerity and the depth of the grief everywhere manifested. The same feeling pervaded all classes and reached every individual. Several days elapsed before the camp regained its equipoise from this cruel and unexpected blow.